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*A Great New
Mary Pickford Story*

Naomi Childers



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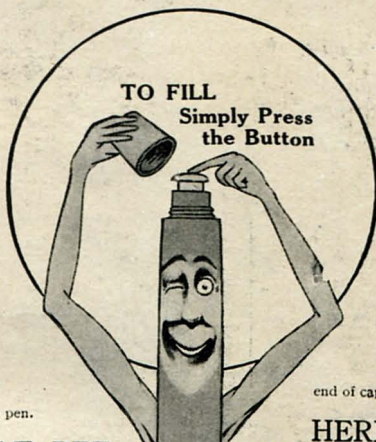
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VOL. XI

No. 2

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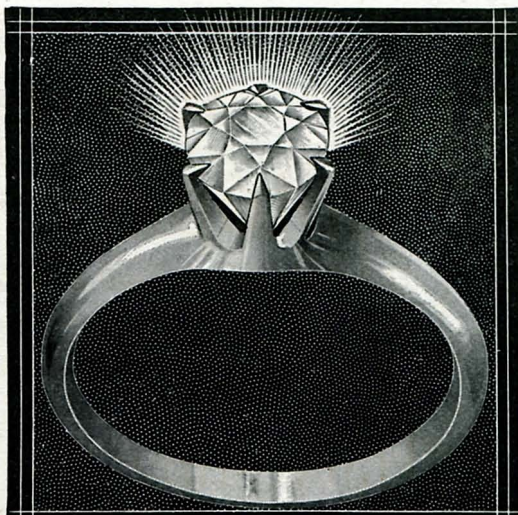
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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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The picture will appear as a five-reel feature film and is to run serially over a period of about five weeks in this popular fiction weekly.

The opening chapters of the story will begin in the issue dated Saturday, December 16.

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE

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Portraits
of
POPULAR PHOTOPLAYERS



Photo by Hartsook

RHEA MITCHELL

first saw the light in Portland, Oregon. She began her stage career early, serving in vaudeville and in stock at the historic Alcazar in San Francisco before the cinema called her to leads in such plays as "The Three Musketeers" and "On the Night Stage." Anyone who knows her well calls her "Ginger," perhaps because of her hair, which is reddish-blond. In pictures she has played opposite Bennett, Hopper, Edeson and Hart.



CONWAY TEARLE

Beauty has followed him all of his days, for on the legitimate stage he played in the casts of a pulchritudinous trio composed of Billie Burke, Viola Allen and Ethel Barrymore. He is 36 years old and received his stage training under Sir Charles Wyndham and Ellen Terry. His screen career began with Famous Players, and perhaps his most enduring portrayal that of Neville in "The Common Law" with Clara Kimball Young.



Copyright, Strauss-Peyton

JEANNE EAGELS

has the distinction of being the only leading lady in the films with a name like that. Her work in Thanhouser plays shows experience, and if you started talking shop in Kansas City you'd find that she did stock there once upon a time in the not-so-dim past. One of her latest triumphs was "The World and the Woman." Another is her hair. A third is her complexion. Recently she returned to the stage.



HOBART HENLEY

gets his name in the papers of Louisville, Ky., where he was born in 1887. For five years he played stock engagements in large cities, appearing in "The Good Little Devil" and "Bought and Paid For" and other successes. In 1914 he joined Universal where he has been ever since, playing for that company on both sides of the Continent. He often writes and directs his own plays. He's a six-foot brunette, and, of course, athletic.



Photo by Witzel

FAY TINCER

finds a place in the list of main attractions of Hollywood. Topeka, Kan., gave her early schooling, then vaudeville gave her poise, and finally musical comedy took her in. Since then she's been a laughmaker in a thousand comedies, and her name is known around the world. She once played in Joe Weber's company. Her eyes are brown, her hair is black, and she makes 'em laugh in Hackensack (an accomplishment).



JAMES MORRISON

was born at Mattoon, Ill., in 1888, and is now a first-class Ivan idol. He studied pantomime for years and toiled in stock before he went to Vitagraph for almost a decade of work. Among his successes were "The Christian" and "The Seventh Son," after which they hung his picture in the drugstores of his own home town. His eyes are brown and so is his hair. Recreations—athletics and writing. Married? Not James!



Moody photo

VIOLET MERSEREAU

never heard her mother say, "Out of my house! No child of mine shall become an actress!" so she went right ahead, and when still very small was playing child parts in the legitimate. Later she went on the road as Rebecca in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Her screen career embraced activity with Nestor, and Famous Players, and now with Universal she is one of the most popular of the screen's younger actresses.



LOUISE HUFF

Copyright, Ira L. Hill

was at one time a beautiful, blonde, violet-eyed ingenue in a stage "Graustark"; and now, with Famous Players, she's just as beautiful, just as blonde and just as violet-eyed, although the invention to get blondness and violet eyes on a silversheet is not yet perfected. She started calling Columbus, Ga., her home town November 14, 1895. Some of her screen successes were "Marse Covington," "Destiny's Toy" and "The Reward of Patience."

PHOTOPLAY

MAGAZINE

January, 1917

Vol. XI, No. 2

Christmas in the Western Studios

WHERE SANTA JUNKS HIS RUNNERS AND GETS
OUT HIS SPARE WHEELS THEY ARE MAKING
FRANTIC CHRISTMAS PREPARATIONS—STARS
WHO TOIL TO GIVE HAPPINESS TO OTHERS

By Grace Kingsley

"WHAT'S Christmas without snow, ice and cold?" asks the how-many-presents-will-I-get person at Fort Lee, or Flushing, or Brooklyn.

"How can Santa Claus run his motor-sled where there isn't anything but dry ground under the runners?" chortle all the Eastern child actors.

"Don't you feel foolish saying 'Merry Christmas' under a sunny sky, with green grass tickling your toes?" ask the sour old wiseacres of the Atlantic.

On the other hand—

"What's Christmas when it's so cold you can't go out doors and enjoy it?" returns the how-many-presents-will-I-get person of Los Angeles, or Santa Barbara, or Hollywood.

"We've never missed Santa Claus—he must have a set of spare wheels for our country!" chortle all the Western child actors.

"How can any Christmas be merry when the sky is gray and the ground a frosty stone?" counter-question the gay wiseacres of the Pacific.

So there you are; pay your money to the railway passenger agent and move, if the Christmas climate doesn't suit you. If it does, stay where you are.

At any rate, all the Western picture stars are planning a very merry Yuletide. Here's what some of them will do:

Mabel Normand has planned a gay Christmas with Fannie Ward. The two screen favorites will entertain a host of friends at a big house party. Miss Ward's bungalow in Hollywood will be the scene of the Yuletide festivities. Both Miss Normand and Miss Ward are already busily engaged purchasing gifts, and most any afternoon that they are not working before the camera they may be seen haunting the gift departments of various Los Angeles shops. A huge tree has been ordered, and Miss Normand's studio electrician is already preparing electrical effects which will be installed in the Ward bungalow.

There is a huge building surrounded by spacious lawns, just outside the city of Los Angeles, where numerous aged and infirm people are cared for. To the inmates of this institution Louise Fazenda, who plays comedy parts for Mack Sennett, is the best known and best loved of Southern California's huge colony of motion picture actresses. If you could see Louise Fazenda unload a touring car full of gifts at the front door of the big house on Christmas morning, you would know and understand why the Keystone comedienne is so popular in the empty lives of the big bleak house. The true Christmas spirit is manifested when the young actress pays her annual visit to the old folks' home. She





brings that unpurchasable good cheer that has meant so much in her work on the screen, besides scads of material gifts.

Ever since Alice Davenport became a member of Mack Sennett's comedy organization, she has spent the Christmas holidays with her "children." Mother Davenport, as she is known among her fellow workers, is the mother-in-law of Wallace Reid, Lasky star. Each Christmas young Reid and his wife invite a number of their companions to a real old-fashioned Christmas party, which is presided over by "Mother."

Polly Moran is in the hospital as the result of an accident, but her friends are going to bring a little young Christmas tree to her bedside.

Roscoe Arbuckle, being built on the lines of Santa Claus, is much in demand for the role. He has promised to act in that capacity for the youngsters of one of the Orphans' Homes. It is calculated that when the little ones find out that it is "Fatty," who has been doling out their gifts, instead of Santa, they'll be so happy that old Kris Kringle will feel himself entirely in the discard, in case he happens to peep in when "Fatty" pulls off his whiskers.

Only in fairy tales do such Christmases occur as the young son of George Beban will celebrate. When George Beban, the Morosco-Pallas star, and his wife came west, they left their most precious possession in New York. This is their little son, who remains with his grandparents until nearly Christmas time. This youngster is to have three Christmas trees, and whether he lives to tell the tale or not remains to be seen. He will have a Christmas tree with his grandparents two weeks before Christmas; then some friends of the Bebens will bring him west, and on Christmas day

Thomas H. Ince and his young boys and wife, will celebrate with a Christmas tree at the Ince home, with the Bebens as guests, after which, in the evening, the Bebens will return the compliment to the Inces at the Beban bungalow. So one

little boy will have all the Christmases a small boy's heart ever longed for.

Kathlyn Williams, another Pallas-Morosco star, was born in Montana, and no Christmas seems like Christmas unless there is snow on the ground. Therefore she is planning to motor with her husband, Charles Eyton, to the mountains, probably Mount Baldy, and eat their Christmas dinner at the mountain inn—in the snow, too, even if it is in California.

Dustin Farnum and Winifred Kingston are planning to spend their Christmas day with Mrs. Kingston, Winifred's mother. Mrs. Kingston is an English woman, and it will be an English Christmas dinner which she will provide.

Vivian Martin, Morosco star, has more sisters and cousins and aunts than anybody in the world, she avers. And all of these have children. Therefore there is to be a big house party on Christmas eve and Christmas day, with the vivacious little Vivian acting as Mrs. Santa Claus at the Christmas tree.

House Peters, also of the Morosco forces, is going to spend his Christmas vacation with friends in Ross Valley, fishing and hunting.

William S. Hart, most famous bad man of the movies, but in actual life the gentlest and kindest of men, is going to have the cow-punchers of Inceville as guests at his home. The spacious dining room will be fittingly decorated to resemble a gambling-hall of a western mining town, and the turkey will be eaten from tin plates, while the cider will be drunk from tin cups. Everyone will be dressed in typical western regalia, including sombrero, chaps, spurs, silk neckerchiefs, lariats and six-shooters, and such bizarre adornments as stuffed and mounted rattlesnakes, horned toads, and Gila monsters will lend an additional desert atmosphere to the occasion. The only woman to be present will be Hart's sister, Miss Mary Hart, who, as hostess, will be garbed as a cow-girl.

Bessie Barriscale, Ince star, will spend the day





with the children in the neighborhood in which she lives. The beautiful brown-eyed star's bungalow nestles in the foothills of Hollywood, where many of Los Angeles' wealthiest families reside, and the children of such households are all devoted admirers of the bonnie Bessie. She is to be the honored guest at a party in one of the homes on Christmas day.

Another Ince star who is counting on spending Christmas with the kiddies is Dorothy Dalton, who is making arrangements to stage a sumptuous turkey-and-cranberry spread for the tiny orphans of the Los Angeles Home-Finding Society. With her big car laden with gifts, the voluptuous Ince vampire will storm the institution from the front, back and all four sides, and play Mrs. Santa Claus for several hours before the blast of the dinner horn. Then she will give her assistance to the matrons in the feeding of the parentless tots and conclude the afternoon by entertaining them "speaking pieces," and listening to their own recitations.

William Desmond is going to do the unusual, in payment of a debt. Late in October, the people of Los Angeles voted on an initiative measure, designed to create a charter amendment providing for the right of hotels and cafes to allow dancing under their respective roofs. Desmond felt so certain that the measure would be carried that he accepted Howard Hickman's wager to the contrary. By the terms of the bet, the loser would be compelled to spend fifteen consecutive minutes in the surf off Twin Rocks, on Christmas afternoon. The measure was defeated, and now Desmond is praying that Christmas day will be nice and warm. This means that Hickman, too, will have to journey to Twin Rock to see that the debt is paid. What the two will do following Desmond's briny bath nobody will venture to predict.



A love of the bizarre and picturesque prompts Louise Glaum to plan having her Christmas dinner among the peacocks. The peacock is the star's favorite bird, as is evidenced by the imitation of its plumage noted in

the designing of many of her gowns. She boasts a pair of them in a miniature Garden of Paradise in the rear of her home. Her guests will be her mother, some relatives and a few of her intimate friends.

Charles Ray is going to be away from his fireside. He claims to have discovered a rustic retreat in the mountains up the coast where lives a hermit who is the most wonderful cook extant. So he is going to take some of his Athletic Club friends and motor to the unknown habitat for the day.

Enid Markey is the only one of the Ince leading women who is planning on even peeping into the kitchen. She is a culinary expert, and is happiest when she is shifting pans and mixing digestible ingredients. Hence she has set her mind on donning an apron and preparing the entire dinner for her mother and herself, from stuffing the turkey to "sampling" the plum pudding.

Two convent bred girls are happy because they have an "Uncle Sherry." J. Barney Sherry is making preparations for the reception and entertainment of his two nieces, who will cross the continent from Philadelphia to Santa Monica, to spend Christmas with him. He has reared the girls since they were infants.

J. Warren Kerrigan, Universal star, is going to spend his Christmas with his mother, as usual. Kerrigan has a big back yard at his bungalow, and this is filled with dogs, rabbits, a horse and other pets, and all these, though they won't know what it's all about, will receive extra tid-bits with their Christmas dinners.

Lillian Gish never fails to come around to the studio on Christmas Day, with a great basket full of gifts. Nobody is forgotten. From "old Bill" on the gate, to the latest Fine Arts star, everybody receives a gift. A great many of these are made by Lillian herself in moments of waiting to go on in scenes, and at night after the day is done. Out at the Fine Arts studio, Lillian is known at Christmas





time as "Lady Santa Claus."

There is joy in the neighborhood of the Marsh residence. Mae Marsh is planning a Christmas tree for the kiddies in the homes surrounding hers. Whether they be rich or poor, clever or stupid, ugly or beautiful,

makes no difference. Miss Marsh knows and loves them all.

"Eating, sleeping and playing pinochle" say Douglas Fairbanks and John Emerson, Triangle star and director, who expect to spend Christmas Day on the train, en route from California to New York.

Edith Storey, Vitagraph star, will spend her first Christmas away from the frosty east. "It will be hard to remember that it is Christmas," said Miss Storey. "But I shall remind myself in time, I hope to have a nice dinner with mother, and then we plan on a long motor trip among the hills of Southern California, which look so tempting from the studio, all green and poppy-studded."

The big family at Universal City is planning joyful Yuletide doings.

"The very happiest Christmas of all my life," says Mary MacLaren, the Universal star, who has become such by reason of her genius during the past year. Just a child herself is Mary, only sixteen. Miss MacLaren, with her mother and sister, will entertain on Christmas Day her married sister and brother-in-law, Malcolm Strauss, the well known illustrator. These are now on their way across the continent. There is to be a big Christmas tree, with gifts for each member of the happily reunited family. "If father were only alive to enjoy it all—" says Miss MacLaren, who was deeply devoted to her "dad."

Douglas Gerrard says he is planning his fourth birthday party this year, to take place on Christmas Day. Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree writes Gerrard he is planning to come west again, and if he arrives in time, he will be one of Gerrard's guests.

Ruth Stonehouse, another Universal star, who spends her first Christmas in Los Angeles, says she will do all the things on Christmas Day which she can do only in California. She will take a trip on a sunny road, in her new car;

and will drive to the beach and take an ocean dip, after which a big out-door Christmas tree will be relieved of its burdens, in the light of flickering bon-fires.

Carter de Haven and Flora Parker de Haven expect to take a flying trip to New York, spending Christmas Day with their two children in their Gotham home.

A Christmas day at home with his wife and two children—a two-year-old son and an eleven-year-old daughter, is planned by William Worthington.

Louise Lovely says: "My Christmas joy will come to me through bringing happiness to the children near my home in Hollywood, for whom I am planning a wonderful gift-laden tree, with a jolly auto ride before bringing them to my home where the tree awaits them as a surprise."

"My pet dog must come in for a part of the Christmas joy in my home," says Dorothy Davenport, "and I am going to share a Christmas tree with them, and with some poor children whom I know. I am also planning a grown-up dinner party for the evening, but just between you and me I don't expect to enjoy anything quite so much as a rough-house romp with the kids and dogs."

"A Christmas dinner and tree for actor folk away from home," is the promise of Rupert Julian and his wife, prominent Universal-ites. "Being an Englishman," says Julian, "I'm going to spend Christmas in the old English way. At the holiday festal board there will be a whole suckling pig, and we shall have turkey on the side. Mrs. Julian has already made the plum pudding and the mince-meat."

Jane Bernoudy is to spend Christmas



(Continued on page 154)



"Perpetuate My Art? Never!"

FREDERICK WARDE SPRINGS A SHOCKING
RETORT ON AN ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRER

By Jerome Beatty

I HAD just seen "King Lear" in the projecting rooms at the Thanhouser studios in New Rochelle. Frederick Warde, star of the production, sat behind me through the five reels, watching the action intently, frequently mumbling approval, once or twice giving vent to a slight murmur when he saw something that displeased him.

A distinct hum of praise came from the spectators. The lights were flashed on and Mr. Warde arose. The picture had ended. Someone beside him murmured something conventional about "what a wonderful thing it is to be able to perpetuate your art upon the screen. How proud you must be to think that a hundred years from now your 'King Lear' will still be shown!"

Mr. Warde turned quickly and bowed in his courtliest manner.

"Thank you, madame," he said, "but I sincerely hope, for the sake of my memory, that none of my photoplays will be shown one hundred years from now. Perpetuate my art in motion pictures? Never! One hundred years from now, ay, ten years from now motion pictures will have advanced by such tremendous strides that were 'King Lear' the most wonderful photoplay that has been produced to date—"

"It is!" someone insisted.

"You said something then," said someone else.

"—a decade from now," Mr. Warde continued, "it would be merely a curiosity, valuable only as rare antique."

Here was a famous actor who took a new view of motion pictures. Most of those who have had great success upon the speaking stage consider that they step downward when they enter the films; they patronize the art and their apology for entering is that they "owe it to coming generations" that their wonderful histrionic abilities shall be inscribed in celluloid.

I spoke later with Mr. Warde, this sturdy actor with 49 years of stage experience, whose success on the screen has dispelled the superstition that all leading men must be young and handsome and that a "costume piece" is inevitably doomed to failure.

"'King Lear' is a great picture," I began. "It will be great for—"

"It will be great," he said firmly, "until men come along with new ideas about photography, new scenic effects and different methods of direction. Suppose I had made a 'King Lear' five years ago, putting into it all the thought that I put into this production. What would it have been?"

"Your acting," I began, "would have been the same and—"

"Acting? Some of it. In the first place it probably would have been a one-reeler—in two reels at the most. The photography would not have been so good. It would have been as out of date now as a 'sky-scraper' built twenty-five years ago."





Above, a big moment in "King Lear;" below, a scene in "Silas Marner."

"What has become of the picture Sarah Bernhardt made some years back? It is lost, lost because the methods of production are antiquated, not because of any fault in the acting.

"I didn't go into motion pictures to perpetuate my art. I am in the films because motion picture actors can live at home, because motion pictures are made upon a larger scale than is possible upon the stage and because they test an actor in the most difficult of all arts—pantomime. I have not left the stage for good. I expect to return, for the spoken drama is my first love.

"I am told that so-called 'costume pieces' are in disfavor among the motion picture patrons. Yet I appeared in 'Silas Marner' and I understand it has been a success. They tell me that 'King Lear' is,

as they say, 'going to go big' and we are now at work upon 'The Vicar of Wakefield.' I think that perhaps the aversion to costume pieces is caused by the fact that so few of them are based upon a genuinely human story. You can spend thousands of dollars to please the eye but unless you please the

heart, unless you create human sympathy, your play is a failure.

"My hobby always has been worthwhile plays and I have found that no play without heart interest ever was worth while. I find that I can exercise my hobby to greater advantage and with more personal comfort through the medium of the screen. So here I am.

"But to perpetuate my art? Bosh!"



Miss Farrar and Wallace Reid in "Joan of Arc."

"Jerry on the Job"

GERALDINE FARRAR CAME BACK TO
FILMLAND TO VISUALIZE JOAN OF ARC

By Kenneth McGaffey

ANY person in the audience who desires to experience in one brief moment the sensation of a full sized earthquake, coupled with all the horrors of the European war, let him stand on the corner of Vine Street and Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California, U. S. A., and say one word against Geraldine Farrar. It would not be necessary to say it very loud, but immediately thereafter things would begin to happen.

There have been people in Hollywood before, and probably will be again, of

whom the motion picture people think well, and speak of quite highly, but there has never been anyone, nor will there ever be anyone, who has the unanimous respect and love and admiration as has "Our Jerry."

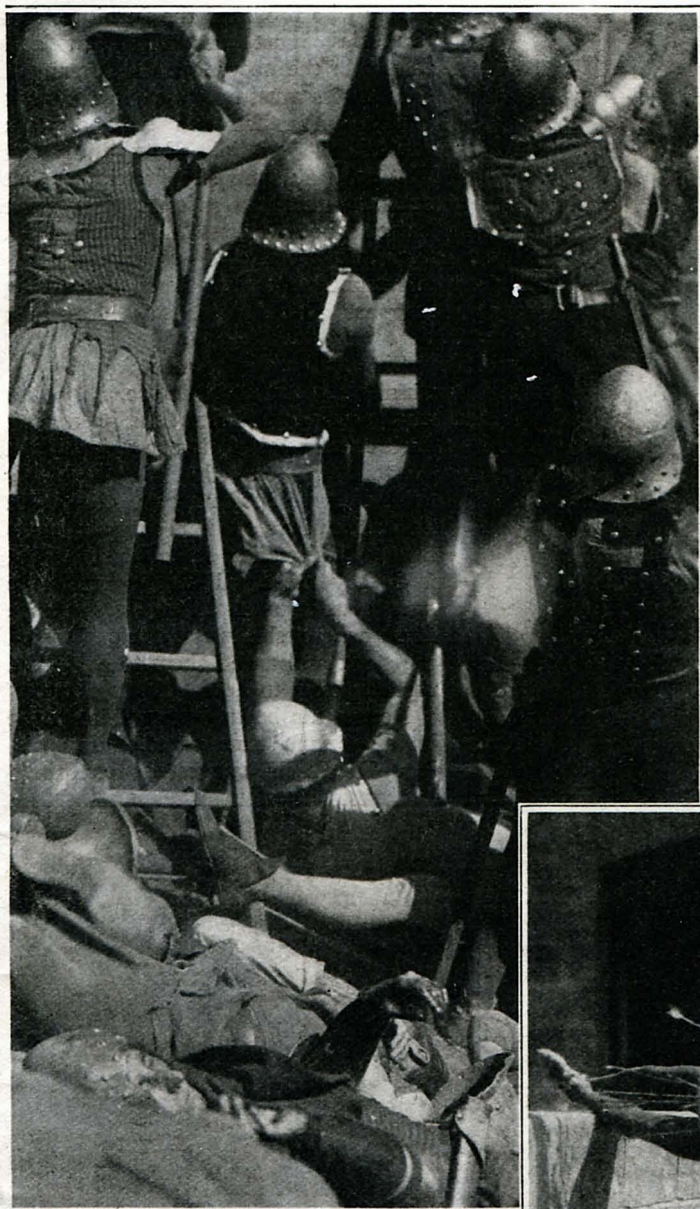
When she came to the Lasky studio in the summer of 1915 to appear in "Carmen," "Temptation" and "Maria Rosa," the motion picture fraternity was more or less demoralized at the prospect. They had heard startling and vivid stories of the eccentricities of prima donnas, and were at a loss to know just what to expect.



There is a strong comradeship among motion picture people, from extras to stars—and how would this interloper behave? Would she be surrounded by servants,—be lofty and disdainful, overbearing and particular? Scandal mongers around the lot said likely as not she would be all of these—and more—that she would not deign to step on a mere wooden stage, but must have velvet carpets spread before her wherever she chose to wander—that every-

Joan gets mixed up in a medieval rough house

body would have to be subordinate to her and bow low at her approach. Even the cowboys who are the least respectful of persons, held a meeting and announced that they were going to live on the ranch during the diva's stay. Everyone was on the *qui vive*, and did everything to prevent the outburst which they felt would come at the first opportunity.



studio. The more nervous hunted seclusion, while those who must of necessity remain, bowed their heads for the blows they expected would come.

Everything was prepared—the doors flew open, she was escorted to her elaborate dressing room suite, and her approval of it was awaited with bated breath. The company had erected a building for the housing of the diva and the suite included a reception room, in which was a grand piano, dressing room, and the walls were hung with chiffon and resplendent with glass mirrors.

The singer was delighted—she was enthusiastic—she was overwhelmed; the architect who designed the building must be called in and thanked; the interior dec-

during the attack on the walls. Some scrap!

Miss Farrar arrived in a private car accompanied by her parents, a manager, secretary, several maids, a hair dresser and other servants. She went to the home that had been provided for her by the Lasky Company and did not appear at the studio until the next day. Her motor had no sooner turned into Vine Street than the news of her pending arrival reached the



An intrepid extra shot full of arrows tumbles off the wall into the moat.



orator who provided the furniture and draperies must be called in and thanked; the people who had arranged the flowers must be called in for their praise—and then she took a walk around the studio. Everything was just splendid and she *just* knew that she was going to enjoy every minute there. The wisecracks hung back, shook their heads, and said—"Just wait, it is all right now, but when something happens that she doesn't like—look out!"

Shortly the day came for the beginning of her first picture. She was to appear for the first time in her life before the motion picture camera and be told what to do. Bomb proofs were very popular with the more timid members of her company who had been formally introduced to her, and they remained discretely in the background until Miss Farrar rose from where she was sitting, crossed the stage and asked them to explain a certain thing to her.

Rehearsals began—everything went lovely—lunch time came, and when Mr. De Mille suggested that there



These "stills" from the Lasky play show in some degree the opportunities which were given Miss Farrar to

would be time for a brief rest, the singer was having too much fun—"Let me give a party," she exclaimed and forthwith sent out for lunch for the entire organization.

Several days later the cowboys began to creep in from the ranch. "Our Jerry" met them and thanked them for the part they had taken in her reception. Within two days she knew the life story of each one and they decided to give her a *rodeo* at Griffith Park, an exhibition of broncho busting and rough riding. "Our Jerry" attended and was delighted. She enjoyed every moment of it and insisted upon personally thanking the daring riders. Then the cowboys got together and presented her with a pony which she graciously accepted and promptly proceeded to ride every morning before going to the studio.

While waiting for rehearsals, music was the chief topic for discussion and to illustrate some point, "Our Jerry" would go over to the piano and all work would be hushed while carpenters and all drank in the glorious music of her voice.



exhibit her talents as an emotional actress. In the upper right hand picture she is "grabbing" a studio lunch.



Never during the entire summer was there an unpleasant moment—never was there a second that “Our Jerry” was not

The great climax which brings the
the most lovely person imaginable; never for an instant was there the attitude of “I



sacrifice of Joan at the stake.

am the star, I must have my way;" never was there an attempt to take a scene away

from anyone else, a custom of stars.

Finally "Our Jerry" had to return east. When she left the studio, it was discovered

that there was not a soul whom she had not remembered in some way—even the Japanese boy who cleans up the studio grinned with delight over some little thoughtful memento. Everybody was downright sorry to see her go, but heaved a sigh of relief that everything had gone so well during her stay.

Then the announcement came of her marriage to Lou-Tellegen, whom she had met at our studio. Then the whispers began. Dressing room 16 informed dressing room 15 that she knew the first day they met it would be a match—and everybody was delighted.

Then "Our Jerry" came out again—and again stepped into their hearts. Not a bit changed—only that she was clinging to the arm of her handsome husband. She was as glad to see everybody as they were to see her, and in spite of her nine months' absence, she had not forgotten a name or a face.

A production of what was then known as "The Big Picture" began, and "Our Jerry" threw herself into it, body and soul. She arrived at the studio every morning at nine, was frequently there at two and three the following morning—and rarely, if ever, left before eight in the evening.

But before she began work on "The Big Picture," "Our Jerry" had nearly a week's vacation, and as there was a grand opera company in Los Angeles who desired her services for one or more performances, she was made all kinds of flattering offers to sing—but all of these were rejected, and finally she was asked to name her own figures for one performance, but she was obliged to refuse on the grounds that she had to read a scenario—but she was still always willing to oblige the studio.

The first thing that she discovered was that Joan of Arc wore her hair bobbed. Wigs wouldn't do, so "Our Jerry" promptly called in her hair dresser and had the famous raven tresses cut off to conform with history.

Her suit of silver armor was finished several days before the work on the picture began, and "Our Jerry" clumped heavily around the studio to become accustomed to its hundred pounds of weight.

At the ranch, where the battle scenes were taken, there were many long delays, and for hours she sat in the hot sun, en-

cased in this heavy metal without a word of protest. She was always willing to mount her horse and go through a scene again and again until Mr. De Mille considered it perfect.

Wonderfully democratic, there is many an extra girl who now cherishes a hair pin proffered in an emergency from the diva's dressing table.

Finally came the scenes where her army attacked the fortress of La Tourelle. To prevent any signs of fakiness in the hand to hand fight, Mr. De Mille offered a bonus to the English if they succeeded in capturing Joan, and to the French if they prevented it.

It meant a great deal to the hundreds of people if they could but lay hands on the diva. She charged into the lines of the English, at the head of her men, and the fighting started.

The objective point was the breach in the fortress wall. Every inch of the distance was contested. Cameras whirled and hummed, directors shouted, and many a head was sadly battered. Surrounded by her army, Joan finally reached the moat, and there she stood in water up to her waist for nearly three hours. Mr. De Mille asked her if she didn't want to come out and rest—but "Our Jerry" replied—"If the boys can stand it, I think I can."

DURING the fight in the moat, one of her own men, in trying to protect her, accidentally knocked her steel helmet off. Nothing was said about it at the time. That night a delegation of indignant French and English soldiers caught the careless one as he left the studio and tossed him in a blanket. By the time they were through with him, the careless one knew that "Our Jerry's" helmet was not to be ignored. The next day the scenes where the French captured the upper parapet of La Tourelle were taken and Mr. De Mille offered a bonus to several of the men if they would fall off from this parapet and make the forty-foot drop into the moat below. Forty feet is quite a drop for a man in armor and the men, fearful of being injured, jumped instead of falling. It was tried several times and still the men could not get up the courage to fall. Finally Mr. De Mille remarked quietly to "Our Jerry"—"I guess the men are afraid to do it—we will have to cut out that scene."

"Our Jerry" replied, "Yes, I am afraid so, but it would be very effective."

That night Mr. De Mille received a note signed by twenty-five of the extra men to the effect that if he would make the scene over, they would guarantee to fall and not jump from the top of the wall, and unless it was done to the entire satisfaction of both Miss Farrar and himself, they wanted no money for it. Next day the scene was re-taken and the wall rained struggling men. They fell in twos and threes into the moat. Several were slightly injured by having other steel-clad companions clash down upon them, but the doctor was always there and outside of a few cuts and bruises, nothing serious befell them. In fact, both armies seemed to glory in their wounds, for the next day they had the pleasure of being asked by "Our Jerry" if they were all right.

During the scenes where Joan, in a cart, was being driven to the stake in the Square of Rouen, several hundred people were employed who had not been continually associated with the taking of the picture. One of these individuals who was privileged to gaze for the first time upon "Our Jerry," thoughtlessly remarked to his neighbor, "Humph—I don't think she is so much." After the ambulance had driven slowly away, the doctor explained that the reason why the man had not been instantly killed was the fact that so many people reached for him at the same time, none of the blows landed with their full force. There was only a slight commotion in the mob and probably "Our Jerry" never noticed it, and if she reads this, it will undoubtedly be the first time she has heard of the incident—the man is still in the hospital.

The day of "Our Jerry's" departure came on apace; ten or twelve of the principal members of her cast got together and decided they should give her some little souvenir to take back East with her. Then the other members of the company heard about it and demanded that they be privileged to present her with something, and it became noised about the studio. The carpenter department of some two hundred and fifty men and the technical and electric departments, all demanded a right to be included in the selection of the gift. Then the extras heard of it and a committee representing some three thousand, demanded that they be permitted to raise a fund that

would go towards the purchase of a suitable present for the diva. Consultations, confabs, conferences and conventions were held. Every jeweler in Los Angeles was stark, raving mad because he did not have anything with which "Our Jerry's" admirers could fittingly express their affection. There was nothing in the entire city that could be found that was appropriate and everything from a wrist watch to a diamond tiara and a gold dinner service, was considered.

Finally some happy individual hit upon the idea of a mirror. One of the leading jewelers and his corps of experts was called in and at last one was designed.

A gold fleur de lis on the back bears the crests of her faithful followers from Domremy to the stake in Rouen. On the silver background are the autographs of all the principal members of her company. Upon the handle is the silver base relief of the Maid in armor and it is so arranged that all the cast is at her feet. On the front, below the glass, are the names of the executive staff.

In spite of all the whispering around the studio, the diva knew nothing of the coming gift, and it was finally decided to present it the day she was to leave for the East, and while their introduction scenes were being taken.

Cecil B. De Mille, director-general, cooperated with them, and during the noon hour the entire studio gathered about the scene. Miss Farrar came from her dressing room and remarked to a friend—"Isn't it remarkable? I have been doing some truly wonderful scenes in costume and no one noticed me. Now when I wear a modern frock, the entire studio turns out."

Lucy, her maid, carried the mirror on a tray covered with a towel. Just as he was about to "shoot" the introduction, Mr. De Mille called the diva's attention to a disarranged bit of hair, and she summoned Lucy to her. Lucy raised the towel. Miss Farrar reached for the familiar ebony-backed mirror—jerked her hand back involuntarily, and then slowly picked up the mirror. She caught a glimpse of the spirit of the thing and burst into tears. Husband Lou was standing near, and "Our Jerry" jumped up—ran over to him—threw her arms around him crying. By this time the whole studio was more or less choked up over the simple sincerity in

which their remembrance had been received.

Finally "Our Jerry" went back and sat down in the chair and tried to say something—but could not. She went to her dressing room and a little later wrote the following note to the organization:

"My heart is too full to adequately express the sentiments that surge within me at the presentation

prison and martyrdom, whether it be in actual person through the merciless eye of the camera, or from the second story window of the costume department and the property room—I thank you, one and all, and my tears are of joy though they did leave me ashamed and silent. Thanks—thanks."

(Signed) "JOAN OF ARC."

We were all sorry to see her leave and her wonderful democracy and kindness

"Knocking off" work for the day. Raymond Hatton assists in separating Joan from her silver suit. Margery Daw, Miss Farrar's protegee, in circle.



©Hartsook

of the beautiful gift this morning. My hearty thanks toward those valiant comrades who have followed the Maid from Domremy through the glorious triumphs of the battlefield and coronation to

have made a big hole in everybody's heart. It was found out after she left here, that again, there was not a person around the studio whom she had not in some way remembered.

Such Self-sacrifice!

Charlie Giblyn, who has gone to New York to direct Clara Kimball Young in her new picture, tells this:

"Thomas Mott Osborne, late reform warden of Sing-Sing penitentiary, encouraged all sorts of exercises, from football to oratory, in an inside organization known as 'The Mutual Welfare League.' A baseball game was in progress on the lot within the walls recently, and the player at bat, with a mighty swing, knocked the ball across the top of the wall. Eighteen men and the umpire immediately volunteered to go after it."

PETROVA PRACTICES POURING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER



White Photo

A study of the shadow prima donna in her New York apartment. Ladies are supposed to pour tea—it is the conventional thing—but Mme. Petrova won't pour anything but coffee. Also, she has her own company now, and in the future will own as well as make her own pictures, thus pouring money into the bank as well as pouring shadows on the screen.



When matters of importance were to be decided Marget donned her best gown of blue, with her fine black stockings and her low black shoes, which had come from London. Over her shoulder was thrown her father's plaidie, pinned with the historic cairngorm brooch.

("The Lass of Killeen," Opp. page.)

A VIVID romance of island hopes and hearts adrift, with mystery and tragedy, happiness and pain, lurking under the fog of the sea.

The Lass of Killean

By Constance Severance

WE are accustomed to think of the British Isles as the abode of an intensive culture which permeates every part of the United Kingdom, from the northernmost point of Scotland to the ocean-girt sentinel rocks of England; yet there are glens where the dazzling lights of the Twentieth Century have never shown; secluded nooks down which the thunder of London expresses has never echoed; ports of which the trans-Atlantic passenger, no matter how frequent his voyaging, never hears.

It is doubtful if any part of the American continent save the heart of Mexico holds a place more out of touch with the world than the island of Killean, along the Ayrshire coast of Scotland. From here to the Thames is, in miles or metres, a short run; in spiritual distance, it is farther than the stars. This gray, sea-hammered pile of rocks, spray-swept and wind-riven, is the stronghold of Clan McTavish, and the clansmen are the same dour, fearsome, intolerant Calvinists that they were when religious persecution sent them there—according to the accepted traditions—more than two centuries ago. They are sons of men who were born hating England and died cursing her. Here is reflected, in melancholy and impotent shadows, the old will of Scotland to be free, and not along the banks of the Rhine is the banner of St. George more scowled at. War, taxes, government—these have nothing to do with the case. The ancestors of the narrow folk who lived on Killean made their own laws and were let pretty much alone. King George exacts very little; he asks small taxes and no duties, and they do not smuggle; they are fishermen, living unto themselves, and

dying unto themselves, as is the way with every hermit race.

But in the spiritual as well as atmospheric mists of a Killean there are potential romance, mystery and tragedy impossible to find in places where the bright flames of progress and intelligence make everything known. Only from Killean could come Marget McTavish and her prejudices, her superstitions—and her love.

Marget was the daughter of The McTavish, hereditary chief of the Clan. In the school at the fisher-village kirk she received a preliminary education, and she had clothes enough, and warm, even though her home was the half-floating hulk of a schooner, washed up by a tremendous storm out of the North Sea. The McTavish remodelled his sea-going dock into the semblance of a house; gave it two rooms, a fireplace, and other conveniences which would have deserved the name only in the Scottish Highlands in the eighteenth century.

Yet, like the fair flower that bends to climb around a roadside rock to the sun, Marget was a bonny lass, with a mass of golden curls, steadfast eyes of deep blue, perfect teeth, a petite figure, and an expression half humorous, half melancholy, altogether quizzical. In intellect and womanliness alike she was a remarkable child. From the first, she bettered all her elders, and acquired, through reading, learning that would have stood her well in hand in

London. As to sex, she was the potent attraction of the island, although the fabled Mary of Argyle was not more modest or demure.

Until the storm which took her father's life Marget was merely the daughter of McTavish. When her father's soul

"THE LASS OF KILLEAN"

THE film version of this story has been produced by The Artcraft Company with the following cast:

Marget McTavish.....Mary Pickford
The McTavish.....Grant Bryant
Jamie Campbell.....Matt Moore
Mrs. Campbell.....Mary Moore
Countess Evesham.....Katherine Decker
The Dominic.....Joel Day



Only Marget, shivering on the stone beacon-cairn despite her thick dress, her ugly wool stockings and her great shawl, seemed self-possessed.

passed up in a shroud of salt spray she became a queen.

On an autumn day in the girl's seventeenth year the smacks went out as usual in the mists of the morning. The mists rose, the sun came forth in yellow October splendor and noon was a ghost of summer. Toward nightfall, as the little ships raced back to the inlet, darkness fell around like winter night. Presently it became lighter, but the sea was boiling, and the wind a screaming voice out of Norway. The womenfolk of Killean felt the chill of death, and, bairns in hands, shawls ker-

chiefed about their heads, raced singly or in groups to the shore. Little was said. Those who wrest their sustenance from the carnivorous sea or the embowelling earth are not given to great talk in the face of danger. Here and there a furtive tear straggled down a face pinched and blue in the cold wind; occasionally a child cried for its father. For the most part they watched, patiently, the inlet, now hillocked in tumbling mounds of white, through which their men would sail to safety if they sailed through at all. The sun, which like a frightened torch had scurried in cow-

ardly fashion to its sheath of clouds at the first breath of storm, now swaggered forth again, and its last rays lit the white wrack in bright mockery.

Presently, an Armada speeding before a typhoon, the string of fisher-craft swept around the distant cape toward home. The great sail of McTavish's boat led them all, like a marine bell-wether. It was hard to make the passage, but McTavish, falling off before the wind, coming about, beating air and water in the fine defiance only a master-mariner knows, let his first boat slip by him, shouting instructions to its young captain. The youthful skipper obeyed. The rest, in fuller confidence, rushed past the master in a grand review; and finally, amid grateful prayers of thanksgiving on the strand, McTavish himself essayed the channel.

He entered calmly, finely. He was within a pebble's toss of safety when a hideous cross-wave—born of a long North Atlantic roller battered by the tremendous undertow—caught him abeam and flung his craft like a projectile on the naked teeth of Shark Rock. Dories were going in a minute. Sailors tore themselves from the arms of their frantic wives, and, in cockle-shells, defied with oars what they had barely escaped in stout bottoms under canvas. Three of McTavish's crew they brought in, half-drowned, but not McTavish. Every dory returned, yet not even the tide consented, in the days that followed, to freight his body across the bar.

Had half the male population of Killean lain down in a water grave less consternation would have ensued. Men sobbed in unrestrained grief. Old women sent a wailing chant toward

heaven more melancholy than the wind. Other women flung themselves upon the sand. Little children ran about in terror. The island chief, the head of the Clan, was gone without male issue!

Only Marget, shivering on the stone beacon-cairn despite her thick dress, her ugly wool stockings and her great shawl, seemed self-possessed. It was her father who had died in the salt smother out there—yet with her father's poise she surveyed his people; now, his authoritative eyes were hers.

In the confusion no one save the Dominie, a kindly, grizzled man, hardy as the salts he preached to, realized Marget's splendid command.



His mother was not there, but the Dominie met him, and, gravely shaking his hand, wished him many returns of the day's happiness.

"Hear ye! Hear ye! My people!" he cried, suddenly, his strong old voice rising above the chill shriek of the North. "According to the Ancient Code of Killean be it administered unto you! The chief is dead! No son remains to rule, and it is decreed that leadership shall pass to the daughter. I proclaim Marget *The McTavish!*"

And Marget stood there, her face wet with tears, her eyes steadfast, her lips trembling in a smile. She held out her hands to them.

Two or three of the women came and kissed her hands, and knelt, murmuring words of faith and endearment. The men removed their caps and bowed and cried many a "God bless ye, *Our Lassie!*" Two by two, they went away.

Presently only the Dominie, the queen-maker, stood there with Marget—and Jamie.

It was Jamie Campbell who had captained the first dory to the inlet. His was the last dory in, likewise, for, in search of the lost McTavish, he had not only tossed his men in the perils of the channel but had hammered his way clear to the open sea, rising and falling on the savage water like a little cork in a churn. Jamie was taller, fairer, stronger than the men of Killean who had grown up around him. Most of them were bowed or bent, with sailors' gaits. Jamie, give him a right pair of trousers and forward togs to match, would have simulated a gentleman. And he loved Marget.

As they stood now, the bereaved and her pillar of comfort, the Dominie left them.

"Come, Marget," whispered Jamie, close to her ear. "You will go home with me to my mother, and the banns will be said—"

"No!" exclaimed Marget, drawing herself away.

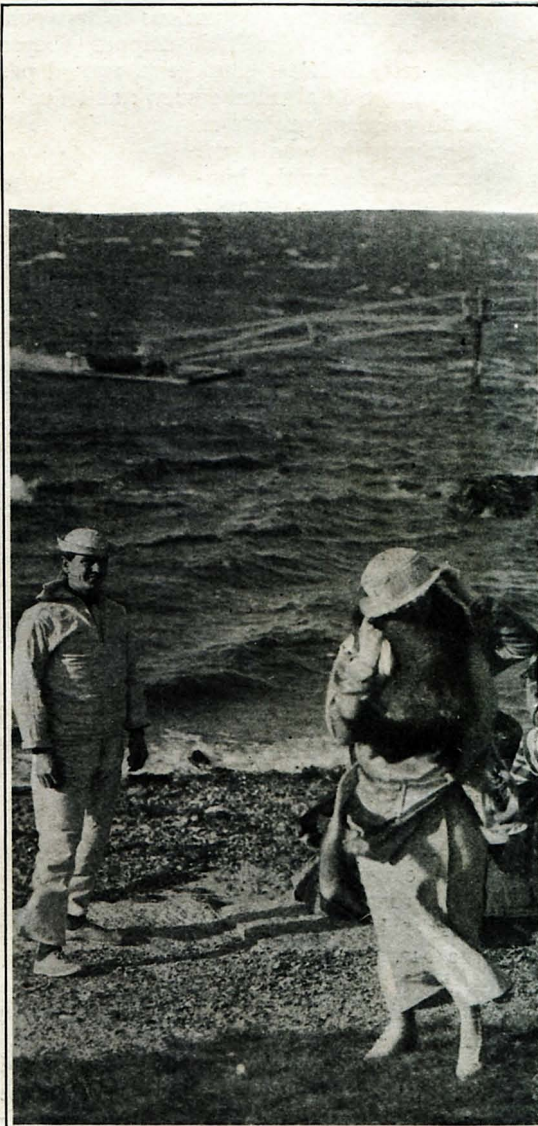
"You do not love me, Marget?" Deep anguish racked the lad's voice.

"I cannot love anybody," said Marget, sadly. "I am no longer Marget. I am *The McTavish*. I must be strong as my father—first of all!"

With the Dominie, Jamie stood in the dim light watching the staunch, heart-broken little girl pass over the hill and down to the rivulet at whose trickling mouth was moored the hulk she called home. How desolate and dreadful was

that home tonight! She held her head bravely erect, and she tried to walk like a man; but both men knew that fresh tears were drying every moment on her hot cheeks, and that the heart in her wilful body was the tender heart of a frightened, lonely, lovable child.

So Marget kept alive the tradition of the Clan McTavish. Down to the hulk came all of her people, when matters of importance were to be decided, or petty disputes adjudicated. On these occasions



The next event of importance on the island was the men she was

she donned her best gown of blue, with her fine black stockings and her low black shoes, which had come from London. On her head she wore the tam-o-shanter her father had given her, and over her shoulder was thrown his plaidie, pinned with the historic cairngorm brooch, the sole McTavish relic of an ancient feudal splendor.

Warm and vital despite her obligations of sovereignty, Marget thought not less of Jamie, but more—much more. He, biding his time, prospered with his boats, and, in

the year that followed old McTavish's death, put out two sails beside his own—which he swapped for a motor trawler, the first modern fisherman the ancient wind-jammers had ever seen, and which they regarded with a suspicion that almost admitted witchcraft. In such reverence of Marget was Jamie that he had not approached her chaste and lowly dwelling even on occasions of state, but saw her at the kirk, and, on moonlit evenings, sat long with her on the rocks of Beacon Hill, gaz-



arrival, upon the post-boat, of a handsome woman from the British capital. In the eyes of the younger marvelous to look upon.

ing across the track of bright silver to England.

It was on such a night, late in summer, still, bright and warm, that Jamie once more asked Marget to marry him. When she had remained silent quite awhile he said:

"I know I'm not for a ruling McTavish, but I love ye, Marget. I love ye so much that I had died, without speakin' of it. I suppose ye'll some day marry an English gentleman—ye're worthy, I'm sure!"

Marget not only got to her feet, but jumped upon the rock on which she had been sitting.

"Traitor to Killean!" she shouted, waving her small stick. "If I had any love for ye in my heart it's pretty near killed now. Do ye not know, lad, that not in history has a Killean girl married an Englishman? It is an Island law—it is the one Island law we've never broken—laddie, laddie, are ye daft?"

And Marget jumping down again, began to regard him with so much compassion and concern that Jamie burst out laughing.

"Strange," he said, knitting his brows, "that my mother never told me. I hae no use for the English masel, but I had never heard the law." He stopped, and then asked, suddenly: "Why would ye not marry a good Englishman, Marget?"

"Do not mention the English to me again," she said with great dignity, "or I shall not speak to you ever."

With that, emboldened by the merriment of the thing, he caught her in his arms and held her, struggling.

"Marget, girl! I love ye! I love ye!" he murmured in a rich and trembling whisper. Slowly circling her shoulders with his left arm, he brought her face up to his with his right hand. He kissed her. Suddenly he raised his eyes to the night sky.

"Dominie of the heavens!" he exclaimed, "I thank ye first of all that I'm no Englishman!"

So it became known throughout the Island that Jamie Campbell was the chosen mate of Marget McTavish, and all the people were glad, for it was quite plain, as it always had been, that Marget loved no other.

EVEN in her happiness over her approaching wedding Marget relaxed no whit of her father's discipline upon the

tribe. There came a calm and wonderful Sunday—and in the midst of its early morning a little boat racing in like a comber to tell of a school of fish outside the bar so thick that the uppermost tiers were almost forced out of the water. Forsaken was the kirk, even at meeting time, for the dories were breaking the glassy sea everywhere, and the flopping finny catch was slanting many a deck. Little did these water-Arabs reck the stern little figure awaiting them at the inlet! There Marget stood, backed by the wrathful Dominie, her plaidie over her shoulder, pinned by the ciarngorn brooch, her father's braided whip in hand—and all the afternoon, tired, dirty, wet, hungry, they sat in the hard pews of the kirk while the outraged minister thundered eternal wrath upon their neglect of God's services.

It was soon evident that Jamie's mother, long an invalid, would never see another Spring. As she grew weaker and weaker her mind wandered, and often Jamie found her talking of things that he could not understand at all. She had never been an easy hand with a pen, and her only reading had consisted of the Bible; hence when the lad found her surreptitiously busy with ink and paper—and always in terror lest he see what her scrawls would be—he concluded that she was preparing some-sort of testament, or posthumous message for him. On these occasions he would always reverentially slip away, and leave the old woman alone with thoughts that cried for the written word.

On a dark afternoon in October Jamie came home to his ancestral cot to find his mother exhausted, but happy. She lay on the bed upon which his father had died, many years before. On a little table at the bed's head three candles burned cheerily, and in their light she was reading, for the thousandth time, the Twenty-third Psalm.

"Laddie," she said, "'tis the night of the post-boat's call, is it not?"

"Yes, mother. Why?"

"I have a letter to go that's important—will ye take it down yersel?"

And so Jamie took the letter to the dock just as the little mail coaster called. With some surprise, he noted that it was addressed, in a strained but very plain hand, to The Honorable Countess of Evesham, in Kensington. The envelope was thick



Little did these water-Arabs reckon the stern little figure awaiting them at the inlet . . . backed by the wrathful Dominie, the girl held her father's braided whip in her hand.

and heavily sealed, and—an indication of the long years that had fled between mails in his house—it was stamped with postage of a now-dead issue.

The meal of fish and porridge and tea disposed, Jamie took his mother's hand, and whispered: "Ye know I've an old woman's curiosity—about that letter, now, to the great lady in London?"

"My laddie," said his mother, in a rather strange way, and with unusual calmness, "that is just the one thing I want to talk wi' ye upon. Will ye come in to me at day-break, when I've had ma rest?"

"Aye, mother mine!" said Jamie, kissing her hands. Smiling, she went to sleep, and Jamie sought his own pillow.

In the morning, according to promise, Jamie went in to her. She was dead, and her smile had been made eternal.

In the glen they laid the widow Campbell, beside her husband, beside all the village ancestry, almost in the shadow of the rugged cross rising above the empty

grave of The McFavish. As he had comforted her, Marget comforted him, and much more tenderly, for he was just a boy broken by his first great grief; whereas Marget had stood like rock not only against her own woe, but against the world.

In the Spring violets come quickly where ice had glistened. The violets of life rushed back to the heart of Jamie, melting the ice of sorrow. Plans for his wedding with Marget were rapidly completed.

The next event of importance in the island was the arrival, upon the post-boat, of a handsome woman from the British capital. In the eyes of the younger men she was marvelous to look upon. The women gazed at her modish robes, her enshrouding furs, her smart boots and her Parisian hats with suspicion and envy. No one, in that place where age strikes in chill and hard at thirty, had any idea how old she might be. In their eyes, she resembled something immortal. In fact, she was a well-preserved woman in the mid-forties.

She rented a small house near the shore; kept there two maids and a man of general service, and seemed anxious for the return of the fishing fleet, now upon one of its far cruises.

When the fleet did come in, she asked immediately for Jamie, but failed to find him, until directed to the hulk which was *Maison McTavish*.

Here she found Jamie at supper with Marget and her ancient maid.

With the poise of one at home anywhere she introduced herself, and said that, as soon as convenient, she would like to converse privately with "Mister" Campbell.

Marget watched her narrowly. As the woman's eyes fell upon Jamie Marget caught a wild gleam in them—a look that seemed to hold love and triumph and terror in one strange weld of light. When she spoke to Jamie her chin trembled, too, and her words failed twice. But, like a lady, she had made a lady's appointment, and had gone away.

The tea remained untasted. Jamie was embarrassed; Marget, apprehensive.

"On yer distant voyages, laddie dear, ye no have had a lady lover, I hope?"

"For shame, Marget! That is indecent blasphemy!"

"It is not blasphemy! How can a poor woman tell what a man will do beyond the wish of her skirt?"

"I never saw her—Marget, did ye no think that it may be she my mother wrote the letter to—perhaps there is an inheritance!"

Then, at the absurdity of that fancy, both laughed. It was a kiss of sincere faith which Marget gave Jamie at the door of her cabin-house, and her eyes seemed to light his way like the steady lamp on the headlands.

Jamie had never seen such refinement and delicacy as that which greeted him in the quaint little house of the strange lady. Yet it seemed wonderfully natural. He wished all this cambric and delicate scent and prettiness for Marget, and he vowed that she should have them. The servants went out. Jamie and the strange lady were alone.

"I want to tell you," she began, in a musical, gentle voice, "about a woman of Killean who went to London to nurse. She went into the family of a man of distinction who had married a very young girl—

I will not say the girl was beautiful, but she was at least attractive, and she was much sought after. Her happiness seemed complete. She had splendid home, a position almost royal, a devoted and wonderful husband, and . . . she was soon to have a little child. It was a boy baby, and when the little fellow was one day old, the blackness of her great tragedy came. Her husband fell from his horse while riding in the park, and lived an hour. The poor girl-mother was beside herself, and for weeks she knew no one. The nurse, timid and alone in a strange, great city, was advised by the girl's people to take the tiny boy back to Killean. She did so. Presently the girl was well, and wanted her boy—oh, so much! Then the second dreadful blow—a letter from the nurse, in Killean, saying that the little fellow had died. There wasn't much now in the world that had been so bright, so, when he wanted her, this childless girl widow married a nobleman. The years went by—idle, fruitless years . . . but the other day a note came out of the darkness of the sea—the writer, that nurse; and the message said: "I lied. Your boy is alive and well. I lied because I wanted him for my own!"

The strange lady, deeply agitated, arose from her chair and walked to the window. Jamie, who had not spoken at all, got to his feet.

"That is a story about me!" he exclaimed.

"It is about you!" cried the woman, turning. "I was the girl-mother; Mrs. Campbell, the nurse—you are my son!"

In the best stories at such revelations the new-found relatives rush to each other's arms. But Jamie only stood still, and Lady Evesham, too, stood faltering like a debutante.

Presently Jamie walked slowly toward her, and took both her hands in his. "It is so strange to call ye 'mother,'" he said in a whisper. "Will ye gie me time to get used to the sound of it wi'—wi' your beauty?"

Lady Evesham flushed, and, laughing, turned away. "Silly boy!" she said. Then like a tigress she turned back to him and seized him in her arms. "My boy!" she cried, in a suffocated voice. "My baby boy! All my life I've wanted you—all these years my arms have been empty—don't send me away, though I don't belong to

you or your people—I am so lonely and unhappy!” Slowly she sank into her chair, her face averted. She pressed Jamie’s rough hand to her lips, and the youth felt the tears streaming over it. Reverently he kissed her hair.

MOTHER and son talked far into the night, each telling the other a story which seemed strange and wonderful. Suddenly Jamie’s brow clouded.

“There is the old tradition against the English—I cannot marry Marget! She would not have me; her people would not permit it!”

Where is the woman, even among mothers, who will not connive with strategy to keep a love.

“Why,” responded Lady Evesham, instantly, “need the island folk know, now, that you are my son? Marry this wonderful child, teach her that the English are not dragons—then both of you come into your own.”

Thus surreptitiously it was arranged.

To Marget Jamie said: “This is the Lady Evesham whom mother wrote. It seems that in her youth she nursed her, and when she lay a-dying her heart called for her. So the Lady Evesham came, but too late.”

“Is she going to stay forever?” asked Marget, petulantly.

“She loves ye, lass, and she thinks well o’ me. She wants to see us wed!”

“Oh,” answered his fiancée, with mysterious finality.

Each Hallowe’en in the little island comes the annual betrothal fete, where Killean’s boy and girl lovers, in accordance with an ancient custom, plight their final troths in moonlight or starlight, as the lunar month may be, above an ancient Druid cairn. This year the fete was more notable than ever, for the Chief’s daughter and her sweetheart led the plighted couples.

Lady Evesham, though disliked by the quaint villagers, could not resist the temptation to see her happy son in his sacred hour of youthful fulfillment. The Dominie, who had been kind and courteous, and who regretted the rural inhospitality of his parishioners, took her upon his arm, and together they watched the folk-dance under a moon so brilliant that it paled the flaring torches.

“Tradition has it,” said the minister,

“that a promise made upon that cairn has never been broken.”

“God grant that it may be so!” exclaimed the Countess, fervently.

Presently, when the formal part of the ceremony was over, there was round dancing by every villager who could shake a leg; and Marget, true to her kind heart, ignored the young swains and dashed across the green to clasp the hands of the oldest man in the village, and prance him out upon the sward. Jamie was left alone for a moment. Weary, his head and his heart whirling together, he moved still farther from the crowd, and toward the secluded nook where Countess Evesham and the Dominie had stood. He was quite unaware of her presence. The minister had passed down the verdant aisle to another group. Suddenly he confronted his mother, and the sight of her, there, was so unexpected that he started violently.

“My son!” she murmured in ecstasy, “I think this is the happiest night of my life.” Drawing him toward her, she kissed him tenderly on the forehead. For a moment they remained embraced, and before their arms unclasped Marget, longing for the company of her affianced husband, dashed around the shadow of the great rock and confronted them.

For a moment there was silence.

Then Marget said, in the most pitiful voice in the world: “Why, Jamie!”

The Countess Evesham would have spoken then, but her son put out a restraining hand.

“Marget, dear,” he begged, “Will ye not believe and trust me?”

“Jamie, why are ye kissed by this London woman. As it says in the Bible, she is anathema, yet ye not only consort with her—ye let her kiss ye!”

“It is so strange a story I could not tell ye all o’ it in a whole night, darlin’! But won’t ye believe me when I tell ye she is a relative o’ mine, an’ that body an’ soul I am yours till Gabriel’s trump an’ no other’s? Marget, dear, I love ye—”

“Child,” begged the Countess in a voice that tugged at Marget’s heart-strings despite her hatred of the Englishwoman, “I should not want to live if I did not think he loved you with his whole heart and his whole soul! Won’t you believe me?”

“Please go away,” said Marget. “I want to talk to Jamie.”

So Jamie watched his mother pass out of the little valley in the bright moonshine. Still they were alone, and still Marget had uttered not one word.

"Marget, dear," the boy began, drawing her close to him, and turning her overwrought face to the moon. The girl burst into tears. Minute after minute she wept, clinging to Jamie's neck with the piteous persistence of a mother who cannot give up a drowned child. Jamie held her close, and kissed her soft hair many times, but still there were the heartbroken sobs—cries of a soul who saw her paradise slipping away forever. They said nothing more about the London woman that night.

Nor, in fact, in the days that followed. Marget's touching dignity, her sincere love and her defiant little sense of outrage, hurt Jamie more than any proclamation of jealousy could have done. The Countess saw these things, too, and, on the wedding eve, decided to go back to London.

Accordingly, she wrote her boy a note and told him that it was best that he should spend the first whole year of married life alone with his island bride. That, if he saw fit, he could disclose the secret of his birth, and, if his wife were willing, he should come to London. "But," concluded the Countess, "I shall break my own heart to save two others. It is written in your Dominie's Good Book that a man shall leave father and mother and cleave unto his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh. That is eternal law, and I cannot come between you and Marget. If it will ruin your love to be English—be of Killean forever, and God bless you, my darling!" She enclosed her check for a thousand pounds.

ANOTHER Killean tradition has it that the groom must come to the house of his bride and lead her to the kirk. So, on their wedding day, dressed in her quaint frock and the hat of another century, Marget waited, with her pet chicken, and her pet dog, and her pet lamb, for the proud footstep of her husband.

But Jamie, even as he set foot outside his foster-mother's door, received his real mother's letter, and the check. Slipping an unaccustomed topcoat over his rough, plain fisher-clothes, he ran to the dock, thinking her about to embark. She was not there, but the Dominie met him, and, gravely shaking his hand, wished him many

returns of the day's happiness. He believed him at the moment on the way to Marget's restless dwelling. As soon as he was out of sight at the turn, Jamie headed straight for his mother's, cottage. He found her, and the farewell was prolonged.

Meanwhile the kirk waited, and Marget waited.

Until Pitcairn, the village atheist, who, since the death of his wife and daughter in a single day had blasphemed God and believed in nothing, betook himself off with a scornful laugh—and, presently, confirmed his low opinion of all that lived by staring through the window of the London woman's cottage to behold her and the bridegroom, in the simple best of his nuptial day, holding hands like sweethearts.

On behalf of the village, Pitcairn began the demonstration.

"To the sea with the scarlet woman!" he shouted, capering down the street as fast as his rheumatism permitted. "She hath ruined Killean and despoiled the bridal of a fair McTavish!"

Despite the Dominie's protests, the kirk emptied itself like a bottomless pail.

"Mother!" cried Jamie, aghast, as he beheld the crowd coming toward her house, "we shall have to tell the truth!"

BUT in the hulk, Marget had been busy with her decision. Pitcairn had been howling at her door, but she had refused to join the mob. Jamie, whom she loved, had a right to make his decisions of heart. It was quite evident that he loved this foreigner, so . . . who knows? The wind was rising, and the sea was jumping like water in a jostled bowl; outside, the post-packet was fighting for the harbor entrance, and as Marget took a long knife and went to the deck of her little home, she smiled into the turmoil of wind and water. Then she cut and chopped until the old ropes which bound the hulk were severed, and, crankily, it began to drift toward the vicious sea.

Meanwhile, stones were flying at the windows of the Countess' cottage. Her servants, already on the dock with the luggage, waiting for the mail boat, knew nothing of the disturbance.

The minister, disdaining to follow the crowd he could not hold in leash, ran to Marget's abode. Marget saw him, a help-

less, waving figure in black on the shore. In spite of her hour of supreme renunciation, she smiled at his frantic gestures. The calking was coming out of the ancient seams, and it was evident that rough water would make matchwood of the tub in a few moments. In the blue dress and the plaidie she stood on the upper deck of her strange houseboat, looking longingly but calmly toward the island she loved.

At the Countess' cottage Jamie rushed forth and held up his hand for silence. For a moment, the crowd stopped jeering.

"Ye murderers!" screamed the boy, hoarse with rage. "Do ye know whom ye would kill? Are there them among ye can recollect when Campbell's woman went to London?"

"Yer mother? Ay!" answered Pitcairn from the front rank. Others nodded. "Why drag the dead into such a red mess?"

"Because she was not my mother, wonderful woman though she was. Here is the Countess of Evesham, whom she nursed, and I am the Countess of Evesham's son. My real mother has just found me; all these years she thought me dead!"

There were mutterings of amazement, whispers of incredulity, sheepish laughter, some apologies. And Jamie made further explanations, in the midst of which the Dominie, out of breath, ran in.

Again all was wild confusion, with boats putting out here and there, but—as it was on the evening of The McTavish's disaster—Jamie's was most daring of them all, and it was Jamie who drew Marget, unhappy as wet, from her sinking, broken derelict.

Holding her in his arms, as his men rowed the dory in, Jamie told his story.

"And so," he concluded as he carried her to the sands, "I give ye up, my darlin'; but I want ye to know I love ye always!"

With her sopping finery clinging to her, Marget McTavish faced her people.

"The law was made by a McTavish, and a McTavish can break it. I elect to wed Jamie, London foreigner that he is!"

The shout that went up was unheard by the boy, bewildered in his new happiness.

"But," whispered Marget warningly, "I could not break the law in a wet gown! Ye shall pay for your sins by gettin' me a new frock to be married in!"

Some Man!

I've conjured up a picture,
Of what a man must be
If he has any wish at all
To register with me:

He

must
have

Eyes and hair like Kerrigan,
And Harold Lockwood's smile,
And Bushman's popularity,
And Douglas Fairbanks' "style."
And Walthall's personality,
(That's saying a great deal),
And William Hart's determined way,
And Charlie Ray's appeal.
And Bryant Washburn's recklessness
When villain parts he plays;
And dimples like Costello had
Back in the good old days.

A man as perfect as all this
I'd really like to meet—
But I suppose he'd walk about
On

Charlie
Chaplin
feet!

MILDRED CONSIDINE.

The Girl on



© by Moody



the Cover



Floyd Photo

By Geo. Craig

IF Phidias, the well known and justly famous sculptor, were hanging around today looking for something to sculpt there isn't a doubt he'd choose Naomi Childers.

For Naomi is one of the few classic Greek types of beauty left in all this fair land of ours. Aside from being remarkably easy to look at, she is talented as well.

While in her early teens she had made a success of elocution, posing and music. And before those teens had elapsed she had made her adieu into St. Louis and was playing "Beauty" in Everywoman in New York. Later she appeared in "The Great Name," "Madame X" and "Ready Money."

Then came the movies, mostly Vitagraph, from which she just recently resigned. One of her latest successes of the cinema was "The Footlights of Fate" with Marc McDermott.

Three Wise Women and a Star

By DOUGLAS TURNEY



ITH an "Adoration-of-the-Magi" attitude which would have made the ancient painter, Tiepolo, madly jealous, three women clustered about the photograph of a male star of the films in the foyer of a motion-picture theater.

They appeared not exactly women of the world, but women of the club; not possessed so much of wisdom as of "wiseness;" not filled with the lurid admiration of the flapper for a handsome, talented man, but with a modern-womanish liking for good points in masculinity, whether of the body or of the brain.

Being women of this kind, they did not feel themselves strangers to one another, although they were, so far as previous acquaintance was concerned. They fell, or rather burst, into conversation and they spoke of life quite frankly, forgetting euphemism and using words of one syllable when they chose.

"Pure Greek," murmured one, referring to his features.

"Pure Greek *god*," amended the second.

"Pure man," corrected the third.

"Such talent," observed the first.

"Such genius," added the second.

"Such humanness," said the third.

"And yet," volunteered the first, "I have heard he is not above life's little meanesses, now and then."

"I wouldn't say that," opposed the second. "Why not call them life's little possibilities?"

"Why call them anything?" queried the third.

"Still," continued the first, "I go to see him in his every picture. At the risk of being bromidic, I'll admit that 'with all his faults I love him still'—as an actor, you know, not personally, by any means."

"I often see him while he is making the picture," said the second. "He's wonderful, no matter what the jealous ones say. He has no faults."

"Yes, he's the greatest man—actor—in the world," affirmed the third.

"We seem to agree—in a way," said the first. "Yet I feel that I am absolutely right about him. I was once his leading woman."

"But I am his press agent," said the second. "I know I am right. He has no faults at all."

The third said nothing.

"Your attitude is professional," sneered the first.

"Yours is envious," retorted the second.

"You," said the first, turning to the silent third, "you shall decide whether or not he has any faults."

"Yes," agreed the second.

"Oh, no," protested the third. "I couldn't. It wouldn't be fair. I am his wife."





By dis time Clarence was blue an de way his teeth chattered sounded like a bunch of fire crackers goin off under a tin can.

Out o' de Drifts

PETE PROPS TAKES A TRIP TO
THE MOVIE ALASKA AND HELPS
TO FILM SOME "SNOW STUFF"

By Kenneth McGaffey

Drawings by E. W. GALE, Jr.

I BEEN carryin dis stage brace around for tree days lookin for de guy dat gave dis end of de woods de sub-title of "Sunny California." When we connect, you can make bets dat dis is goin to be a shattered piece of timber. I'm goin to fade him out in about two feet. Dere will be a flash an den de insert of his deat notice. Sunny California! I got chilblains on me dat look like de Rocky mountains. Bot me ears is froze an I can pick icicles off me fingers.

Dere ain't been a night in de past week dat I ha'int shivered so dat I shook me-self out of bed. It will take me nine years to get warm again. It was dis pitcher we just done, "De Yell of Baffin's Bay." Snow stuff it was, up in Bear Valley. Dat's where me and me goose pimples has been for de past week, an not a ting on de hip.

We got a lotta huskies along for some dog stuff an I an de handler has to look after dem all de time. I'm here to tell you dose Fidos ain't no more afraid of a man dan dey are of a pork chop. Dey nearly chewed me to pieces onct when I tried to feed dem widout a whip in my mits.

De idea of de story is dis. Handsome Clarence is a gay an festive Canuck, who chases de fur off de animals and sells dem to de ole crepe-haired factor at de post. He is in love wid de boss' daughter but

along comes a city slicker an offers him a job an two dollars a day to help discover a ice mine in de frozen North an Clarence goes wid him leavin his sweetheart sobbin in a fade-out wid a back light. If de city slicker gets to de ice mine before his Lordship's attorney, he will have untold wealth while Handsome Clarence who is de right-ful heir—(only he don't know it), will be left flat. All de Canuck has to prove he is of royal blood is a locket around his neck, a wrist watch an a regal manner, whatever dat is.

I am here to tell you dat it looked well on paper but on de location it was plum discouragin. When she snows up dere in Bear Walley she sure do snow, I'm here to tell you. Dere ain't no fake about it an believe me, it gets some cold.

Dis nut director is strong for realism an cares not for frost bites. He's after stuff dat will be so good dat it will bust de water pipes in Keokuk. He picks a loca-tion about four miles from de hotel an

it's easy walkin cause de snow's only waist deep. Handsome Clarence had been spillin a lot of chatter aroun de hotel about what a rascal he was on de snow shoes and skis. We backed him into a pair before we starts out an after he had stuck his beezee in de snow tree or four times an got his pretty make-up all ruined, we made him walk like de rest of us. He was a sweet piece of work. He had on one of dese blanket suits dat made him look like one of dese cozy corners in a livery stable, an a saucy red sash, all accordin to Hoyle and Elwell.

You ought to of seen Handsome Clarence plowin through de snow tryin to get de rest of us to break de path for him. Nuttin doin. Den he wants de camera man to take his stuff off de dog sled so he can ride. Dis crank turner is about as peaceful as de U-53. He hears Clarence's gentle request—slams his hat trou tree feet of snow an demands to be heard. An he was. Clean to San Berdoo. Say! He draws, wid his lung, a close-up of Clarence dat was a beaut. He tells me afterwards he could a done much better if dere hadn't been ladies present, but dere wasn't no

lumps in his woik, at dat. He boined Clarence up so dat de Handsome Ham tought he was doin Dante's Inferno instead of snow stuff. We tought it was rainin but come to find out it is only his langwich meltin de snow offen de trees. He told dat hick just where he stood wid de film-wastin brothers, an den Clarence tried to pull dis "My good man" stuff, an seven of de dogs gets hydrophoby from just lookin at de two of dem.

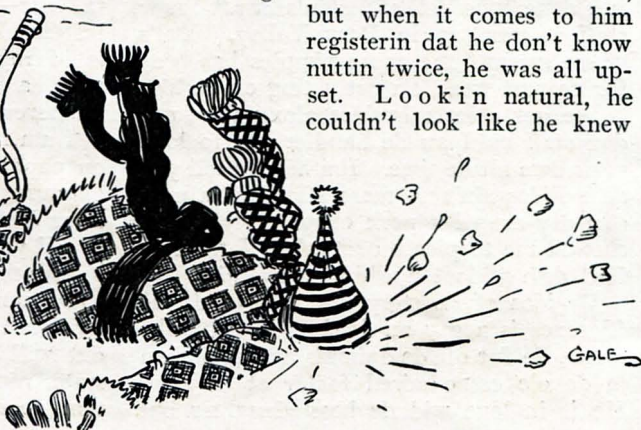
By an by we gets dem calmed down an start on our merry way wid de camera man ridin on de dog sled wid his junk just to make it pleasant for Clarence.

Finally we gets to de iceberg dat de nut director had picked out for de location. It was a nice, warm, little spot, fanned by a coolish sixty-mile zephyr from off about a hundred miles of good old snow. Say! It froze your thoughts before you could tink em. Dat's right—or I sure woulda had some good excuse to beat it back to camp.

In dese scenes de guy huntin for de ice mine an Handsome Clarence, is struggling on an on towards de frozen Nort. Dey is nearly exhausted and dey is in a bad way. It is here dat Clarence is to find de papers dat convince him he is de real heir to de ice ranch as his boss lays dyin. Dis makes de drama for dere is Handsome Clarence wid de papers in his mit, filled wid conflictin emulsions an surrounded by a vast silence of snow, trees, barking dogs, excited nut directors, shiverin property men, an a soreheaded crank turner. Clarence has to register dat he don't know wedder to go on, grab dis ice mine an live happy every afterward, or return to de little face pressed to de pane. It's a cinch for Clarence to register dat he don't know nuttin, but when it comes to him registerin dat he don't know nuttin twice, he was all upset. Lookin natural, he couldn't look like he knew



After he had stuck his beezee in de snow tree or four times, we made him walk like de rest of us.



less, so you can see what he was up against when he had to look twice that less. It simply couldn't be done.

Handsome Clarence was all out of luck. He was bundled up all nice an comfy in his kimona. De sorehead film grinder buzzes de nut director an tells him that seein as how Clarence is supposed to be dyin of hunger an privation, he shouldn't ought to have so many clothes on.

"Dat's a good idea!" says de nut director. "Clarence, remove your ear muffs an mittens."

"He should ought to display his manly chest," says de camera man, "'cause you can't see it heave with emulsion wid all dose clothes on."

"You should ought to be in de New York office," says de nut director, "you tink of so many cute tings. Clarence,—a little of de chest flutter in de breeze."

Dis little breeze was a nice steady, sixty-mile sleet dat darn near tore de hide off your map. It took two men to hold de camera so it wouldn't blow away.

When dey get little Clarence all undressed, dey start rehearsin de scene. Dey get it all set an den de cranker discovers he can't shoot from dere an has to move his box. Dis is fine for him as he is all bundled up. Dey rehearse it all over again an just as dey get ready to shoot, de nut director gets a hunch to have Clarence fall face down in de snow.

By dis time Clarence was blue an de way his teeth chattered sounded like a bunch of fire crackers goin off under a tin can. Den dey have to wait till he's so near froze his teeth won't chatter.

Finally Clarence gets wise that dey are rawhidin him an starts to declare hisself.

"I ain't goin to do dis!" he says.

"Now Clarence, tink of your art," says de nut director. "Tink," he

says, "all de nice little girls in Racine will shiver and write you pretty letters after viewin your heroic actions. Dis," he says, "is realism. You may suffer," he says, "but art alque endures."

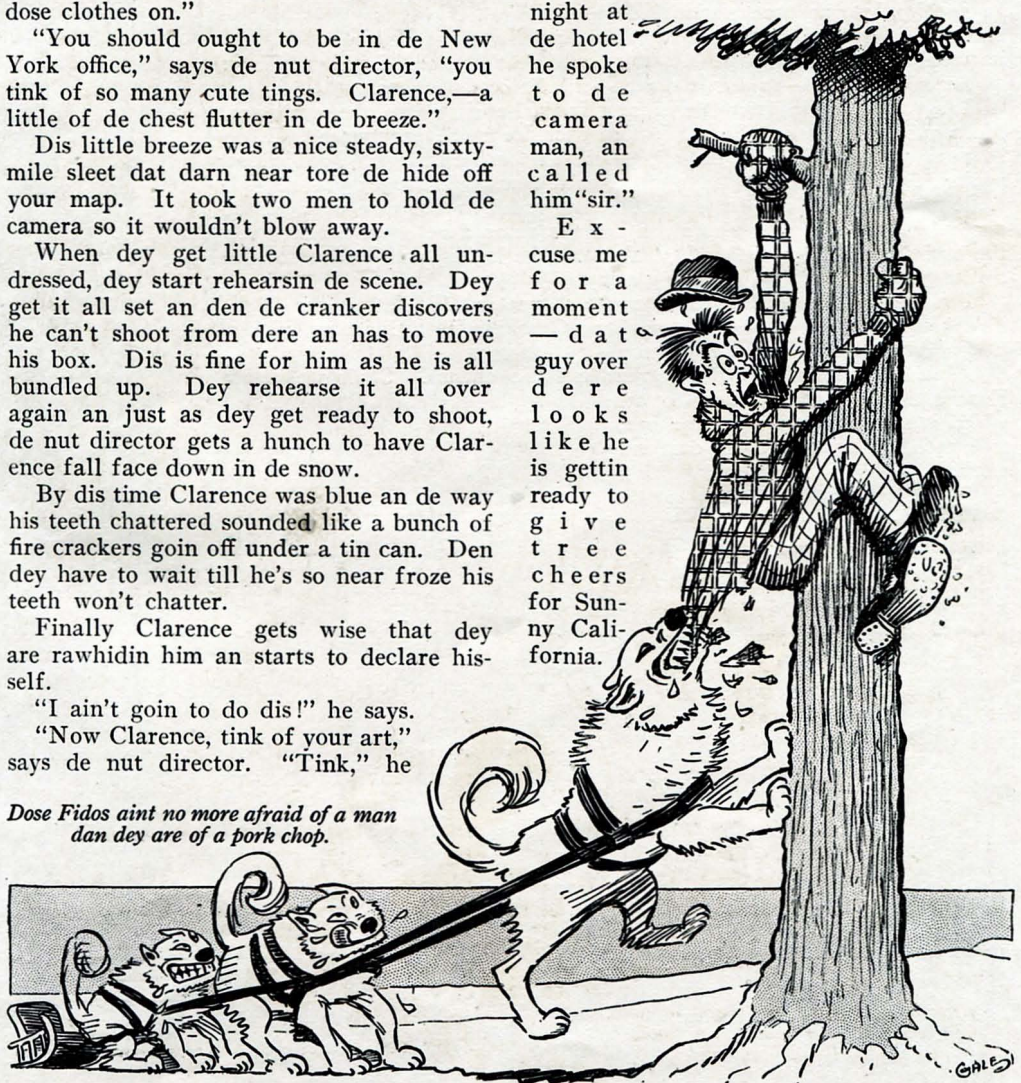
We finally got de scene an den Clarence, tinkin of de long walk back to de hotel, does a grand little faint. "Cover him up an leave him lay," says de camera man, "an den he will be here all ready for us in de mornin. He won't have to ride out here," he says, "behind his spirited dog team," he says, "but will be right on de job bright an snappy."

We all pack up an start to leave an you shoulda seen Clarence come out of it. Dat

night at de hotel he spoke to de camera man, an called him "sir."

Excuse me for a moment — dat guy over dere looks like he is gettin ready to give tree cheers for Sunny California.

Dose Fidors aint no more afraid of a man dan dey are of a pork chop.



Visual Opera: An Art of Tomorrow

By Julian Johnson

WHILE to the average Anglo-Saxon there is something highbrowishly repellent in the term *grand opera*, human nature is so impishly perverse that every rural community calls its edifice of entertainment the *grand opera-house*. *Grand opera* means simply "the great work." Latin, Teuton and Slav found music a supreme mirror of the emotions: music drama, the "great work" of the stage. Among ruling civilizations only England and her far-flung children engraft their music-drama as an exotic; but, as each national devotion to music has advanced, each nation has developed its distinctive music drama. America will do that, too. Let's prophesy:

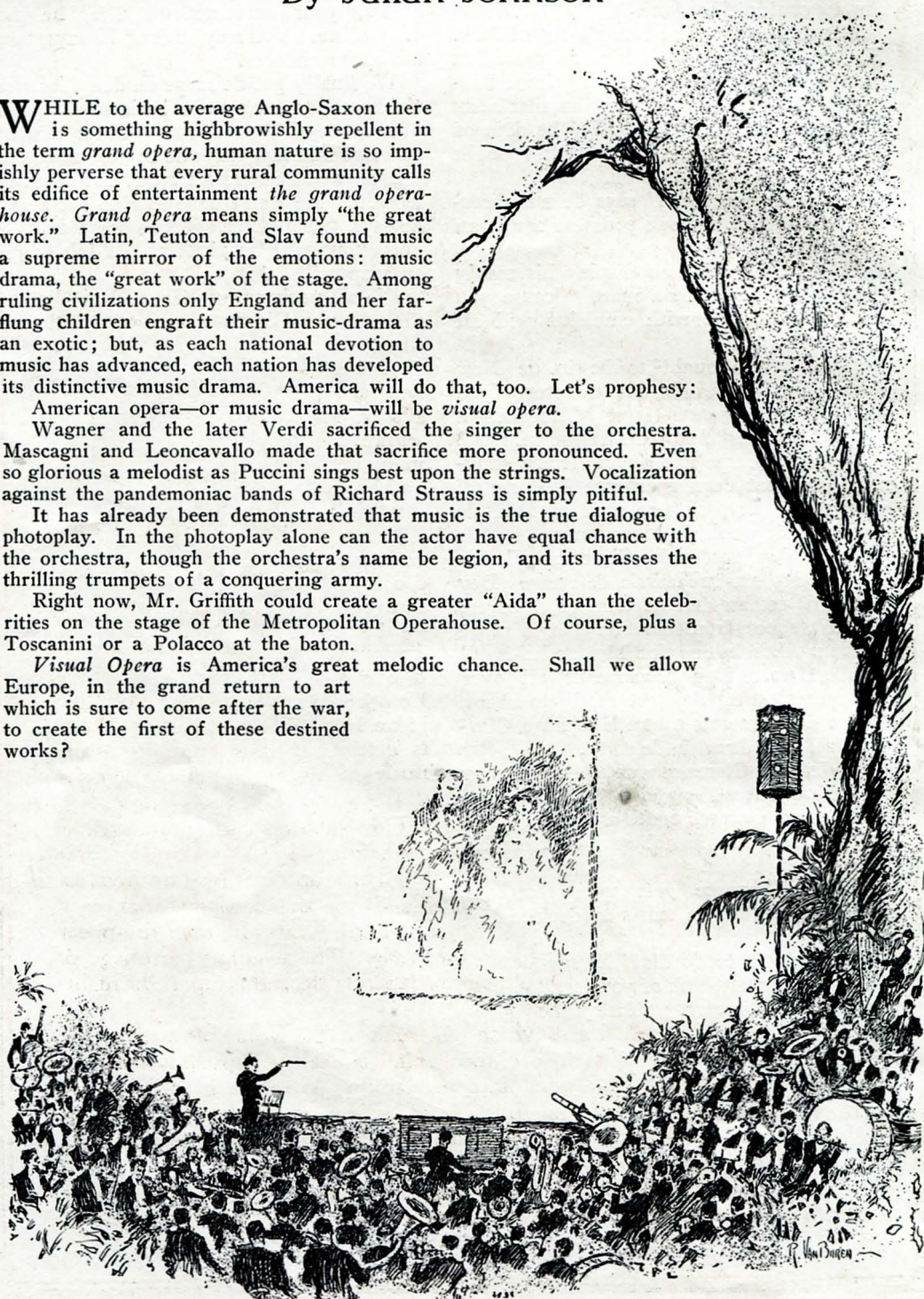
American opera—or music drama—will be *visual opera*.

Wagner and the later Verdi sacrificed the singer to the orchestra. Mascagni and Leoncavallo made that sacrifice more pronounced. Even so glorious a melodist as Puccini sings best upon the strings. Vocalization against the pandemoniac bands of Richard Strauss is simply pitiful.

It has already been demonstrated that music is the true dialogue of photoplay. In the photoplay alone can the actor have equal chance with the orchestra, though the orchestra's name be legion, and its brasses the thrilling trumpets of a conquering army.

Right now, Mr. Griffith could create a greater "Aida" than the celebrities on the stage of the Metropolitan Operahouse. Of course, plus a Toscanini or a Polacco at the baton.

Visual Opera is America's great melodic chance. Shall we allow Europe, in the grand return to art which is sure to come after the war, to create the first of these destined works?



CLOSE-UPS

Editorial Expression and Timely Comment

The Itinerant Twinkler.

TWO men were conversing on a sunlit corner of Longacre Square. The older man was a world-famous manager. The younger, taller, handsomer chap was of the small but hustling fraternity of jumping celebrities who flit from engagement to engagement with no reason but restlessness; generally popular, but staying nowhere long enough to achieve real reputation. You know the type.

"Still with Ince?" asked the manager, pleasantly.

"No, I went with World," answered the actor.

"Ah! With World! How do you like working at Fort Lee?"

"But—er, I didn't stay with World. I made such a hit that when Famous Players offered me—"

"I see!" interrupted the manager, drily. "Once, every move a picture; now, every picture a move."



When do You See Your Photoplays?

THE statistician is prowling again. This time he wants to know when America's millions sit before the motion picture screens.

As far as PHOTOPLAY and its friends observe, show-time is largely a matter of geography. The small town finds its pressure of business at an hour other than that of the city rush; and in the cities the residence districts observe no clock that the down-town manager uses.

The distinctive feature in the metropolitan districts is the lunch trade, with more than half the patrons men. Men cannot go to a speaking matinee to settle their mid-day fastbreaks, but they can—and do, by hundreds of thousands—use the five-reeler, or the comedy, or the news-pictorial, as a pause between table and desk. As the afternoon wears on, men disappear and women shoppers enjoy a visual interlude. The evening patronage of picture playhouses in down-town districts depends altogether upon the night-traffic of the cities in which they are.

It is the residential theatre which has inflicted the worst blow upon the speaking stage. It is this theatre, too, which issues the most powerful demand for clean and wholesome plays, for families patronize it at first-show time every evening. It is the follower of dinner, and it has usurped the place of the fireside book as the preceder of bed. Why not? Cheerless radiators have ousted the fireplaces.

The theatre in the country town does not, usually, "enjoy" the jam of the first night show in the city residential. Business straggles in steadily

from six to half-past ten. An explanation of this lies in the country town's lack of other amusement. The city adolescent seeks the musical shows or the cabarets to keep him awake till midnight, or thereabouts. Apart from the pool-room or a behind-the-partition poker game the fly boy of the burghs has not much regular evening entertainment save the picture-show.

With the exception of metropolitan-district movie houses in the cities, picture matinees do not pay except on Saturdays.

Chicago has, upon its Madison street, opposite each other, perhaps the only two year-in and year-out all-night picture shops in the world. Here, after midnight and until dawn, the wayfarers of a great city float in varying degrees of picturesqueness: the friendless ones, the curious traveller, the sleepless, the newsboy waiting for his morning loads, the revellers winding up "a night of it," the care-takers of the great office-buildings, train-waiters, mere idlers.

Certain classes of city theatres vary their hours of patronage according to the institution or institutions which are their neighbors. Thus, picture theatres near railway stations have a steady trade all day and all evening.

Though almost every city's shops of optic-drama are open in the mornings, business is negligible until the day's first big boost comes with the luncheon crowds.

In this connection a recent investigation by *Motion Picture News* yields an interesting item. This trade paper, endeavoring to discover the average price of film entertainment in this country, found that the admission fee of eighty percent of the American picture theatres averages ten and one-half cents.



Keeping Up with the Past.

ONE of the peculiar things about the period picture — as distinguished from the costume picture, which means small clothes and big buckles — is that in it women's attire is seldom wrong, men's seldom right.

A great many of our photoplays are laid in the period between 1850 and 1880, and the actresses of mid-country and both coasts are at commendable pains to reproduce the gowns their mothers and grandmothers wore. At the same time, men make little effort for fidelity in appearance unless the play is an extraordinary feature, staged by an iron-handed director.

This comment does not concern celebrated feature photoplays; it has to do with the average five-reeler making the backbone of the nation's programmes. Here, the actor seems generally of the opinion that a "Prince Albert" coat, an extraordinary twist to his collar, a freakish arrangement of his cravat, a big watch-chain and a strange slouch to his hat will slip him back anywhere between Presidents Grant and Buchanan.

As a matter of fact women's garb has changed not a whit more than men's in these decades. The female novelties have merely been more obvious. The dandy in the period of which we speak wore clumsy square-toed boots, hard round cuffs, did not have his trousers creased, usually had

unsightly long hair, considered a Virginia-creeper moustache *au fait*, encircled his attenuated neck with a collar an inch high, choked himself with an "Ascot tie," and promenaded Fifth Avenue in the blood relatives of Charlie Chaplin's cutaway and jumping-bean derby.



**The
Standard
Epitaph.**

IN the early or billhart days of the Great West death was the end of all animosity. When finally killed, the skunk who stole the old miner's dust or robbed the Selig stage was sepulchered beneath a motto as comforting as possible under the circumstances. In time, a standard consolation became the first thought of the monument-maker who sought to assuage the woe of the coyote's relatives. It was this: "He shore was good to his mother."

Motion picture critics are a good deal like the tombstone cuneiformists of Arizona. After braining the story, quartering the scenario, racking the director and burning author and actors at the same stake they generally wind up: "It has splendid photography."



**What Had
the Best
Music?**

"SINCE you do not care for the music of 'Intolerance,' what *do* you like?"

The young person who penned this query comes from Boston's Back Bay, and for her benefit we beg to state the case from the public's viewpoint:

As far as entire scores go, there has never been such generally effective and widely popular music as that accompanying "The Birth of a Nation." Joseph Carl Breil is to be credited with these masterly arrangements. Mr. Breil dealt himself right out of the game on Mr. Griffith's next picture, but in the arts, as in cards, a lone deuce may be the successor of four aces. "Intolerance" is Mr. Breil's deuce.

In his earlier score, Mr. Breil perpetrated the greatest single melodic theme yet pictorially inspired: the thrilling "Clan motive," which in its power of nerve-tingling exposition would do credit to any composer, living or dead.

The biggest piece of orchestration yet produced for the movies is the tremendous symphony accompanying the madness of Alessandro, in the full-orchestra score arranged for Clune's "Ramona." The love-motive of Phail, in the same book, is a very fine piece of delicate and expressive music.

For Thomas Dixon's jitney of carnage, "The Fall of a Nation," Victor Herbert furnished a score which was a splendid and workmanlike assemblage of themes. This score never had a chance. Above the laughter, it couldn't be heard.

Victor Schertzinger's string of tunes for "Civilization" held nothing of interest beyond one march of considerable pomp and circumstance.

We have always believed that much of the individual atmosphere of "Cabiria" was due to its strange, barbarically-rhythmic musical score. This "music" was so blunt and homely that it fascinated.

What Does the Public Want?

THE MOST PERPLEXING PROBLEM
THE PRODUCER HAS TO SOLVE

By Thomas H. Ince

WHEN a certain well-known financier very generously gave out advice some time ago on how to invest money, he immediately became guilty of a grave omission; he neglected to let us in on a vastly more important secret—how first to get the money. Likewise, did Shakespeare fail to furnish a startling bit of information when he made that immortal remark about the play being “the thing;” he did not tell us what kind of a play. Had he thought of it then and done so, and had the terms of his prescription been correct, it is likely that we moving picture producers would not now be striving so conscientiously to ascertain what the people want.

Many monumental problems daily beset the path of the photoplay maker; and the greatest of these is: “What shall we give them?”

The most accurate barometer of public opinion is the box-office. And through the medium of the box-office it has been possible, of course, to obtain an occasional estimate—rough, it is true, but an estimate, nevertheless, of the people's wants.

One of the first pictures we made after the inception of the Triangle program, was a screen version of “The Three Musketeers.” We spared no expense to give it the elaborate production it warranted. We put a truly fine actor—Mr. Orrin Johnson—in the principal role and surrounded him with a cast of very capable players. Then we offered it to the public under the title, “D’Artagnan.” The reviewers liked it. The public gave it a

chance, but didn’t enthuse as a whole, according to the box-office barometer.

“Nix on the costume stuff!” exhibitors admonished. We heeded the advice until there was presented for consideration a play called “Bullets and Brown Eyes.” It didn’t have to depend upon pretentious staging for its effectiveness. But it was “costume stuff,” nevertheless. I had faith in it, refusing to believe that because “D’Artagnan” didn’t happen to have tickled the public palate this swiftly-moving romance would fall down. So we produced it; and

I learn that it has proven to be one of the most pleasing offerings we have made. And yet, so firmly am I convinced of the general public’s disapproval of costume plays that I do not intend to produce another, unless it be a second edition of “Bullets and Brown Eyes.”

We have been hearing a lot lately about the popularity of “crook” plays. But the trouble with most of those who try to fulfill this

alleged demand is the fact that they misconstrue the meaning of the words, “crook” play. They lean too heavily toward the so-called underworld type of drama.

Salaciousness, I think, has lost its appeal. Real Americans—and the ranks of the photoplaygoers daily are being augmented—are tired of having their finer sensibilities chafed by purposeless sex stories. They want to cry a little, gasp a little, smile a little—and then go home. And that is our only rule to follow.

“What shall we give them?”

Variety—variety that’s clean.

ONE MONTH MORE FOR \$1,000 IDEA CONTEST

The Thomas H. Ince-Photoplay Magazine Scenario Contest will close at midnight, December 31, 1916, and no manuscripts bearing a postmark later than that time and date will be considered.

Here are the prizes for the best story, scenario or idea for a photoplay:

1st Prize	\$1,000
2nd Prize	500
3rd Prize	300
4th Prize	200

In sending your contribution, remember:

It must be typewritten.

Stamps for return must be enclosed.

It must be mailed to The Scenario Contest Editor, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 350 North Clark St., Chicago, before January 1, 1917.

Announcement of the winners will be made in an early issue of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.



No branch of motion pictures has made more rapid advances than the animated cartoon. This story, telling all about the St. Vitusy little fellows, has been written for PHOTOPLAY by the world's foremost animated cartoonist. Mr. Bray, who holds most of the basic "animation" patents, is to moving comics what the Wrights were to pioneer aviation.

How the Comics Caper

COL. HEEZALIAR'S FATHER GIVES AWAY HIS WHOLE WAR-RECORD

By J. R. Bray

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THE
BRAY
STUDIOS

THERE seems to be nothing else so funny to the average observer as exaggerated suffering. That is the secret of the animated cartoon, just exactly as it is the secret of a Charlie Chaplin or Keystone comedy. Beyond that one point, it is all technique. And consequently the moving picture cartoon can be made funnier than the comedy played by human beings, because the possibilities of exaggeration are unlimited. Even the doughty Roscoe Arbuckle might hesitate before permitting a ferocious lion to creep up behind him and chew off his coat-tails, but such eminent players as my star actor, Col. Heeza Liar, do these things without protest.

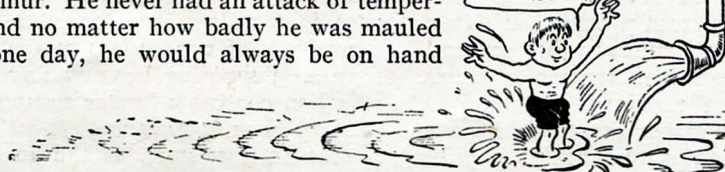
This is as good a place as any to tell a few of the joys of making animated cartoons. First of all, I never have had the least difficulty with any of my actors over salaries. From the first day Col. Heeza entered my employ our relations were entirely amicable. He never threatened to "jump" to any rival concern, never refused to fall off a cliff or be shot in the head by a shell from an aeroplane. He would fight a whole herd of elephants without a murmur. He never had an attack of temperament, and no matter how badly he was mauled around one day, he would always be on hand

the next, usually more ready for work than I was to work him. He did not demand the bridal suite at the Waldorf, nor refuse to show up at the studio unless a limousine was sent for him.

When I read of the troubles some directors have with their stars, I am very thankful that mine are of the docile

variety. In fact, my only objection to them is quite the opposite—they are harder on me than I can be on them. When the bell in the Metropolitan

WONDER WHAT MAKES THE WATER SALTY TODAY?



tower rings five o'clock, and the mere photographic director allows it is time to quit for the day, my hero probably has a dozen savages aiming spears at tender parts of his physiology, and when I make a motion like a man looking for his hat and cane, he glances up at me and says:

"Are you going to leave me in this predicament all night? I put it to you as a gentleman and a scholar—how much sleep do you think I'm going to get? Honest, boss, I didn't think you'd do it!"

After that there is nothing for it but to get down to work again, and draw a few more thousand pictures to complete the reel and get my hero safely put away for the evening. Perhaps you can't quite see the moving picture director in the role of the tender-hearted sympathizer with the hired help. But you must remember that my actors, as well as being my employees, are my children.

There have been a number of explanations of the origin of moving picture cartoons, but none of them has just touched the spot. A few years ago I was making a living drawing one cartoon at a time for the news and comic papers. One day it dawned upon me that if I could make one living by drawing one cartoon at a time, I could make a lot of livings by drawing a lot of cartoons at a time. Of course, there would be no way in which I could market several thousand cartoons all exactly alike, so I decided to make each one just a little different from the others. That's all there is to it. Instead of turning out half a dozen sketches a week, I am now, with the assistance of about a score of artists, turning out about four thousand. I believe "struggling" newspaper artist is a correct description of my former estate—when an artist works for newspapers he is always described as "struggling." About the only thing I ever had to struggle over was stringing one job along so that it would occupy the whole day, and make the boss think I was overworked.

I am still struggling, but in a different way. Look at these figures:

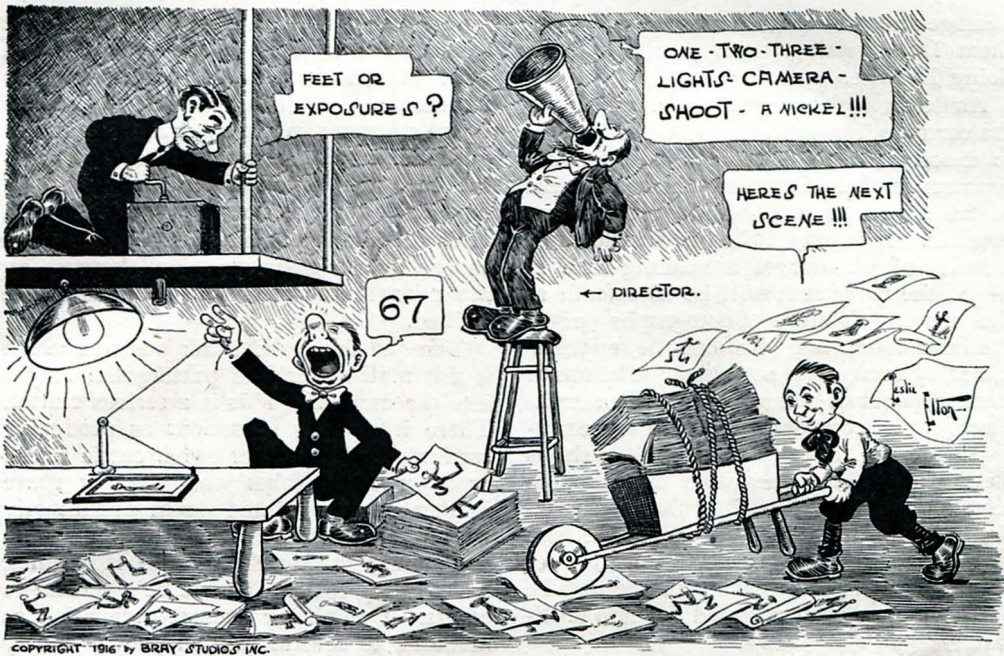
In each foot of moving picture film there are about sixteen pictures, or sixteen thousand separate pictures to the thousand-foot reel. A one-reel cartoon contains, therefore, sixteen thousand sketches. A "struggling" newspaper artist, making one of those comic strips that are so popular

on the sporting pages, draws five pictures a day. Therefore it would take him, at that rate, three thousand two hundred days, or one hundred and six months, or nearly nine years to finish one reel of animated cartoons. In my studio we turn out not less than one a week. Allowing that there are twenty of us at work, it makes nearly six months work each to be done in one week. If this isn't "struggling," what do you call it?

Old Mrs. Necessity, as is well known to all who have read the Book of Proverbs, is the mother of John W. Invention. To hire enough artists to draw thirty-two thousand pictures in a week would have upset the original plan which, as I have mentioned, was to make several livings all at one time. There was no object in carrying out the idea if these livings had to be divided among so many people that there would be only two or three left for myself. Incidentally, anyone who has had anything to do with artists knows that it would be a pretty difficult matter to get the several hundred sketchers together on the idea. You can lead the artist to the bristol-board but you cannot always make him work your way. Here is where the little joker pops out of the deck.

First of all, the cartoons are not all different. You may think they are, as you see them unwind on the sheet, but they aren't. For instance suppose my hero is chased into a cyclone cellar by a Zeppelin. He waits a second or two and pops out, but sees the Zep. still hovering. When he pops back again he goes through the same motion as he did when he popped in the first time, and so we can simply use the other sketch. He may pop in and out half a dozen times, and we fool you into thinking we have made a hundred or more different cartoons, when we have made, perhaps, not more than a dozen or two. So the struggle is not entirely physical, but is often in the line of the old problem, the control of mind over matter.

Here's another thing you may or may not have noticed: that when the cartoons are different, as to the action, this difference is usually not extended beyond the movements of one or two of the principal figures. Supposing I am making a cartoon of a lion chasing a hunter around a tree—the tree does not change. That tree may appear in the story to the extent of a



A climactic moment in the filming of a Bray thriller. Notice the drawn look on the face of the cameraman.

thousand or more of the individual pictures, but don't imagine for an instant that we draw a thousand trees. Nope. Just the same old tree put into place by what you might call a rubber-stamp method. If we want to make the tree rustle in the breeze, it takes perhaps a dozen sketches to produce the effect, but once these are done the rustling is easily accomplished by repeating these dozen over and over again in the same sequence. I am violating no confidence in telling this, for it is the only thing that makes the animated cartoon commercially possible.

Seriously, I do not believe there is any work in which as extensive results are obtained with such economy of action. Two sketches will give an effect of the briny deep scintillating under the brilliant summer sun, and a thorough-going murder can be accomplished in the most harrowing manner with less than a hundred.

Of course we seldom have murders in the cartoons, and thus far we have been able to escape the censorship in all states. The problem play has not yet reached the high point of development where it appeals to the film cartoonist, so we remain pure. There are times when we have been accused of misleading the minds of the young by

showing scenes which were unreal. I believe, however, that this is a point in our favor. Suppose the young mind is taken by its owner to consider the "Adventures of Algy" in seventy-five harrowing episodes, in each one of which the least thrilling escapade from which Algy emerges in possession of all his limbs is something like dropping from the hundredth floor of a skyscraper into a pit of boiling oil. Is there not a grave danger that the possessor of the said young mind, imbued with intense admiration for the noble Algy, may seek to emulate his example, and go diving off skyscrapers, thus musing up the sidewalks and the pedestrians? On the other hand—consider the animated cartoon. If my hero has any such adventure as pulling the tail of a lion through the bung-hole of a barrel, and tying a knot in it so that the lion cannot escape, do you think there is any danger of the young mind aforesaid being influenced to follow the hero's example? Hardly. Lions are too scarce and valuable, and their owners refuse to permit young minds to trifle with them, tease them or feed them, much less tie knots in their tails. Thus the feats the cartoon heroes perform are so unique that, while the young mind may admire their

courage and prowess, circumstances prevent them from risking their young lives in doing likewise.

Aside from these sociological aspects of the cartoons, however, it may be of interest to describe briefly the process. The first problem is that of making the movements of the figures as steady and continuous as possible. It is out of the question to draw a series of pictures of a walking man in which the movement will be as smooth as the moving picture photographs of a similar action, but this can be approximated by exercising great care. The use of tracing paper is the solution. The artist places a piece of paper upon the last drawing made, so the position last taken shows clearly, and thus he is able to make the next picture with just the sufficient variation. It is all mathematical, once the idea is planned. There is no inspiration or temperament about working in the details. We have these things figured down to millimeters.

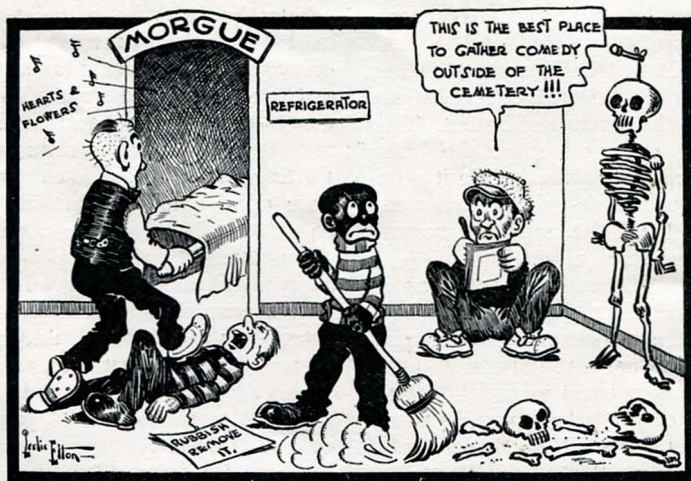
So first of all I write a scenario of the cartoon and draw six to a dozen sketches of the vital points of the story—the climaxes, so to speak. Then my assistants set to work on the multiplication. But my work does not end with those original dozen drawings. Whenever there is a new action introduced, I make the sketch providing all the essentials and leave only the detail work to the staff. These drawings are then arranged in order and numbered, and all is ready for the camera.

One of the most important details then is controlling the speed of the action. This is done by varying the number of photographs of each cartoon sketch. If the scene demands that the object shall move rapidly, then slowly, then come to a stop for a moment, the pictures represent-

senting the swift action would be given one exposure each. As the tempo slows down each picture is given a correspondingly increased number of exposures. When the figure stops moving, numerous photographs are made of the same sketch, according to the time the action is suspended. As I have said, there is no guess-work about it. It is all absolutely mathematical, and we never have to make "retakes" because an actor forgot and ran when he should have walked.

The one thing about this business which is not mathematical is putting the laughs into the cartoon. This is a serious matter. There is nothing so serious as producing humor. Did you ever see a comic artist, or a writer of jokes who was not grave in demeanor, weighted down prematurely with woe and worry? The sadder a man the funnier his work, because if a thing looks funny to him it must be a scream to others. I think my present occupation as humorist to several million people weekly is due to the fact that my first experiences as an artist were so gloomy. I began life in Detroit, Michigan—no, that is not the gloomy fact to which I refer! Detroit is a lovely place, but the Detroit morgue is not especially cheerful, and the paper which employed me assigned me to the task of visiting that institution and making sketches of unidentified dead persons, victims of accidents, suicides, and such. If anyone who reads these observations has an ambition to become a humorist, I would heartily recommend him to get a job as official sketch artist in a morgue. In this

way he will pile up a sufficient store of gloom to enable him to go through life as a humorist without any necessity for renewing the supply of the stuff that makes the comics comic.



Character: The Vital Thing

WITHOUT REAL HUMAN BEINGS NO PHOTOPLAY CAN BE MORE THAN A STALKING ASSEMBLAGE OF FLESHLESS SILHOUETTES

By Harry Chandlee

Author of "The Blessed Miracle," "The Struggle," etc., etc.

AS I have said in preceding articles of this series, dramatic situation is the real basis of nearly every successful photoplay. Some have been produced and have succeeded as character studies, or as theme plays, but these have been rare. The greatest opportunity for achievement lies, I think, in the true drama—the type of play which has a universal appeal.

But dramatic situation alone will not make a successful picture story. It is not sufficient to plunge our characters into difficulties, adroitly extricate them and bring the lovers together in the final footage.

There are several other things which we must look to. Our plot must ring true; our people must be convincing, and we must have given novelty to our story by our method of handling it.

When all is said and done, it is the way in which our photoplay is dressed that will determine its fate.

Characterization is of the utmost importance, and often it may be made to make up for a lack of the dramatic in the early part of a picture. Characterization is an explanation of the personalities of our screen-persons. It has the effect of making us feel that we know them, and thus it interests us in them.

If you have been lucky enough to see Anita Loos' story, "The Social Secretary," you will have had an excellent example of characterization in the work of Miss Talmadge.

The story is almost without situation at the start, yet we are vitally interested in the girl, Mayme, immediately. We are shown that she is in need of work, yet that in each situation, her feminine attraction

THIS is the final article in a series of four by Mr. Chandlee, entitled "Plotting the Photoplay." The first appeared in the October number, and dealt with the creation of dramatic situation. The second told how to "chase the plot germ." The third treated of the development of the plot after the plot itself had been determined. This chapter is a consideration of the most important of all things: characterization; the making of sympathetic human beings instead of lifeless silhouettes. Mr. Chandlee is a foremost authority on photoplay construction.

makes it necessary for her to leave. Each employer mixes personal matters with business. We know that she is high minded; that all she asks is a chance to earn her living without being molested. We see, also, that she is above the trick of "stringing" these men, even though by doing so, she might have made her jobs last longer, and have resigned at last, unharmed. We want to

know what is going to happen to her.

There is nothing new in this; it is as old as the aged hills; yet because of the handling—because we are made to *know* the girl, we are held tensely by it.

Finally, Mayme determines to sacrifice her personal beauty to her necessity for employment. She abandons her becoming clothes and applies for a new position as a frumpish old maid, with hair slicked back, shell trimmed glasses and colorless, dowdy dress. She becomes social secretary to a society matron—and there is a wild but attractive son in the house.

Now, we *are* interested, but our interest comes not so much from the development of the story itself as from our understanding of the characters. We have been made to know the son, too, and we feel sure that Mayme will have to look for still another job if he ever discovers her trick.

Dramatic situation arrives later in the tale, and while it, too, is far from novel, it impresses us. The whole play is distinctly fresh. It sparkles from beginning to end; but its merit lies almost entirely in the method of its handling—in its careful characterizations—in the way in which it is dressed.

No matter how interesting our photo-

play plot may be, we cannot slight the development of our characters. If our spectators are to care at all about the outcome of our story, they must be made to know and take an interest in the people in it.

But while we are busy with handling and characterization, we must not be led astray. We must think of our story as an integral thing, and we must devote ourselves to its integrity. We must not have a crazy-quilt when we are through.

Great paintings—those which are the work of real artists—have their centers of interest. In each, there is some figure or object which immediately attracts the eye of the observer and holds his attention. Everything else is subordinate to it; each other thing in the picture has been placed there only because it will serve its purpose in directing attention to the center of interest. When we construct a photoplay, we must do so along much the same lines.

We must have our center of interest—the leading character of the story. It is in him or in her that we must concentrate the attention of our audience, and we must weigh every incident to determine whether it will help or hinder such concentration.

If our story is to be about John, what we use in it must point to him; we cannot leave him at any time unnoticed and devote ourselves solely to Robert. We may make Robert known to the audience, of course, and we may go to some lengths to establish his character and personality; but while we are doing so, we must contrive to let it be seen how his peculiarities are going to affect John. John must be the object of our development of Robert. We can give a secondary character no traits or characteristics which will not, sooner or later, have their bearing upon our center of interest.

This brings us to one rule governing writing of all kinds, but which is especially applicable to photoplay—the Law of Unity, which requires that nothing be introduced into the composition, which does not bear upon its purpose.

If we start to write a story of any kind, our purpose must be to unfold an interesting account of certain events in the lives of its characters, and we must use nothing—whether it be incident or characterization, which will not help to create or hold interest in the particular events which form the basis of our plot.

We may think of an episode of absorbing interest in itself, but if it have no bearing on the story which we are telling—if it will not lead us forward, it should not be used. We cannot employ matter simply because it seems good in itself; in fact, the more interesting it may be, the more will it deflect attention from the main thread—the less effect will we create upon our audience.

We must set ourselves a definite goal—the climax of our story, and we must lead our spectators toward it, step by step. We may stop by the way to make explanations if the climax is to be understood, or to introduce characters vital to the plot and explain their presence in the story; but we must not make excursions down side lanes and back again, no matter how attractive those lanes

may be. Everything that goes into our photoplay must have a definite reason for being there.

I remember one story, read among hundreds of manuscripts submitted to Lubin, in which a detective employed to guard a woman and her child, goes to the theatre with them. During the performance, the little boy climbs over the rail of the box and is in great danger of falling to the floor below until the detective rescues him.

The incident had no bearing upon the real plot of the play at all. It was a violation of the Law of Unity. After the child was saved, conditions were exactly the same as they had been before; but with a little different handling, the action, of some merit in itself, could have been made important to the story.

The detective had been employed to guard the woman from her husband. She had asked for a divorce, and she feared

DRAMATIC situation alone will not make a successful picture story. It is not sufficient to plunge our characters into difficulties, adroitly extricate them, and bring the lovers together in the final footage. Our plot must ring true; our people must be convincing. Characterization is of the utmost importance. Characterization is an explanation of the personalities of our screen persons. It has the effect of making us feel that we know them, and thus it interests us in them.

that the man would either try to harm her or kidnap their child. The husband was searching for the woman, but did not know that she was in the same city. Later, in the original, he met her on the street, totally by accident, and complications vital to the plot developed.

The author did not see that in the irrelevant incident in the theatre, he had a means by which the husband could learn of his wife's presence in the city, without coincidence. Naturally, the affair would get into the papers and would come logically to the man's attention; or the husband could have been in the theatre, without seeing the wife until the incident of the boy occurred. Either handling would have given the episode a reason for being in the story, and would have done away with the accidental street meeting. The arrangement would have had a further advantage as well; if the husband had been made to see the wife before she learned of his presence, suspense would have been created.

Sometimes, of course, we may introduce incident which does not advance the plot for the purpose of developing character alone, but when this is done, it should be just enough to fix the characterization in the mind of the observer and no more.

We might wish to establish the fact that a certain character is fond of children, for example. We could show him, of course, devoting a great deal of energy to their welfare—building hospitals for them, organizing summer camps, etc.; but unless the hospitals or the camps were necessary to the story, it would be sufficient to show his kindly attitude toward children in a few scenes. Anything more would be superfluous—it would throw the story out of balance.

Whenever possible, it is best to develop character and advance the story at the same time. Lawrence McCloskey, author of "Pasquale," and many other successful photoplays, is a past-master of this method of producing characterization. He makes every scene tell a part of his story, yet at

the same time, he endows his people with real personalities. For the study of proper development, I recommend McCloskey's pictures.

In one of his releases, "The Upheaval," there is an excellent illustration of the point in question, although this particular story, perfect in his original, was badly mutilated in the making.

The woman in this particular story is bitterly fighting one Gordon, a politician whom she has never seen, in her efforts to better conditions in the tenements. She goes to her father's summer place in the Maine woods to finish a series of newspaper articles attacking Gordon. She does not know that the politician is also in the woods. The girl, pursued by a bear, slips from a rock into a swift stream. Gordon hears her cries for help. Unarmed, he drives the animal away and plunges into the water to save the girl.

The incident serves a double purpose. It shows us Gordon's fearlessness, and it precipitates the two leading characters into a situation which is the basis of the entire plot. Gordon and the girl are the bitterest enemies—yet they have met under the most romantic circumstances, and she is indebted to him for her life.

She leaves him before he learns her name, and we are left wondering what will be the outcome—what will happen when they meet again. Plainly Gordon is attracted to the girl. Will she influence him to give up his crooked politics? It does not seem likely—a man determined enough to attack a wild animal with his bare hands would hardly yield, even to love.

On the other hand, will the girl's debt to Gordon be sufficient to make her abandon her campaign against him? We cannot conceive of her doing it—she is too deeply devoted to the welfare of the tenement people.

We are in the midst of a complex situation—one dependent largely upon the characters of Gordon and the girl, as they have been shown to us.

WE must be careful not to qualify a character for one thing and characterize him for another out of keeping with the first. If we qualify our hero to take charge of his dead father's business and steer the family interests clear of disaster, we cannot characterize him as an unsophisticated dreamer. In qualification and characterization we must be consistent. The object of all our work in photoplay-building must be to keep our story interesting and to make it seem true.

Incidentally, it might not be amiss to say that, in fitting this picture to a certain star, the producer made alterations which practically eliminated the situation from the play.

Closely related to characterization is what may be termed the "qualification" of our play-people—the establishment of some particular power or accomplishment which they must have. It is of the utmost importance to give careful attention to this point, if our story is to ring true.

It may be necessary, for instance, to make our hero leap a fifteen foot chasm in the Rockies to save the helpless heroine, or clamber over the tender of the runaway express and take the throttle from the hand of the dead engineer; but we could not suddenly endow the character with the jumping ability of a kangaroo, nor a full knowledge of locomotives. It would be necessary for us to put something

in the early part of the story to give him these qualifications—to show that he is jumper enough to accomplish the leap, or that he has had an opportunity to learn how to run an engine.

We must be careful, however, not to qualify a character for one thing and characterize him for another, out of keeping with the first. If we qualify him to take charge of his dead father's business and steer the family interests clear of disaster, we cannot characterize him as an unsophisticated dreamer, who falls a victim to the wiles of the professional siren. If we have made him learn enough to have a business head, he will probably have learned a few other things besides. In qualification and characterization, we must be consistent.

The object of all of our work in photoplay building must be to keep our story interesting, and to make it seem true.

FEBRUARY Photoplay will interest every scenario-writer, professional or amateur, celebrity or novice, for it will contain a fifth, or supplemental article by Mr. Chandlee, embodying in actual illustration from a successful screen-drama every point he has brought out in these chapters of absorbing instruction.

The Children

Down the golden hillsides, over fields of sage;
 Down through smiling valleys, up on turquoise seas;
 While the west wind whispers songs that touch and tease,
 Trip the happy children, old yet scorning age.
 While the daylight lingers, till the day is done
 Ever they keep dancing, dancing for the throng;
 Dancing tales of laughter, hate and love and wrong,
 To the pipes of Action—Children of the Sun.

Here in city canons, there in murky streets,
 Is the other army, children of the Dark;
 Starving for illusions, hungry for heart beats
 That will ease the tension of the cares that cark.
 Crowding narrow houses when the day is done
 Lo, they sit enraptured at the scenes above—
 Scenes of sobs and laughter, tales of trysts and love,
 Told them by the distant children of the Sun.

—GORDON SEAGROVE.



One day as he sat at his easel attended by Sen Yat with a big umbrella, they heard a voice hailing them.

The Yellow Pawn

By Jerome Shorey

THE Pawn may move forward only, one square at a time, but if it shall in this way reach the last row on the board it may be exchanged for a Queen, the most powerful piece in the game.

—Rules of Chess.

WHEN James Weldon engaged Sen Yat he had but two things in mind.

The first was the common saying that no servant is so honest and none so tractable as the Chinese. The other was that, for some curious reason, which Weldon did not bother to investigate, Sen Yat, after a brief conversation, receded from his original demand of fifty dollars a month to thirty, making all the difference to the struggling artist, between the impossible and the merely difficult. Weldon knew he could not afford to pay a

servant fifty dollars a month; likewise he knew that he could not concentrate his energies upon his work, as he must do if he was to succeed, unless he had just such a servant as Sen Yat to make smooth the little details of existence. True, he did not even know how he could, for any length of time, afford to pay the smaller wages. But with the philosophy of the true artist, he did not permit that small matter to intrude. And so, Sen Yat was hired. And they all lived happily ever after—but wait!

If you had asked Sen Yat why he had

accepted thirty dollars a month, when his common Celestial shrewdness must have told him that a clean, swift-moving person like himself, speaking good English, and well versed in American ways, could easily get fifty, or even more, elsewhere, he would have pretended a vast and abysmal ignorance, and observed sententiously:

"No sabe."

But if you had been a privileged individual, and had watched him as he took possession of James Weldon, his studio in the hills, his easel and his canvases, his paint-tubes, and all that was his, you might perhaps have caught some slight insight into Oriental character and motives. How little we know of the East and its curious, silent people! Their ways are not our ways, their modes of thought not ours. They go their own way and reach their own ends, by means we do not, cannot, understand. Their vices are unspeakable; their virtues no less incomprehensible to the Occidental mind. And at times, it seems impossible to determine which is the vice and which the virtue—but hear the story of Sen Yat, the yellow pawn.

James Weldon's studio home was in the hills. He believed that the highest inspiration of the artist must come from infinity by the most direct course possible, and that course, to him, seemed to be nature herself, in her unspoiled moods—in the tender green of budding leaves, or the virile yellows and browns of forests under the autumn sun. Still he was not satisfied. This was not a reflection of life's greatest things—this painting of landscapes. Yet it was the greatest thing he knew, and he went on.

One day as he sat at his easel in a sunlit valley, attended by the ever-present Sen Yat with a big umbrella, they heard a voice hailing them from the Ridge Road.

"How far to the next garage?"

It was a young woman and her chauffeur. Weldon told all he knew, but it would be a long tramp before the chauffeur could reach the garage and return with the necessary aid. So Weldon offered the hospi-

talities of his convenient cabin and the unobtrusive Sen Yat made tea. The hours sped. Curious, how unwelcome was the information that the auto-malady had been cured. Curious, the renewed interest in the unfinished canvases and sketches on the part of a young woman to whom all art galleries were familiar ground. Curious, how their hands lingered as they said goodbye.

Curious? Not to Sen Yat. From a respectful distance he watched, rubbed his hands softly and smiled.

"THE YELLOW PAWN"

THE film version of this story was produced by the Lasky Feature Play Company with the following cast:

<i>James Weldon</i>	Wallace Reid
<i>Kate Turner</i>	Cleo Ridgely
<i>Allen Perry</i> , a district attorney.....	William Conklin
<i>Philip Grant</i> , his assistant.....	Tom Forman
<i>Marian Turner</i> , Kate's younger sister.....	Olive Golden
<i>Mr. Perry</i> , the girl's father.....	C. H. Geldert
<i>Tom Weldon</i> , Jim's cousin.....	George Webb
<i>Sen Yat</i> , his Chinese servant.....	George Kuwa

about to die, have I? Nor would I now, only that I know. I feel it—the doctor tells me it is true. When death is near we see things more clearly. I am speaking to you because we must think of Marian. She has always been the little one, the helpless little sister. She is pretty but thoughtless. My responsibility will fall upon you. You will have to take care of your sister, Kate."

"I will, father. You know I will."

"I know—but there is more that you don't understand. When I die, you will be penniless."

"Penniless? Why, I thought—"

"I know, I know. I am simply living on the bounty of a corporation for which I did a great service. When I die, that bounty will be cut off."

"Father!"

"But don't think I haven't kept you in mind. Ah, girl—you don't know the good news I have for you."

"Good news?"

"Surely you will think it good. Allen Perry loves you."

Kate turned away a little.

"He has not told you, I know. He

thought he should speak first to me. He was here an hour ago. I told him the truth. I said you would have no dowry. 'That makes no difference; I want Kate,' he said. 'But Kate must take care of Marian' I told him. 'If Kate will marry me, I will take care of both of them,' he said. That is my good news," and the sick man sank back into his chair, exhausted.

Kate closed her eyes and saw the little studio in the valley. She heard the voice of an artist, telling of ideals and hopes. But Marian could not live on hope.

She turned again to her father and pressed his hand, firmly, and he smiled wearily back at her.

ONLY the fool measures life by time. Within a week after the incident of the automobile, James Weldon realized that his interest in landscape had waned. So he and Sen Yat "broke camp" and returned to the city.

Weldon did not know what he would, or could do, but only that there was a stronger impulse in his life than there had been before and that he must express this on canvas. Dreary days followed—days when Weldon was compelled to tell Sen Yat that he could not even pay the milkman—and yet the milkman was mysteriously paid. Sen Yat never permitted such things to worry his master when he learned that Weldon had reached the end of his resources. One day the guileless Celestial even came to Weldon with a leather pouch containing golden coins.

"See," he said. "I found this. Must be yours."

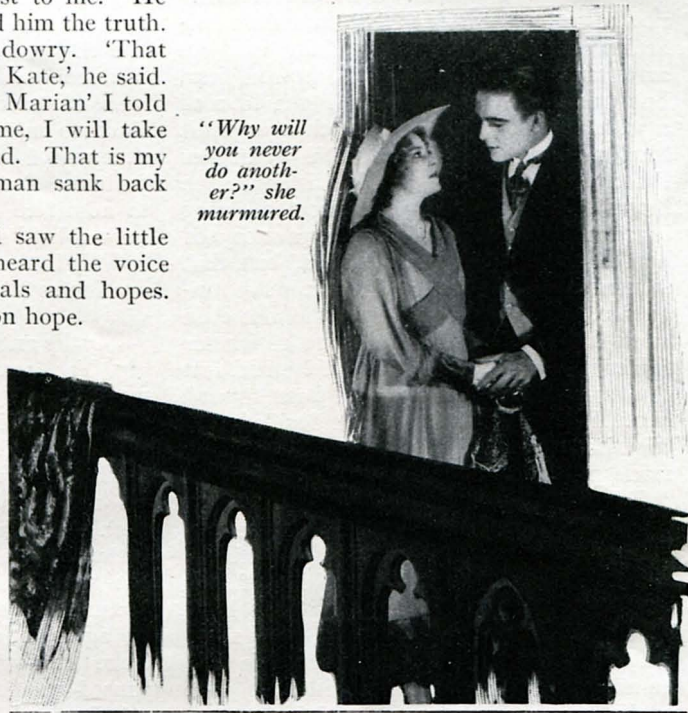
"Where did you find it?" Weldon demanded.

Sen Yat was vague and spoke in broken English.

"No, Sen Yat," Weldon went on. "I know you are paying my bills. But I can't take any more from you. Better leave me. Don't waste your time around here."

Sen Yat sputtered a veritable eruption of awful pidgin English—an unheard of thing for him—and swiftly departed. But he did not desert.

"Why will you never do another?" she murmured.



Then, out of the darkness—Fame. What jade so fickle as she? We pour the blood of our bitterest agonies upon her altar and she sneers, and then one day, sometimes after we are dead, she smiles. When she smiled on Weldon there was but one thing to which he was clinging with all the desperation of his disappointments—the belief that true inspiration had come to him that day in the valley, when a mishap to a machine had sent its goddess to his studio.

"I knew it, I knew it," he cried, when the connoisseurs began to crowd his workroom. "And now I must find her. She must share all this with me."

KATE TURNER did not actually dislike Allen Perry, or she would not have married him, even to protect Marian. There was something about the man, however, which always caused her discomfort in a vague sense. Upon meeting him she always felt that she would like to don some sort of mental or spiritual armor. It may have been her instinctive dislike of politicians, and Perry was at the head of the powerful party which held arbitrary sway

over the city's affairs. As district attorney his influence was potent, and the realization of this power bred in him an arrogance and egotism that inspired fear, but was not calculated to win the love of a woman. Still, Kate had nothing against him, of a specific nature, and when her father died she felt that his wish that she become Perry's wife was almost a dying command. She sighed at the memory of her day in the studio returned, but that seemed such a hopeless thing. An unknown, struggling artist—she did not even know his name—could be of no assistance to her in this extremity, even if he had felt drawn toward her as she had been toward him. It was a silly dream, she decided, and tried to banish it from her mind as she made preparations for the quiet wedding.

Even a less keen-witted man than Perry could not have been blind to Kate's entire lack of response and absence of enthusiasm; but he was confident of himself and believed that, once Kate belonged to him, he could hold her. It was so long since sentiment had had any part in his life that he no longer recognized its existence. But as the months of their married life dragged on, he became dissatisfied with his bargain. He was not accustomed to trusting anyone implicitly, and discovering that there was a real barrier between himself and his wife, his district-attorney mind became, if not suspicious, at least fertile ground for suggestion that Kate had been concealing something from him.

Their relations were in this unsettled state when Perry, still hopeful of winning Kate's affection, and learning of the fame of the popular young artist, James Weldon, sought to please his wife by having her portrait painted. Her response was gratifying. For the first time, he had suggested something that met with her unqualified approval. He did not know, nor perhaps did she herself entirely realize, that her pleasure lay principally in the thought that this would give her a new interest and take her mind, for the time, off her self-imposed bondage. An appointment was made, and Perry took his wife to Weldon's studio.

"You!" Kate exclaimed, as the artist came to meet them in his reception room.

Weldon smiled, while Perry stood aside, frowning and puzzled.

"I didn't know you were married," Weldon observed.

"I wasn't, when I saw you," Kate explained, and hurried to explain to Perry the circumstances of their former meeting. He looked from one to the other with a crooked, sarcastic smile. He would have liked to take Kate away immediately, but that would have been an open confession of jealousy, the existence of which he refused to admit to himself. So he merely said, with a half sneer,

"Well, that will make the sittings pleasant for both of you."

"SO the automobile lady come back," Sen Yat remarked that evening to his master.

"Yes, Sen Yat, but she's married now."

Sen Yat lost his smile, and shook his head gravely. Then he slipped away to his room and began shuffling a curious pack of cards, which he arranged in strange patterns on the table. What he saw did not seem to be to his liking. With a gesture he would sweep them together and try again, but always with the same result. Once he started to leave the room, but paused at the door.

"He would not understand," he mused.

"He would say—superstition."

In deep thought he returned to his table. He opened a drawer and took out a short, keen-edged dagger, examined the point and the edge, returned it to its sheath and concealed it beneath his loose jacket. After that he was seldom far from Weldon's side. He did not know just what he feared, but he was determined not to be taken unawares.

The portrait progressed slowly. Kate was so deeply interested in Weldon's work that she wanted to see his other canvases and watch their development. One day he took her into his upper gallery.

"This," he pointed to a sunlit picture, "is my last landscape. I shall never do another."

Kate looked, and again seemed to be out in the hills, by the side of the Ridge Road, among the rocks and gorgeous sycamores.

"Why will you never do another?" she murmured.

"Because nature was glorified for me that day as it never can be again," Weldon replied. Then, realizing what he had said, he turned abruptly and added, "But come—we must get to work."

"Wait a moment." Kate touched his arm lightly. "There is something I want you to know. I shall tell you now, and

we will never mention it again. My father left me and my sister penniless. I married Allen Perry for Marian's sake."

For a few seconds they stood and looked deep into each other's eyes.

"Come—we must get back to work," Weldon said again, very gently, and with a last glance at the golden landscape on the wall they returned to the studio.

SEVERAL weeks before, in a generous mood, Weldon had permitted his cousin, Tom Weldon, to come to live with him indefinitely. Tom had always been, well—he called it unlucky. At any rate, for one reason or another he had never been able to make a success of any specific means of livelihood. As soon as he heard of the success of "Cousin Jim" he hastened to



Without haste, Sen Yat considered the circumstances.

tender his congratulations,—and solicit a small loan to tide him over one of his frequent periods of financial depression. He succeeded in so far working upon Jim's sympathies, that the artist opened his heart and home and purse to his relative. Sen Yat received the news with silence that might have been disapproval, or merely Oriental apathy. But as the weeks went by, and it became apparent that Tom's sole idea of life was to breakfast in bed, rise at noon, and mingle with his own cronies until early next morning, Weldon occasionally inquired when he intended doing something for himself. Tom would hint at various things which were pending, and finish with another "touch." The evening after Kate had told Jim of the cause of her marriage, Tom, who had obviously dined somewhat injudiciously, came into the library where his cousin was musing over the curious turns of fate.

"Hello Jim, old top—how goes it?" Tom called boisterously.

Jim looked up and frowned.

"Don't be a grouch," Tom went on. "Oh well—lend me fifty, and I'll get out."

"Look here, Tom," Jim replied angrily. "I've had enough of this. I thought I could give you a start on the road to respectability, and I'm only making you worse. I won't give you another dollar, and I want you to leave this house tomorrow."

"So-o," Tom sneered. "Well, I don't blame you. I don't like anyone hanging around when I'm love-making, either."

"What do you mean?"

"You forget that the room you so generously gave me, opens off the gallery where 'the last landscape I shall ever do' is hanging. Very pretty little scene."

Jim sprang at him. "How dare you insult Mrs. Perry!" he exclaimed.

Tom pulled away. "Don't get huffy. It's none of my business. Look here—give me a hundred and I'll get out tonight, and keep my mouth shut."

Jim glared at him, too angry to reply, turned on his heel and left the room, merely turning at the door to say, "If you're in this house after twelve o'clock tomorrow, I'll throw you out."

Tom looked after him, and shrugged his shoulders.

"It's all in the day's work," he informed

himself. "What you can't sell one place, you may sell in another."

And he set out for an interview with District Attorney Perry.

APPARENTLY the market for the purchase of information was no better than that for its suppression, for Tom Weldon did not look especially happy as he came down the steps of Perry's house, after his call. He searched his pockets carefully, and found he had only a little small change. He knew there would be no welcome for him in his usual haunts in this impecunious condition, so he moodily started back for his cousin's home. The house was dark, and Tom noiselessly let himself in. He stood in the hallway, hesitating, and then went into the library. Several times, when Jim had given him money, he had taken it from a teakwood casket. It was worth while investigating, Jim was so careless with money. He had no trouble finding the box, but he dared not turn on a light. Fingering the contents, he smothered a laugh as his fingers encountered a bit of lacey fabric. It was delicately perfumed, too, he discovered.

Suddenly Tom became conscious that he was not alone in the room. Quietly he placed the box on the table and sank back into a chair. The next instant the light was switched on. Through half-closed lids, Tom watched Sen Yat approach. The Chinaman picked up the box, and saw that the contents had been disarranged. He turned to Tom and shook his arm.

"Don't pretend you sleep. What you do?"

Tom did not waste breath replying, but with a spring grappled with Sen Yat, at the same time drawing a revolver from his hip pocket. When he produced the gun he signed his death warrant, for Sen Yat, with a lightning movement, buried a knife in his heart.

Without haste, Sen Yat considered the circumstances. His master was not in the house. There was no evidence against any person. It would be a mystery. Sen Yat replaced the box, turned out the lights, and went to his room.

ALTHOUGH Perry had adopted a scornful attitude toward Tom Weldon and pretended to feel implicit confidence
(Continued on page 150)



White Photo

"My Smile for a Horse!" in comparison with which we think old Richard's kingdom, which he once offered for a nag, merely a bunch of dull junk. If the war has not decimated American equinity we are sure that two smiles would bring Miss Nilsson a troop of cavalry steeds—and maybe a few of their riders.

Plays and Players

FACTS AND NEAR-FACTS ABOUT THE
GREAT AND NEAR-GREAT OF FILMLAND

By Cal York

COMES now that favored son of Broadway and the U. S. A., Mr. George M. Cohan, who shares with Betsy Ross the honor of discovering Old Glory, and plops himself into the movies—just like that. There is every indication that his advent will be popular, chiefly for the reason that personally Mr. Cohan is known only to the people of the nation's chief dramatic centers. In addition to appearing before the camera in film versions of his past successes, he will also write and produce, releasing his photoplays under the Arcraft brand.

BILLIE BURKE'S reason for retiring from the screen at the completion of "Gloria's Romance" has finally been divulged. It is a girl, her name is Florence Patricia Ziegfeld, which will be a disappointment to those who think it ought to be Billie Burke, Jr., and her debut was made on October 23. Oh, yes—almost forgot to mention that the happy father, Florenz Ziegfeld, Jr., is doing as well as might be expected.

WHILE engaged in discussing vital statistics it is not amiss to record the recent addition to the family of Helen Holmes, the dashing damsel of hazardous vocations and Signal exploits. Old Bill Stork was not consulted in this instance, the baby having been adopted by the actress and her husband, J. P. McGowan. She will be known as Dorothy McGowan. Advices from the coast state also that Ruth Stonehouse and her husband, Joe Roach, have adopted a baby boy.

AFTER stopping stove lids, runaway flivvers, rabid motorcycles and fire engines with various parts of her anatomy for two years without even sustaining a bruise, Polly Moran, Keystone comedienne, has finally reached the hospital. It was nothing more exciting than the stumbling of her horse, the fair Pauline being precipitated to the ground, and incurring in the process one broken arm, a sprained ankle and severe contusions.

VERA SISSON, who deserted the Pacific slope some months ago, is now employed by the Latin-American Producing Company, a new New York concern. Miss Sisson recently appeared with Nance O'Neil in "The Iron Woman."



Having returned to his Hollywood bungalow after a year in the East, House Peters starts in by watering the strawberry trees.

RENEWED attempts to exhibit "The Birth of a Nation" in Ohio have been blocked by the supreme court of that state. That tribunal "passed the buck" to the censors, holding that there was no law which would permit an overruling of the board's decision.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN made a speech at the premier of Metro's "Romeo and Juliet" in New York during which he said: "Don't you think I have the easiest task, after all? Who couldn't make love to Beverly Bayne? I know you love her; I do." Now don't crowd the Answer Man; one at a time, please.

HARD times note: Edwin Thanhouser paid \$55,000 for a ten-acre estate on Long Island last week.

NEARLY all of the late Broadway stage successes have in their casts one or more celluloid personalities. Irving Cummings is playing in "Object, Matrimony;" Bruce McRae in "Come Out of the Kitchen," and Wilmuth Merkyl in "Miss Springtime." In Los Angeles Neal Burns is doubling in celluloid—playing the lead in "The Yankee Prince" at night and capering in Christie comedies while the sun is doing business.

JUANITA HANSEN, after submerging for American and trotting with Fox, is again cutting up before a Keystone camera. Harry Williams, who quit song writing to dope out Keystone lyrics, is her director, and Lewis J. Cody, once of Selig films, her leading man.

VICTOR MOORE has been signed by a new company to appear in Klever Komedies. He has been resting ever since he quit Lasky several months ago.

By the time these brilliant word pictures are being lamped by the masses and the classes, Max Linder, the Chaplin of France (or is Charley the Max of America?), will be making signs at Essanay's Chicago studio. The foreword issued by Essanay's eulogists disclosed the astounding news that M. Linder was bringing to our shores forty-six trunks of clothes, including all the most recherché and a la carte, to say nothing of the dernier cri and table-d'hôte in men's wearing apparel as designed by the Paris sartorial savants. The famous Frenchman will be a sort of experiment for Essanay and a rather costly one if he fails to "get over," as he did before the beginning of the war. Incidentally, Max served two years as an aeroplane and automobile scout and was discharged after having been wounded several months ago.

"FAUST" has just been done for the screen by the Cali-

fornia Motion Picture Corporation with Beatrix Michelena as *Marguerite*. It is said to have been filmed on an elaborate scale.



Gail Kane isn't superstitious, hence the peacock plumes. She has quit Brady-mades, it is reported.

THEY took her name away from her the very first thing at Lasky's studio and now Vola Smith is Vola Vale, which, at least, is a more euphemistic patronymic, or patronymic euphemism—take your pick. Miss Vale was a Biograph star and also played leads in many Universals.

GEORGE BEBAN is back at the Morosco-Pallas studio, where Donald Crisp is piloting his newest celluloid vehicle. Crisp's last picture for Clune was "The Eyes of the World."

HERBERT BRENON'S second production as a contributor to the Selznick combination will be "The Queen Mother," in which Florence Reed, noted stage and film luminary, will be starred. William E. Shay, who has appeared in many Brenon-directed Fox plays, will have the leading male role.

CLEO MADISON is the latest victim of the film solo epidemic. The former Universal star has decided to go it alone a la C. K. Young, M. Pickford, M. Normand et al., and she will be under the direction of I. Bernstein.

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE, long a member of the Sennett fun makers, also announces that "on or about" the first of January he will burgeon as his own personally conducted star, his contract with Keystone expiring on that date. Al St. John, another Keystone, will accompany him. The Arbuckle pictures will probably be released through the Selznick organization.

THERE seems to have been a general exodus from American's Santa Barbara colony during the last month. Anna Little, her hubby Alan Forrest, and Rhea Mitchell, three



Florence Reed is a new Brenon star. Incidentally she likes dark backgrounds.

White Photo

of the leading personalities of that settlement, are now in the East; William Stowell is with Universal and others are "resting." Mary Miles Minter, Wm. Russell and Charlotte Burton are among the few stars remaining there.

OLIVE M. STOKES is a new addition on Horsley casts. In private life she is Mrs. Tom Mix.

RECURRING to the subject of the footlighted stage, it is but fair to record the fact that Annette Kellerman, yclept The Great Undraped, is disporting herself in a Hippodrome tank assisted by sundry Venuses, likewise clad.

HARRY WATSON, in public life Musty Suffer, almost went to work in Essanay's Chicago studios recently. Having been acquired by that company, Watson left New York for the city by the lake to begin work. Just what happened is not made clear. Anyhow, the floor of the studio was too hard, or something, and Harry beat it back to N'Yawk with his retinue, which consisted of Director Myll.

GETTING back to the subject of lone hands, let us chronicle the news that Billy Jacobs, the boy actor, has his own comedy company in Los Angeles now, and Shorty Hamilton, ex-Keystone, has likewise organized a company to feature himself in rough and tumble stuff.

CHARLES GIBLYN, who won no little renown as an artistic director while with Thomas Ince, is now on the directorial staff of Lewis J. Selznick the New York film magnate.

IT is so long since the name of Edna Payne has been flashed on the screen that many of the fans have all but forgotten the former Eclair star. Miss Payne is now on the legitimate stage playing the title rôle in a dramatization of Mrs. Holmes' novel, "Dora Deane."



Moffett photo

Here's a new one of Charlotte Walker who is to be starred in Thanhouser films.



De Gaston Photo

J. Warren Kerrigan, of course. He deserted Universal to go it for himself.

LEGAL department: Valli Valli is the plaintiff in a suit filed recently against the Rolfe Photo Plays Company, one of the companies releasing through Metro, for \$2,600. She alleges that the company contracted to star her in four photoplays for which she was to receive sums ranging from \$2,400 for the first to \$3,200 for the fourth. But one picture was produced, the company declaring, according to the plaintiff, that there were no suitable scenarios for her.

EVERY press agent in the country gnashed his teeth when he read the item that Grace Darling, the International Film star, had made application for a patent on her face to the register of patents at Washington. The application states that "Miss Darling has become so prominent throughout the country that many women are attempting to make up to represent her, thereby taking away a certain amount of her value." Very good, Teddy, this wins the prize this month.

C. AUBREY SMITH makes his last appearance on the screen for some time in "The Witching Hour," as he has departed for London, to play the lead in "Daddy Long Legs" on the legitimate stage.

SPORTING note: The score in the Brenon-Fox Injunction League is now 11 to 7, in favor of 11. The last contest was won by Fox, who was granted an injunction restraining Brenon from mentioning the names of any of his (Fox's) stars in advertising any of his (Brenon's) productions. Well, the lawyers must live.

H. B. WARNER who became a screen favorite because of the half dozen photoplays in which he starred for Ince, is now a McClure star. He will appear in "Wrath," one of the "Seven Deadly Sins" being filmed by the new

company. Rita Stanwood, Mr. Warner's wife, will play with him.

WORD comes from London that Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson is to appear in a picturization of his famous stage vehicle, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back;" also that Sir John Hare is playing the lead in a film story of "The Vicar of Wakefield." All of this is a part of the general scheme to substitute British made photoplays for the American product. Another London company will attempt to turn out a substitute for Keystone and Chaplin comedies.

EARLE FOXE, former Laskyite, who went East to take part in a Famous Players story, is to make his next appearance in a Metro picture, opposite Olga Petrova.

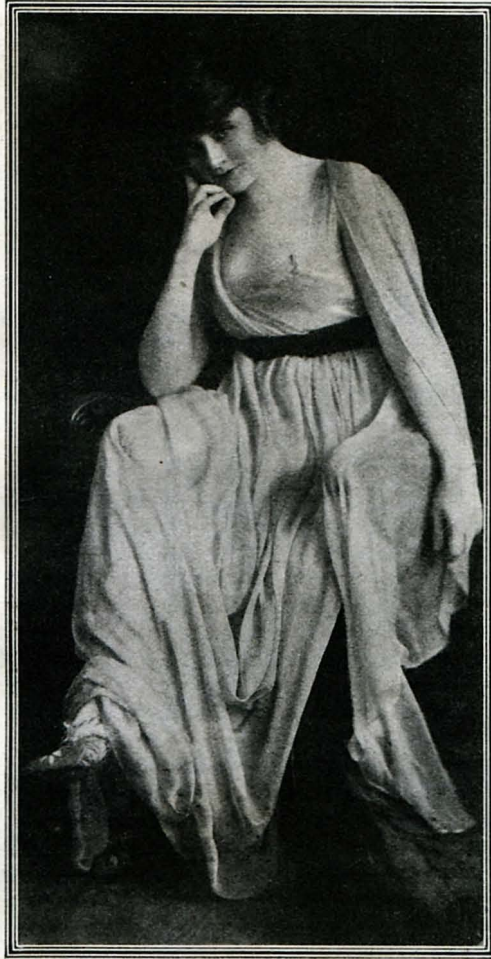
GREAT BRITAIN also is to have its own "Birth of a Nation." The government is behind it, and \$200,000 is to be expended on it. The story tells how St. George, reincarnated as an army chaplain, comes from the trenches to point the way to greater national effort. The title will be "It Is for England."

A COMPANY organized in Los Angeles is to make film plays exclusively for the Japanese theaters. There are sixteen persons in the company, mostly native actors, and they will sail this month for Japan to enact scenes for the first big production. The headquarters of the company are at Balboa, a beach suburb of Los Angeles.

VITAGRAPH has lost most of the Ince family. Ralph Ince, leading director of that concern, recently resigned and took with him Lucille Lee Stewart and her leading man, Huntley Gordon. Inasmuch as Miss Stewart is Mr. Ince's wife, the latter development caused no particular comment. A new company with Miss Stewart and Gordon as the

principal players is to be formed. Anita Stewart remains with Vitagraph.

THE Western studios of Vitagraph at Hollywood are again in commission with Edith Storey, Antonio Moreno and Mary Anderson as the chief luminaries. Miss Storey will remain there throughout the winter months and Mr. Moreno ditto.



© Sarony Photo

Billie Burke is studying over the job problem. Another mouth to feed, so as to say.

ART ACORD, who went East to show the folks a reg'lar buckaroo, is a recent William Fox acquisition. New Jersey's wild and woolly West was glad to welcome Art and his carload of rough riding medals.

MR. VERNON CASTLE is a temporary member of the California film colony, having gone West for some "Patria" episodes. Other International Film players accompanied her, including Milton Sills and Warner Oland. Louis Joseph Vance, writer of literary thrillers, who wrote the serial, is in charge of the Hearst tourists.

INHABITANTS of Hollywood have inaugurated a movement to put silence in the silent drama. They don't mind the daylight stuff, but object to a shattering of their dreams by explosions of shrapnel and trench bombs during the filming of night battle stuff. It takes a lot of noise to make a silent nerve wracker.

ENID BENNETT is the first star Thomas H. Ince has hired for a long time. She is an Australian blonde who attracted the attention of Mr. Ince in New York last summer while appearing in a Broadway show. All of the Ince stars have been with that producer more than a year.

YOUNGEST director note: Al Green, who has been Colin Campbell's assistant in filming "The Garden of Allah" and "The Crisis," is producing, all by himself, "The Princess of Patches" at Selig's Chicago studio.

LIS-TEN! Didst know that "as far back as the times of the Egyptians," the coming of Theda Bara was foretold by a prophet. Yep. Thas-so. The man who writes pieces for William Fox says so two columns worth, but he don't say just how far back was the "times of the Egyptians." Until we read it, we ignorantly believed that there were still Egyptians in Egypt. Poor Theda! This should be a lesson to all girls who aspire to a career as a vampire.

IT must be awful to live in Ohio. Just can't see a thing. Recently the state board of censors deleted some of the most interesting parts of a bathing suit parade in a Selig-Tribune film.

HARRY RATTENBURY, obese comedian of Christie Comedies, was loaned to Lasky to impersonate *Bumble* in "Oliver Twist."

TYRONE POWER is now somewhere in Guatemala, which to a casual observer seems to be zero in locations. He is with the Premier Film Company, which is doing "The Planter" under the direction of John Ince. Others in the company are Norbert Myles, Edith Sterling and Lamar Johnson.

WILLARD MACK is to be seen opposite Pauline Frederick in "Nanette of the Wilds," which was written for her by Mr. Mack. Lots of Canadian stuff—mounted police, pine forests, etc., and so forth.

THROUGH the intricacies of reorganization, combination and amalgamation, Cecil B. DeMille has emerged as president of the Morosco Photoplay Company, a job he will hold down in addition to his old situation as director general of the Lasky company. Famous Players, Lasky, Morosco and Pallas are now one company, although each will produce photoplays as heretofore at their respective plants. However, the merger is expected to have a beneficial effect on the already excellent product of those companies.

REPORTS from the Pacific have it that J. Warren Kerrigan quit Universal in the middle of a picture when that concern declined to meet his salary proposition for a contract renewal. Arbitration was declined and the velvet-eyed idol of the celluloid drama announced his intention of becoming a producer as well as a star.



Edith Storey is now a Hollywooder as she has left the East—Flatbush—flat to work in the Western studio.

FLORENCE TURNER, who has been filming herself in London for several years under the direction of Larry Trimble, is to return to the "States," as we used to say in deah ol' Lunnon. She will be starred in some American-made photoplays under Mr. Trimble's pilotage. Too much red-tape, bad winter weather and the difficulty in getting good talent caused the decision.

EMILY STEVENS, stage and Metro star, will be out of the camera studios for some time to come as she will go to London to star in her stage success, "The Unchastened Woman."

JOHAN B. O'BRIEN, who directed several of the recent Pickford films, played a one-picture engagement with Metro and is now a regular member of the Thanhouser staff. His first picture will be that in which Charlotte Walker will star.

THIS probably should have been a part of the adoption story. Anyhow, Mac Murray has adopted an ostrich and is teaching it to dance out at the Lasky studio.

JUST as we were about to tell the printer to go ahead and print the magazine along comes a wireless stating that Robert Warwick had joined the star-producer club. The company will be known as The Robert Warwick Films, Inc. It was announced at the same time that Mr. Warwick was fracturing a contract which had another year to go at a thousand simoleons per Saturday night, Mr. Brady agreeing to the nullification of the document. Ralph Ince will direct the first picture.

THE FEATURE HIT OF LATE AUTUMN IN NEW YORK



Photo by Mishkin



"A Daughter of the Gods"

Above the large picture of Miss Kellerman as divinity's child is a twilight silhouette of some of her shapely subjects; below, her attacking army rushing over a vast plain to demolish a scenic city. The piece seems to be a financial sensation. Herbert Brenon, author and director, barred by owner Fox, attended the premier in hand-me-down clothes and a crepe-hair Van Dyke beard.

"Cap," a

By
Allen Corliss



"ALL done by kindness," says the animal trainer as he makes his bow after putting his troupe of mixed panthers, guinea-pigs and giraffes through their stunt.

"All done by kindness," cry the trained actors and studio employees of Monsieur Albert Capellani, Director General of the Clara Kimball Young Film Corporation, as the last foot of his latest screen creation is reeled off for their benefit in the studio projection room and they realize that the big genial Frenchman has "put another one across" without the use of one harsh command, or utterance more profane than a half-stifled "*Parbleu*" or "*Mon Dieu*."

That this is some test of a man's temper-control even the least initiated in the intricacies of motion picture making may well imagine. Thousands of little things may happen—and do—daily in the course of a director's work that would try the patience of our old friend Job himself, and any director who can finish an eight reel picture of such proportions as "*The Common Law*" and still be on speaking terms with his players, property man or his wife—is entitled to the crown of Old King Cole.

One's first impression of Capellani is that of geniality. It shines from his big

boyish eyes; it oozes from the finger-tips that clasp in a firm, hearty hand-shake; it even peeks out in the smile hidden behind those bushy wind-shields that decorate the lower half of his head. And it isn't that surface sort of geniality, either. It lies far deeper than his true Parisian politeness and hearty laughter. Its proof is in the devotion of the men and women who have worked for him in almost all of his American productions—and the adoration one reads in the faces of his wife and children.

Capellani, or "Cap" as those who labor with him fondly call him, has only been in America a year—but his record on this side of the Atlantic has already established him as one of the half-dozen masters of the screen-art in this country. He came with a long and enviable record for brilliant achievement in France—where for twelve years, or since the photoplay was in its bib and tucker, he had grown up with his art under the banner of the great Pathe Company of Paris, the true father of the industry.

In America "Cap" made his first important impression as the creative genius of that great photodramatic production, "*Les Miserables*." Since then he has pro-

Sweet Tempered Director

"Shooting" the big cafe scene in "The Common Law." At Clara Kimball Young's feet (on opposite page) are Conway Tearle as Neville and Paul Capellani as Querida.

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE CAPELLANI HAS BEEN ON THE FIRING LINE THAT HE DISLIKES ROUGH STUFF



duced a number of notable pictures, including several of Miss Clara Kimball Young's most popular offerings, such as "Camille" and "The Dark Silence." And now comes what he considers his finest achievement of all—again with Miss Young as the star—"The Common Law."

Capellani's excellence lies more in his exquisite valuation of detail and finesse than in breadth and power such as Griffith's or Brenon's. He is as subtle as his mother-tongue; he gets his effects by a stealthy artistry that sneaks up behind one, as it were, and stabs the heart via the back ribs. His handling of delicate situations—such as the disrobing scene in "The Common Law"—is superbly Gallic; he has the true French perception of the exact boundary line between the risque and the vulgar. In love passages his staging is beyond comparison and when it comes to dramatic climaxes, well, a climax is Capellani's pet; it just walks up and eats out of his hand.

"Be natural," is "Cap's" slogan, displayed in big letters on sign boards all around his studio at Fort Lee, New Jersey. He doesn't want his actors to act, which sounds like a paradox but isn't. To be natural on the stage is one of the most difficult things an actor has to do, because

of the fact that he is addressing an audience and has to fight down self consciousness. But, according to Capellani, there is no excuse for a motion picture actor to feel self conscious and become "stagy" in his work. His only audience is the director and assistants and it is or should be easy for him to play his scenes without "acting."

Capellani will not tolerate the exaggeration of facial expression and gesture that was thought essential to motion picture acting in its earlier days—and still is one of the great faults of so many screen players.

"Screen acting should be nature herself," says "Cap." "What your Shakespeare—he call the mirror up to nature. The camera—he does not lie. He tells the truth—always the truth. If you are beautiful—he says so, on the screen; if you are not—not! If you make the grimace, *voila!* on the screen—the monkey-face."

"My artistes—they must be natural. That is why I am what you say—so gentle with them. If I give the big shout and call them by their bad names—what happens? *Pouf!* They get the nerves—they try. Oh! so hard they try to ACT—an' when they try it is worse. The more they try—the—the worser.

Tiens! I speak soft, always soft. I try to show them what it is they must register. I coax—that is word—I coax them, to be natural, to walk, and talk like the real people."



And so he does. You can see him coaxing them to be natural, but you can't hear him ten feet away. He takes them over the little enclosure in which the action is to take place, and almost in whispers explains in his delightful English—or machine-gun French in the case of his brother Paul or some other French player—just what he wants. Then he steps back to the camera and has the scene run through without lights.

And one thing more—let it be understood that Capellani has every right in the world to be in America at this time. He spent the whole of the first year of the war with his regiment, first on reserve and then in the thick of the fighting. He contracted a form of rheumatism that rendered him unfit for further service and was given an honorable discharge with special commendation for gallantry on the field of battle. As soon as he was fit for the voyage he brought his family to America, as war conditions have completely halted the motion picture industry in France.

With Capellani at his studio are two or three other ex-French soldiers. There is Marcel Morhange, "Cap's" chief assistant, but four months from the trenches with a shrapnel scar on his hip and a slight but permanent limp; Henri Menesier, scenic artist, still suffering from injuries received at Arras, and Jacques Monteran, camera man, twice wounded during the first winter of the war.

Capellani bossing the "grips" and, below, in conference with his technical director.





Then she adjusted to her ears which were two in number, the sinister black earrings on which a thousand men had gazed and died.

In the Vale of the Vampire

(A Terrible Thing in One Installment)

By Gordon Seagrove

Drawings by Quin Hall

CAST

EDITOR'S NOTE. Herewith is presented a gripping tale aimed at the vampire and showing how she drives men to madness with her jet earrings, her sinuous figger, and robs them blind without moving more than fifty or sixty muscles. It is a story every man and woman should read and be warned by, and during its screen version revolvers will be passed around during the overture. Ask the usher. He will supply you.

Freda Bare-all
A vampire with a wicked laugh
Juju.... Her maid, and assistant mortician
Howard Howeasay.... A young millionaire
Waldemar Wanderswit... An old millionaire
C B & Q..... His three maiden sisters
Remsem..... An undertaker
 Chloral bottles, revolvers, cigarettes, and champagne.

IT was night. The sun had gone down, and it would be several hours before it rose again. In her luxurious apartment Freda Bare-all was giving her pet snakes the Svoboda movement, and Juju, her maid, was gathering the half smoked cigarettes and loading them into a dray in the alley.

"Come, Juju!" cried Freda with a voice as sibilant as the hiss of a gartersnake and as low as an East side eating place. "Get out my things. Tonight young Howeasay comes. And tonight—" she smiled wickedly, "he shall keel himself for me!" Juju obeyed. From the bureau she took her mistress's spider web gown, ten percent

of which was spider and the other ninety web, and fitted it over Freda's sinuous, alluring figger. Then she adjusted to her ears, which were two in number, the sinister, black earrings on which a thousand men had gazed and died. This done, she led her to the great couch (an elegant affair made by the best people in Grand Rapids) and bade her lie down.

Week in week out, Juju had seen old men and young in supplication on the floor beside it begging for one of Freda's kisses. Week in week out she had heard them refused. Week in week out she had seen them emit a moan of despair and drink a pint of chloral (which Freda always kept in a large decanter on the taboret) while her mistress laughed a low hissing laugh.

And week in week out Juju had carried the bodies to the panel in the mantelpiece, opened it, and slid them down the chute to the undertaker's below—a jovial man named Remsem.

Freda had often thought what an advantage it would be to own her own morgue in connection with the vamping business and she had once confided to Juju that someday she would have it.

"A kiss, a smile," she laughed sinisterly "and he is mine. A sneer a shot—then his business is mine."

She knew this. And yet Freda had not always been a vampire. Once she had clerked in her husband's notion store in a small Ohio village. But one day Charles took a notion (he worked right in the notions)



Juju obeyed, and chuckled happily as she heard the victim's body reach its destination below.

the blue light and fled to her quarters and the next moment a young man reeled through the door. His face was drawn and quartered with suffering and his nerves were in terrible shape, for from time to time he bit large holes in his high top hat.

"Freda!" he cried and lunged forward, "I have sought you for days and days. I nearly went mad!"

Freda realized that this would mean no long journey and she bent upon him the cold fiendish smile that had driven 13,200 men to their deaths in 1914, 15,486 in 1915 and 17,125 in 1916.

"You love me?" she said tauntingly, fixing him with her eyes, which is the way all vampires fix em.

"(1) Devotedly, (2) passionately, (3) adoringly, (4) deeply, (5) completely, (6) eternally and (7) purely!" he answered as the tears overflowed his top hat "I must have you! Come speak! Tell me."

Freda's body on



She pointed to the dear old ladies C B & Q knitting quietly by the fireside.

the Grand Rapids couch did not move for a moment, then her shoulders shrugged in a way that she had never learned in the notion store and her lips parted in a taunting sneer.

"Bah!" she cried coldly. And again: "Bah!"

Young Howeasy's face turned extra pale. His shoulders sagged. His eyes sought hers and under their mesmeric gleam (Freda's married name had been Mesmer) he felt helpless. His trembling hands went into the pocket of his coat and drew forth a cold million in small coins. With a fiendish cry Freda swept them in.

"A paltry million!" she muttered. "How dare you!"

"It is all I have," he answered brokenly. "Forgawsake have pitch—have pitch!"

"Fool" she sneered and let him kiss her hand. "I have no pitch. Give me your necktie! And your cuff links."

The broken man would almost as soon have parted his eye lashes as parted with his cuff links for they had been given him by the student body of Young-frau University for hurling the discus through the chapel window and he prized them above all things. Yet under her beady gaze, he took them off, kissed them tenderly and passed them over with his necktie.

"Ha," the woman laughed a demoniac laugh. "Now I am done! Go!"

The youth plucked at the hem of the spider and his slender frame was wracked with sobs. But Freda only laughed. Suddenly he rose, staggered a moment, and then fell to the floor—a bullet in his brain.

"Bah!" cried Freda and rang for Juju who entered with the death certificate.

"Take him to the chute," said her mis-

tress imperiously, "and bring me another case of champagne."

Juju obeyed and chuckled happily as she heard the victim's body reach its destination below. What a wonderful thing life was!

"Who is next?" demanded her mistress suddenly. Juju consulted her obituary book and answered:

"Waldemar Wanderwit, the president of the Chewing Gum Trust," she said lightly as she reloaded her mistress' revolver. "You remember he was to cut you forever today."

"Ah yes," said Freda running the scales on her favorite adder's back. "But he shall not," she added, "fool that he is."

Suddenly the bell pealed. It was Wanderwit. With him were his three maiden sisters, C B & Q. Slowly they advanced into the room. Freda did not rise. It was awfully hard to get a rise out of Freda. She lay there on the cot her bosom rising and falling. First a rise then a fall. She was just as mad as she could be.

"Come, kees me!" she said soft and low. Wanderwit held back. Yet he felt himself fascinated by the look in her eyes. Slowly, slowly . . . he could stand it no longer. "Freda!" he cried and ran to her

outstretched arms with a whimper.

"You would leave me," sneered the woman! "You would leave me, eh? I who have given you at least four kisses and taken nothing in return but your estate on Long Island, three lots in Pittsburgh, six blocks of Bethlehem steel preferred, your town car and your eye teeth. Very well, you shall pay."

"Freda," he begged brokenly, stepping out of the way of a snake. "Look at me. Say you forgive me."



With a cry of beaten manhood he turned the revolver to his own head and pulled the trigger.

Freda smiled. She would play with him a bit. "Supposing we elope to Rome," she suggested. Fourteen years fell off Wanderwit's bottle-shaped shoulders.

"Freda!" he murmured, "you cannot mean it!"

"But first," the woman added, "you must kill them;" and with long, jewelled fingers she pointed to the dear old ladies C B & Q knitting quietly by the fireside.

Waldemar Wanderwit paled. These kindly old souls had watched over him from the cradle and they loved him better than their workbaskets. All his manly instincts revolted at the terrible thought!

"No, Freda," he muttered fiercely, "anything but that."

"Bah!" cried the infuriated adventurer, "that is the extent of your love!" And after the manner of a true vampire she spat upon him.

Then Waldemar Wanderwit went mad.

"Quick, the gun!" he screamed, and Freda gave it to him laughing gaily. Crazed, he raised the gun and fired.

With a crash C's knitting fell to the floor and she toppled over upon it. For the second time he pulled the trigger. There was a moan, and B, who had blown on his broth when it was hot, blown on it for twenty years, lay dead beside her. And still he raised the gun again. This time the gentle and lovable Q met death with a smile on her kindly old lips.

"Now," cried the maddened man, "come with me to Nice, to Rome—anywhere!"

Freda drew away. She wiggled her shoulders. She wiggled her arms. She wiggled all over and then burst into a loud laugh. "Fool," she cried. "I care less than that for you!" And she flung him a prune pit that she could not use.

With a cry of beaten manhood, he hesitated a moment, then turning the revolver to his head, pulled the trigger. The first two shots glanced off but the last one brought the dark oblivion.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Freda. "More work for Juju." And she

rang for her favorite servant who appeared promptly. "Take these out, Juju," she commanded indicating the C B & Q and the lost brother. "Shoot them down the chute and then order me another case of champagne and six cartons of cigarettes."

"But madam," Juju interposed, "you have another appointment—at once, too! That man downstairs—the undertaker!"

"A kiss, a shot and his establishment is mine," said Freda, after she had finished the first carton. "It will be a very successful week Juju."

Juju nodded. Suddenly the bell rang again—the bell always rings suddenly in these plays—and Juju scurried to answer it. The door opened to admit Remsem, the man downstairs. As he stood there Freda, the wolf woman, the breaker of men, turned suddenly pale.

"Charlie!" she screamed. "Charlie Mesmer!"

It was indeed Charlie. It was indeed. He kicked off his rubbers and sat down.

"How are you, Freda," he said jovially. "I guess it's been fifteen years since we broke. I got lonesome for you and I thought I'd drop up."

"Bah!" cried Freda. "You cannot have me now! Men have sold their souls to get me, killed their wives for me, stripped themselves of riches for me and you, you come here and assume you can regain me. Bah!"

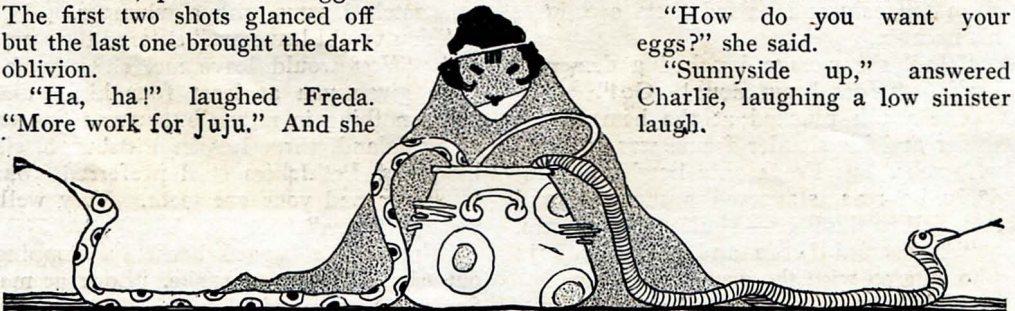
"I can," said Charlie. "And I'll show you I can. In the first place get out of that dress. It looks chilly."

"Fool," Freda reiterated, "I refuse!"

"All right then!" said Charlie and picked up the decanter of chloral and tapped her gently twice on the forehead. Then he pushed her into the kitchen. For fifteen minutes there was silence, then came Freda's voice, gentle, solicitous and without even the hint of a hiss.

"How do you want your eggs?" she said.

"Sunnyside up," answered Charlie, laughing a low sinister laugh.



IS SHE LOVELIER THAN OUR OWN STARS?



© Reutlinger, Paris

This is Mlle. Jane Renouardt, the loveliest woman of all France, the idol of the gay Paris who is on her way to the U. S. A. to act before the camera. Her eyes are lovelier than those of the immortal Lantelme to whose throne of beauty she succeeded following Lantelme's unfortunate death by drowning. Let us hope that mademoiselle drowns not ere she reaches us. Sacre! The thought is impossible!

The Shadow

A Department of

By Julian



Theda Bara and Harry Hilliard, Juliet and Romeo in the Fox production of the Shakespearean love-classic.

THERE has been a tradition that eternal Shakespeare is the foundation of everything dramatic, and that his name must appear sooner or later before any theater in the world. The two-dimension stage has now done much to confirm that tradition. "Romeo and Juliet" was last month's biggest endeavor. Bill of Avon became not only a scenarioist but a caption-writer, and his titles, notwithstanding their preparation some centuries in advance, were at moments snappy and humorous as Keystone; at others immeasurably poetic, profound or dramatic; and—here's the proof of this unaging pudding—there

was not an instance in which the Elizabethan Turnbull-Sullivan's stuff failed to get over, and get over big.

We have the Metro organization to thank for a sun-painting of the great Veronese love-tragedy, for if Metro hadn't thought of it it's empty spools to a reel of "The Birth of a Nation" that Fox wouldn't. Not a nice thing, this foxy faculty of pinning himself to everybody's coat-tails, yet he at least gives all his imitations with profound energy and prodigal extravagance.

While Metro's is the one entertainment worth perpetuity, Mr. Fox will carry the gospel of real drama far, and in his great chain of theaters, will present a highly satisfactory and reverently handled Shakespeare film before thousands who would not otherwise see it. Therefore Mr. Fox, despite his copy-cat propensities, is in this instance a benefactor, for in our optic play-shops we have too many pieces and too few plays, too many dully diluted dime-novels and too little of the grandeur of life.

Here's something to think over: one successful Shake-

Stage

Photoplay Review

Johnson

spearean film production such as these twins does more to spread dramatic education among the people in general than all the "classic" revivals of Sothorn, or Mantell, or Warde, in a decade. Reckless statement? Not at all. Figure not only your audience-per cent; remember that people who go to see Shakespeare in a talk-shop go with a stiff sense of duty, and usually take the magic lines and majestic situations like a dose of spring medicine. Ever hear anybody talk about *Shakespeare* coming away from a Sothorn blank-verse orgy? They go to see Sothorn, and they endure Shakespeare.

But the folk who attend these two Romeos are really entertained. They trek thither for a real show. Of course, they may wish to see F. Xavier in tights, or Theda as a good baby for once in her life, but it is the spell of the play which holds them. It is *Shakespeare*—not Mr. Rowland or Mr. Fox, Mr. Bushman or Mr. Hilliard, Miss Bayne or Miss Bara, who is the real star of the screen.

From time to time the little fluttering hearts whose musky notes grace the whittled pine desk of our blind, deaf, ninety-year-old *answer man* make much wailing to-do and what-not over this department's "abuse" of Mr. Bushman. Abate, gentle cardiac earthquakes, for as Romeo this department found Mr. Bushman not only in the best rôle of his career, but doing the best acting he has ever shot into the transparencies. Medically, we might term Mr. Bushman the acting hypochondriac. He has always been thinking of himself and his pretty clothes and his sweet biceps and grand smile—and forgetting his character. He may



The Romeo and Juliet of Metro's version of the Veronese tragedy: Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne.





Alfred Vosburgh and Vivian Martin in "Her Father's Son," a recent product of the Morosco studios.

have been "scairt" into doing a superb Romeo by the overwhelming splendor and tradition of the woeful Italian lad; nevertheless, the fact remains that he is a superb Romeo, performing with discretion, dignity, an unusual amount of reserve and astounding sincerity. As Romeo Mr. Bushman fills the eye. The trappings of our ancestors, who wore the clothes of the chorus and buttoned themselves up with shoe-strings instead of discs of horn, admirably caress his well-plaited muscles. Mr. Bushman is one of few screen lovers who can be unutterably earnest, clean and wholesome at the same time.

Miss Bayne is the sweetest of Juliets, but one could ask a little more fervor, at moments. This Juliet would scarcely have risked immurement in the grisly tomb of the Capulets. I think she would have married her cousin, heckled him into an affinity's arms—then the divorce of outraged chastity, and Romeo; provided Romeo had waited. In the tender, childish moments of Juliet's love she may be characterized only by the word exquisite.

An easy third in the race for Metro honors is Robert Cummings' Friar Laurence. I must confess an ignorance of the period which makes me unable to say

whether Friar Laurence was a bearded or a shaven monk; but I believe he was bearded, and in this—if my supposition is correct—Metro is right, and Fox wrong. At any rate, Cummings moves behind a hirsute curtain that would honor an Israelitish patriarch, and is a wholly lovable celibate and friend to humanity.

As to associate pantomimists, Romeo and Juliet are adeptly surrounded, and the cast in general is satisfying without having individuals of particular note, unless one speaks of the fine Mercutio of Fritz Leiber, W. Lawson Butt's energetic Tybalt, and Peter, quaintly played by Joseph Dailey.

In direction, location, costuming, scene-making and general equipment, Metro has never approached this picture. Seldom has any stage enterprise shown such a real period as these scenes glimpse. The ghostly procession past the bier of Juliet when she, in imagination, wakes untimely, is as thrilling a piece of fine art as has been conceived for such a situation. The marriage scene is beautifully rendered. The Metro organization proved its Shakespearean devotion by the use of so many literal transcripts as titles that the sheet could endure some eliminations very nicely.

When Fox changed the guard for Corporal Don Jose, in his production of "Carmen," he brought in a regiment, and the gun-hands knocked off like the charge of the Light Brigade.

Left to right: Helen Arnold (a winner in Photoplay's "Beauty-Brains" contest) Jack Sherrill and C. Aubrey Smith in "The Witching Hour."



This incident is dragged from the well of history not to deride "Carmen," which was a lively show, but to illustrate Mr. Fox's disbelief in doing anything by halves. "Romeo and Juliet," here, is a pageant, a glittering spectacle, a tumult of passion and punch. The Capulet manse lives up to the I. W. W. idea of John D. Rockefeller's home. A street-fight is nothing less than Civil war. No keeper of an inn of that

period had as many beds in his establishment as this Juliet seems to possess. There are couches and reclining places everywhere.

Histrionically, Miss Bara is a better Juliet than Miss Bayne, for she brings to the play's tropic moments all the steam-heat that the cool Beverly lacks. Here is a consistent and more convincing acting performance—but it is always acting. There are breath-catching moments in little Beverly's assumption when she seems a very real and helpless child, caught in the tentacles of an octopian fate. At other moments, such as the balcony farewell and her defiance of her father, Miss Bara has Miss Bayne standing still while she sweeps by like a whirlwind. So there you are.

Harry Hilliard is altogether satisfactory as Romeo. He is a youthful lover, he has many, many sets of wonderful scenery, all of which he wears well; and he has a sort of fine, clean sincerity necessary to such a being. Nothing worse as Romeo could have been imagined than our modern, over-vamped type of stage lover. Both organizations steered clear of this.

Glen White's Mercutio is splendid, and John Webb Dillon is a fine Tybalt. Alice Gale as the nurse deserves especial commendation. Walter Law, an unusually careful and intelligent actor, gives the conventional portrait of Friar Laurence. Picking on form, one would say that Law would sweep the field as Friar Laurence; the fact that he doesn't may be accounted



Marguerite Clark in her recent Famous Players release, "Miss George Washington."



for by direction and the scenario.

Though the front families of Verona seem to live in the town hall, there are many locations of enchanting beauty and reality scattered through the thousands of feet of this picture. The director—or Mr. Fox—had a novel notion of improving Shakespeare by adding some comedy for the best little funny bet at her weight in America. Jane Lee. Shakespearean text are used discreetly in the subtitles.

Metro's "Romeo and Juliet" seeks as its goal the artistic perpetuation of a great story. It is just that.

Fox's "Romeo and Juliet" aims to be a thrilling entertainment. It is.

IN "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea" Universal has a show which will make more money than many a masterpiece, and perfectly satisfy its owners: gentry who will probably regard such carping as this with smiles of exalted pity.

In truth, the thing is a masterpiece spoiled. The Williamsons took it in the West Indies. The Williamsons are folk who have perfected their hobby, active photography under water. That is, they

have made it practical, and do it better than any one else. "Perfection" in the movies is a very movable milestone.

Helen Holmes, in "The Lass of the Lumberlands," her latest serial.

So the Williamsons not only attended to the interesting mechanical detail of the thing, but supervised the story and its direction. Here their hands slipped; in mechanics, "Twenty Thousand Leagues" is a notable affair; in story and acting it is a childish story-paper belonging to the moving picture infant class.

Jules Verne's story was based more upon the marvel of submarine navigation than upon plot or character. Nevertheless, he conceived a spectacular extravaganza in the adventures, persecution, flight and ultimate revenge of the brilliant Oriental, Captain Nemo, that could have been made absolutely enchanting in the hands of men who direct pieces of imagination and dramatic values.

Near me, on the night of my first glimpsing this sunny ultramarine, sat a distinguished editor. As Captain Nemo entered the silversheet, sultry and surly under a butternut make-up, pounds of crepe hair, Turkish couch clothes and harem manners,

this gentleman exclaimed: "Aha! Santa Claus at the Second Presbyterian church!"

YOU will see few better photoplays than the very fine "Light That Failed," transcribed from Kipling's story, and magnificently acted by Robert Edeson and a Pathé cast. This, notwithstanding some strange departures from the original author, and one or two entirely unnecessary lapses of common sense in the technical conduct of the piece. What makes the play, despite these faults, is the power and pathos of Edeson's impersonation, and the pretty general accord of the people who act with him.

For the ending, the original version of Kipling's story is used, in which Dick (Edeson) reaches the newspaper boys at the Egyptian front in the thick of battle, and, with the little fox-terrier in his arms, wanders toward them until a stray bullet ends his unhappiness forever. This is not the best-known finale of Kipling's story; it was rewritten just to gain a happy ending, or at least one more nearly happy.

Here are the unaccountable breaks in the progress of the tale's telling: first, an over-emphasis on Mazie's artistic ambitions, and a lack of emphasis on Dick's; trenches for the British army in Egypt against a foe equipped mainly with spears; (!) the injection of a totally unnecessary street fight into the "planting" of the blindness idea; and a finale in which Torpenhow, left in London, seems to be making love to Mazie.

In the splendid contingent supporting Mr. Edeson are Lillian Tucker as Maizie, Claude Fleming as Torpenhow and Josie Collins as Bessie.

MARY MILES MINTER'S best picture yet is "Faith," a composition of the American studios, directed by James Kirkwood. As to whether all the credit is Kirkwood's, or whether Mary Miles herself is growing up despite her permanent age, I leave you to figure out. At any rate, here is a photoplay in which she has such sincerity and grace as she has never exhibited, minus the momentary episodes of flipness with which the little Minter has marred some of her likeliest entertainments.

It is one of these orphan stories. Not much originality in the notion, but a great deal of humanity in the execution. And this tincture of reality is evident not only

where the bright-haired star is concerned. There is, for instance, a bibulous lawyer, Mark Strong by name, whom the waif befriends in a moment of his alcoholic helplessness. This fellow rights himself in time to save Faith, the orphan, when she is beset by a false charge of theft. The courtroom on the day of her trial is not only a forum of thieves' justice, but a whole book of revelations for everyone else in the play. About 200 feet into his last reel, and Jim Kirkwood steps on the accelerator. The resultant long finale is a concluding chapter of speed, power and fine acting unexampled in the American studio's annals. Perry Banks, as lawyer Strong, is the best moving picture attorney I ever saw, excepting Willard Mack.

HAS any play-maker won so much of the public's confidence in the past few months as Lasky? Mr. Lasky is the second, intermediary part of a triumvirate in which he is below Mr. Zukor and above Mr. Morosco, and he makes better pictures than either of them. Not all Lasky pictures are inspirational, but every one is intelligent in conception, hand made and individually served. Much of the credit here is due the fine Lasky stock company, containing such pure diamonds of creative toil as the tireless Mr. Roberts. Equal credit is due Cecil DeMille, the Lasky director-general.

A photoplay called "The Soul of Kura San" interested me more in advance announcement than any other Lasky endeavor, but unfortunately for these commentaries an early press date prevents my seeing it in time for consideration here.

Of the Lasky dramas I have seen this month "The Storm," and "Witchcraft" are the best. Neither is up to the high mark dramatically, yet both are not only interesting but thoroughly human.

"The Storm" needs and has Blanche Sweet for its centerpiece. Its story, by Beatrice DeMille, is the girlhood account of the daughter of an absent-minded scientist, living in an isolated nook by the water. Sheldon Avery, a divinity student, visits nearby, and takes Natalie Raydon, the scientist's daughter, to a neighboring island in a canoe. There is a storm and they seek the shelter of a deserted house. When the elements have ceased performing their canoe has drifted away. Natalie accepts the situation merrily; Avery takes it

with the solemn fear of sanctimonious apprehension. Night comes on; it is cold, and beside the fire at the door of the shelter Avery removes his coat and presses it about Natalie's shoulders. She pleads that she does not need it. He insists. She resists. Of course they come into close physical contact. Put down your own row of periods to indicate the passing of the night.

Natalie refuses to marry her betrayer, who, though willing to wed, obviously does not love her. In the end, she does marry a fine chap named Robert Fielding, who, learning of Avery's performance only to the beginning of the wedding ceremony, insists that the ceremony go on. The officiating priest is—Avery.

Here is a play deserving the strongest commendation because of its dealing with life as life is really lived in a thoroughly wholesome manner. Such things as this are alongside the best books in literary influence. Miss Sweet makes a wonderfully subtle distinction between the carefree little hoyden of pre-island days, and the woman who comes thereafter. Roberts is inimitable as the doddering professor, Tom Meighan is bluff and lovable as Fielding, and only Richard Sterling falls into the category of actorial unreality in his motion but not emotional portrayal of the preacher.

LET no Protestant declaim against historic Catholic intolerance when he remembers the black days of Salem, and such doings among the holy pilgrims of Massachusetts as would have delighted the devil himself.

"Witchcraft," prize-contest play of that period by Ralston Reed, is faithfully and graphically celluloided by the Lasky camp. Supposedly, it is a stellar vehicle for Fannie Ward, but Paul Weigel, playing Makepeace Struble, a Puritan miser of dark heart and sunless mind, supplies all the atmosphere. Seldom has the screen vouchsafed so sinister and ominous a characterization. Miss Ward as a Huguenot girl adrift with her epileptic mother in the New England colonies runs afoul of Struble's senile concupiscence. To get her in his talons he exercises all the charges and countercharges of witchcraft and deviltry then available to a bad old man in good standing. Miss Ward is her fine and

perpetually girlish self, and only Jack Dean, mincing foolishly as her soldier lover, contrives to pour cold water on our Plymouth Rock parade.

"HER Father's Son" is the best poor picture I ever enjoyed.

This statement concerns the sunplay of that name put out by the Morosco studio, featuring Vivian Martin. Here we have a perfectly impossible makebelieve, in that a young girl daughter of a Secesh Northerner who dies under a falling tree, goes to the home of her relative, a redoubtable Union Southerner, and there whoops it up for the stars and bars against the stars and stripes in boy's clothes, and until the proper moment for sweetheart revelations not even her fair cousin suspects that she's a soprano.

One William Taylor directed this picture. If Mr. Taylor had been born in France it would have been, doubtless, upon Montmartre, for he is an artist who reveals such a feeling for group and line, pastel shadow and tremendous contrast, that he will carve an entirely individual niche in the directoral cliff if he sustains this pace. Believe the story or laugh at it, if you have a taste for anything beyond circus billing the mere depiction of this inconsistent tale will hold you spellbound. Miss Martin herself is a bit of Delftish color, and Herbert Standing and Helen Eddy do some excellent acting.

I LOOKED eagerly for "Miss George Washington," but the same cruel deadline that stops down my vision of "Kura San" prevents me from considering this Marguerite Clark feature here. Next time.

Meanwhile, Famous Players in a rather quiet month have to their credit "Seventeen," a pretty comedy featuring Louise Huff and Jack Pickford; "The Kiss," a tame though tender bon-bon exploiting Marguerite Courtot and Owen Moore in the explosive delight proclaimed by the title, and "The Rainbow Princess," a circus fantasy for Mr. Ziegfeld's ivory statuette, Ann Pennington.

CLUMSY and rambling, dramatic and lifelike; there is a qualification of "Fifty-Fifty," the best though most loosely put-together Triangulation born last month.

Allan Dwan, I believe, directed this

story, in which the tremendously active and versatile Norma Talmadge is featured. Here, friends, is one of the screen's queens-by-right. Very young, very beautiful, Miss Talmadge has two gifts which, possessing, some women neither youthful nor lovely have won enduring fame. These are a genuine sense of humor, and a capability for deep, emotional characterization which makes her at sundry moments a veritable tragedienne. Norma Talmadge began by being the big girl-frog in a small puddle, and now she has tasted the sweets of being a big girl-frog in Manhattan, the biggest of puddles, and I do not believe her lovely head will tip.

To our subject. "Fifty-Fifty" is about Naomi, a crazy Indian of Washington Square, who marries one Frederic Harmon and becomes a model of sock-darning domesticity. Presently Helen Carew, a college-educated Theda, comes in to upset the fireside beanpot. The story grows inconsistent and impossible in the devilish persecutions to which Naomi is subjected. To keep her child she lies about its parentage, but that does no good, and everything goes wrong until sister Carew's Sing-Sing lover appears and peels the scales off the eyes of Harmon. A kind-hearted judge, dispensing mercy and discretion more frequently than cold judgment, makes Harmon see that the distracted little wife, running wild in her mad longing to keep her baby, fabricated the story of its illegitimacy.

Mr. Dwan has handled these episodes with a sure and masterly touch. It is hard to realize what would have happened to this disjointed scenario, in which lifelikeness and melodramatic absurdity stalk hand in hand, in a less talented grasp.

Miss Talmadge does more stunts and expresses more heart-rending suffering than twenty actresses in twenty average photoplays. I think the Regnault "Salome" was in bad taste, giving to the vulgar mind an idea *risque* rather than serious, but there was much else far more than commendable. Including Marie Chambers, whose saffron portrait of the heller-lady makes her a negative-type vamp to be watched for in future film infernos. Frank Currie as the judge, H. S. Northup as the man from Sing-Sing, and J. W. Johnston as Harmon are the other main events in a flawless cast.

Apart from this absorbing study and a

pretty Bessie Love story, entitled "A Sister of Six," Fine Arts had a month not merely dull, but stupid. "American Aristocracy" I did not see, but why such shoddy as "Atta Boy's Last Race" should be shoved over the counter of a good store like Griffith's I fail to understand.

I KNOW "Plain Jane" belongs to last month's endeavors, but I can't resist a word of commendation for the solemn guffaws in each of Charlie Ray's detachable cuffs, and the laughing pathos in slavey Barriscale's rented dress suit, for her attic God. Having set himself for one of these Cinderella things, there is only one little ivy-grown door for the scenarioist to come out of; the end of "Plain Jane" was as of old, perfectly satisfactory, pretty and dull; the beginning, great.

Best of pictorial detachments from the tribe of Ince, recently, was "The Vagabond Prince," a devil-may-care display of H. B. Warner. This too blew all its tires on the last lap; but the main body of the story was delightful.

IN Keystonery I beg to recite just the names of the recent anthems: "Ambrose's Rapid Rise," "Busted Trust," "Haystacks and Steeples," "Tugboat Romeos," and "A Scoundrel's Code." Now pour in your imagination, stir, and drink rapidly before the fizz of laughter is out. However the way to Tipperary is not longer than the road back to the really good Keystones of a year ago. Beside them all Sennett's recent stuff is cheap trash.

"A Prince in a Pawnshop," Vitagraph's long-winded canter of Barney Bernard, the "Potash and Perlmutter" gentleman, is an oddity written by Andreas Perello de Seguro, Spanish bass of the Metropolitan Operahouse, New York. Personally, I like Senor Seguro's singing much better than his novels. I have heard much of the former; one session with the latter is enough. The idea is not bad: A Hebrew banker, wishing to dispense charity in an original way, opens a pawn-shop among the poor Jews of the lower East Side. How is he charitable here, do you ask? Because, like a Solomon in judgment, he finds the why and the wherefore of every petty piece of pawning. The poor widow with the brass wedding ring as her only as-

set is likely to get half a hundred on it; the slant-eyed gangster, with a real but stolen value on which he wishes scarcely anything, would be booted out of the shop. Isn't this a good frameup for a character story? I think so. But Senor Seguroola rambles and rambles, and it is only Barney Bernard's repose, pathos and humor, and a magnetism strong even in the shadows, that gets the living lithograph across.

THE World, during the past month, ran to melodrama. "The Scarlet Oath," a two-sister fabrication including Russia, the Statue of Liberty, the inevitable American and a lot of other tried, true and trusty props, owes its good looks to Gail Kane.

"The Hidden Scar" features Ethel Clayton and Holbrook Blinn in a lachrymal study which might be entitled Shedidn't-meantobutshecouldn'tstarve.

IN "Behind the Scenes," Mr. Chaplin's delayed release, we are concerned with the legend of a movie camp, in which Mr. Chaplin is the huge carpenter's assistant.

"Behind the Scenes" is good fun, but it contains no such divine moment as that in "The Count" in which the embarrassed Mr. Chaplin, vainly endeavoring to hear the dulcet voice of Edna amid the thunders of Mr. Campbell's consomme-intake, finally gets a second's silence from the soup-singer—and hears something entirely different from what he thought she was saying.

METRO'S best five-reeler the past month has been William Nigh's vehicle, "Life's Shadows;" its poorest, Nance O'Neill in "The Iron Woman." Next to this comes Mr. Bushman's own concoction-direction, "In the Diplomatic Service." Here Mr. Bushman, devoid of the directoral restraint which made his Romeo so admirable, fairly wallows in himself throughout a junky story.

IT seems to me that a character such as the one June Caprice plays in "The Ragged Princess"—a girl willing to play with fire, get all she can from a bad man, lead him on to ultimately slap his face, perform the coquette and pretend to marble chastity and a virgin heart—I say it seems to me that a designing creature of this type, working her eyes like a bold charlatan and hiding always behind a bulwark of childish years, is an awfully bad influence for young girls. That is, it might be if the surrounding play had any other quality than absurdity.

Nor is there any pity in my heart for such a sullen, dull, weepy character as that passed to Virginia Pearson in "The War Bride's Secret." Such a woman as this does no one any good. She is a frump without place in a world full of hard knocks and helping hands and smiles and tears. I'm sorry the play had the sappy ending. I wish she had got hers.

How About that Christmas Present?

Has it been your Christmas custom to spend a lot of money for things people don't want, or have little use for? Generally, if Uncle John *really* desires a new necktie, he thinks of it before you do. If you think of it first he probably doesn't need it. It's the same with Aunt Ellen's stationery and the villainous cigars you're getting for Uncle Jim; and Susie's five pound box of candy.

However, there is a present for any member of the family which will be welcome throughout the year, and as new, as novel, and as eagerly looked for eleven months hence as at the time the gift is bestowed.

It's PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, the universal reflector of the one art-amusement in which every living man, woman and child is interested. *You* are not missing PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE—you bet you're not! Why be selfish? Give your folks or your friends or your sweetheart or your grandpa a chance—join the Live Ones Club, and *today* send a name and a dollar and a half to The Subscription Department, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, Chicago.

WHEN PAULINE FREDERICK A-SHOOTING GOES



White Photo

Who fears her most? The little birds or the farmers' cows? With milk at its present prices any bovine casualties would probably bring front-page newspaper stories. As there have been none naming Miss Frederick as the culprit, we may assume that her aim is as good in the open air as it is in the studio. Anyway, this is a perfectly lovely suit and some grand Diana inside it.

ARE you reading it—this big, vital, gripping serial story of the world of moving pictures, of the secrets that die in the studios and the people who love and work in this strange enchanted land?

If you are not, begin it now.

Meet June Magregor, pure, sweet, lovable and motherless, brought up by her father in a trading post on the cold shores of Hudson Bay, to which, one day, came a moving picture—and a man. He was Paul Temple, the star, and June thought she gave her heart to him. But still as important she trusted her future to Tom Briscoe, director-in-chief of the company, who saw in her the stuff of stars.

And how well Briscoe chose! Under his development, June months later was on the way to fame in a great drama which he had created for her. Then into the scene stepped Stephen Holt, one of the company owners. All man was Holt, dominating, aggressive, masterful.

Picture, then, the sweet torture of this north woods girl as she felt herself fascinated by Holt's insuperable charm; picture her mixed emotions when Holt seized her, a woman pledged in love, kissed her and declared that she should be his; and then picture the great combat within her—her longing to remain in all ways true to Paul and the sting of the realization that she had enjoyed Holt's one great kiss although she had wrenched herself free from his embrace and fled to her room to give way to the first real tears of her life.

Yet Holt had sensed her unwilling but partial surrender—and the battle was on. But June's reason returned. She must be fair to Paul; that she owed him. For weeks she avoided Holt until he, mad with his own longing, forced an interview—an interview which June always remembered. It was as if he had taken her woman's soul in his great man hands and wrung from it the confession he so wanted to hear—that after all her heart was not all Paul's.

Next with the mighty urge of his manner he almost made her break her engagement so that he, as well as Paul, would have a chance. But June refused. And in refusing she opened the flood gates of Holt's longing, his love, his desire—and there was conflict! Man's man that he was, Holt could strike a woman as hard as he could his own kind, and this is the threat he hurled at her:

"If you don't break your engagement, you and I break now! I'll kill the picture Tom Briscoe has made you in! That means you throw away two hundred thousand dollars of the company's money, and it also means that you destroy the big dream of Tom Briscoe's life—the man who brought you out of the woods and made you! How virtuous you must feel!"

Ruin Tom Briscoe? The thought was too unfair to even contemplate. Could Holt be in earnest? She tried pleading, entreaty. But Holt was Holt. "Tomorrow you shall give me your answer," he said.

And now with suffering, June went to give it. In the dusk of the studio Holt stood waiting. And there June answered him:

"I cannot," she said. "I've fought it over and over and there's no way out but this. Oh, Stephen, won't you believe me? You wouldn't ask me to do what wasn't honorable or right."

Then the great conflict of desires, the battle of wills was on. But June remained firm. Holt walked to the window, his hands clenched at his sides. Then he turned back to her.

"Then if that's your decision, all right," he grated. "What I said yesterday, goes. We drop Tom Briscoe's picture tomorrow. If you sacrifice me, you sacrifice him and yourself."

"You mustn't do that, Stephen," she cried with blazing eyes, "you mustn't! You've no right to make Tom suffer for what I do. It's cruelly unfair and wrong. I've

tried to find some honorable way out of this, but I couldn't. Is that his fault? Is he to blame? What right have you to make him pay for that? Has he ever hurt you or the company in any way?"

She leaned toward him, her face almost translucently pale beneath her dark hair; her eyes soft, firelit pools of pleading. He stood by his chair, his hand on its back, watching her sombrely.

"You say you love me!" she cried, bitterly. "Is this love? Threatening me, crushing me, trying to force me into doing what I know is wrong? If you love me the way you say you do, you wouldn't hurt me and humiliate me like this by taking your revenge on the friend that I owe everything to."

"You put everybody on earth before me—Temple—Briscoe—yourself. You arrange things to suit them and then tell me to take the leavings and consider myself happy! Well, I won't do it, I tell you!" He paused an instant for breath. "But it's what I might have expected. I thought once that you were different from other women, but you're not—you're just like all of them, asking everything and giving nothing! Tom Briscoe mustn't be interfered with; Paul Temple mustn't be hurt;

your conscience mustn't be disturbed; but *what about me?* I can get hurt, I can be made the goat for all this, but that's nothing! Well, it is something, and I won't stand it, so help me, God!"

His voice was husky with emotion: Never had she been so moved. Beneath his speech his yearning cried out to her. And to herself she said, "I must go before it's too late. *If he takes me in his arms I am lost.*"

Holt rose and there was a swift wild light in his eyes. Then, before she could resist, he had stepped toward her and gathered her in his arms, and his lips were on her cheek. Then came a knock at the door.

And again.

"Who is it?" snarled Holt.

And in reply the door opened and Paul Temple came into the room!

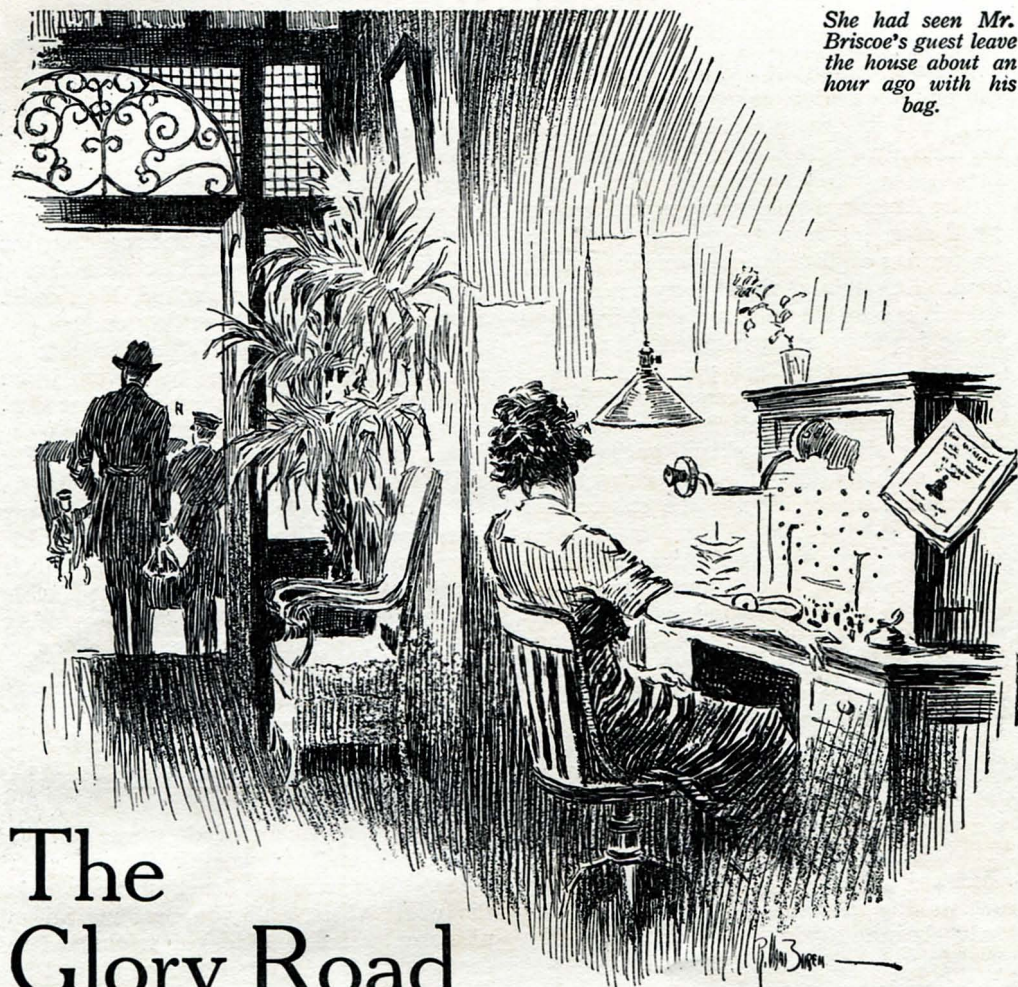
That night Paul released June from her engagement. And that night bluff Tom Briscoe swore to win June back for him.

Preceding Chapters of *The Glory Road*



Stephen Holt

She had seen Mr. Briscoe's guest leave the house about an hour ago with his bag.



The Glory Road

By Francis William Sullivan

Author of "Star of the North," "Alloy of Gold,"
"Children of Banishment," etc.

Illustrated by R. Van Buren

XXIV

AT nine o'clock on the morning after Paul's unexpected appearance in Holt's office during June's visit there, June awoke greatly refreshed from the first sound night's sleep she had enjoyed in three days. It was as if Paul's parting injunction had stilled her mind and nerves into obedience. She floated slowly up to consciousness as if from some tremendous depth.

As both Elsie and Elaine were engaged on pictures, they had risen at the usual hour, and had managed to breakfast and

leave without waking her. Under ordinary circumstances June would also have been working, regardless of intimate emotional experiences. But, as the public reception of her much-talked-of picture "Anywoman" would determine the nature of her next work, she had to wait for that verdict. She was inexpressably grateful for the brief respite.

When fully awake at last, all that had happened the night before returned to her clearly and, with swift apprehension she remembered that Paul had promised to come here at ten o'clock. She would have to hurry if she expected to be ready.

She climbed out of bed and, slipping into her embroidered kimono and mules, went into the living room for her mail, an event for her always full of delicious anticipation.

The American public might well be pictured as a gigantic being continually in the process of taking an enormous pen "in hand." Certainly the letter-writing impulse is one of the most universal in a land where impulses are permitted to riot unchecked. Stories, plays, paintings, motion pictures, editorials, actresses, speeches, advertising, canned food, esoteric thought, street car steps, tight skirts, garbage can covers, and anything else that occurs to the unoccupied mind, become the subject for an essay.

June had been the inspiration for a considerable number, though her mail was but a weak dribble compared with Marcia Trent's full stream. These outpourings from interested unknowns always found their way to the studio, while mail from friends was directed to the house.

To-day she found just one letter standing in the usual place against a vase on the mantel-piece. It was bulky and addressed in a masculine hand which June recognized as Holt's. A little feeling of weariness crept over her, that with her first waking moments the struggle relentlessly began again. She yearned desperately to be away from it all.

Holt's letter, though of considerable length, was couched in the brisk, assured phraseology of one at the helm of things. His first news was that he had telegraphed the New York office to go ahead with the release of "Anywoman," a step which made the public showing of the film irrevocable.

"You see I'm as good as my word," he pointed out suggestively. . . .

"Now that your senseless resistance has been ended," she read a little further on, "I hope you realize how much you could have saved us both by ending it yourself, instead of waiting for Temple to do it. Still I can admire your sand in hanging on. That was like me, and I know nerve when I see it."

HE then proceeded to outline their future plans. They had bungled matters enough already, he said, and he was sick and tired of it. Therefore, he would come to her house that night at eight

o'clock, and they would settle everything by going quietly and being married. Now that she was free to follow her own feelings, he knew she loved him, and that therefore nothing stood in the way of such action except, perhaps, a natural prejudice.

(Of course June could not read between the lines that having at last been forced to commit himself to marriage, Holt could now not accomplish it quickly enough.)

In order to leave his affairs so that he could get away for a time, he regretted that he would be unable to see her that day. However, he explained, since it was the law that both parties to a marriage must appear in person to obtain the license, he would arrange with the clerk at the court house, a good friend of his, to be in his office at half past eight and issue their license after hours. This had the double advantage, he pointed out, of preventing any annoying publicity, and of allowing them both time to prepare for their departure. A clergyman would then be waiting at a nearby parsonage to marry them. He added generously:

"By all means have Miss Tanner go with you if you like."

"Then," he concluded, "we will go away! Where? I wonder if you can't guess. You were the loveliest *senorita* in the world there, and you beat me all to pieces at casino, and looked frightened to death when I told you I was going to love you. It isn't anything so much to be afraid of now, is it, darling? Yes, we will end our love story where it began."

"The house on the island!" June thought, swiftly.

"Please be ready, dear, at eight, because I'll be there on the nail, and there's no use wasting time."

JUNE folded the letter smiling, though her emotions were equally scorn, amusement and tenderness. It was so characteristic of him, this invincible tenacity. No sooner had he won one position than he was assailing the next. She felt it to be the most irresistible thing in the world; it had won him everything he had desired in life so far, and it was plain that he intended it to win her.

There was a refreshing ingenuousness and unconventionality in the proposal that marked him as a product of his training and environment. But that rule worked

both ways, and because of it she could not enthuse over the scheme. Born of Scotch ancestors, and made even more conservative by her peculiarly unprogressive girlhood, she could consider Holt's proposal as charming from a romantic and chivalrous viewpoint, but as something actually to be performed—impossible.

As she stood planning her answer, she glanced at the marble clock and found to her dismay that it was after half past nine. As she had neither dressed nor breakfasted, she turned and ran to her room and, putting the letter into a small drawer in her chiffonier, hurried into her clothes. She appeared in a blue and white awning-striped rajah skirt and soft white blouse, which she now covered with an apron. Then going to the kitchen, she made fresh coffee and boiled an egg.

If it were not for its innate resiliency, youth would die of its feelings. During this hour June was in the upswing from the depths of the night before, and though thoroughly aware that Paul's visit must be of vital moment in her life, faced it with calmness and a consciousness of strength.

It was a little after ten when she heard his step on the veranda, and hurried to the door to anticipate his ring. They shook hands gravely amid commonplace remarks of greeting, and he sat down in the familiar Morris chair, with her in the hard rocker opposite. Neither could forget their last meeting in this room, the bitter-sweet parting of so many months before. He experienced an added pang when he noticed that his ring was gone from her finger.

JUNE was moved by Paul's appearance. A wretched night had painted dark circles under his eyes and made his lean face gaunt. Still there was in it that lovable gentleness and toleration which emphasized rather than belied the strength both moral and physical which underlay it all.

This romance with June Magregor was Paul Temple's second love affair. Nearly seven years before in a blaze of infatuation he had married Gertrude Mackay, a member of the traveling theatrical company to which he then belonged. The marriage had been a mistake, and for five years while they lived apart, his wife had hampered and shamed him. Then, while in the

North the year before he had met and loved June with that intensity which comes to a man but once, if ever.

As he was battling with this passion, his wife, Gertrude, had thrust herself once more into his life, and as a result, had died in the winter wilderness. June and Paul's marriage would then have taken place after a decent interval but for Tom Briscoe's ambition to make her famous.

Temple's past had comprised practically all the experiences that can come to a young man who, leaving an obscure place in the theatrical profession, had pioneered and grown famous in the pictures. Temperament, which is to no man's credit, since he is endowed with it, had brought him ambition, instinctive perception of the best things, and painfully keen sensibilities. Life even on the road had meant more to him than just food and clothes, numerous loves, and "knockin' 'em cold in Davenport." And his emotional experiences had always been very keen.

UP to his meeting with June, his success in the great new art had been a lonely triumph with no other motive to urge him higher than mere duty and instinctive ambition. Loving her, he had laid all at her feet, feeling that she was his long-delayed reward. He had believed that theirs was one of those rare, transcendent unions which prove the rule of normal marital commonplaceness. His had been the dreams of a boy, a poet, an idealist. And now, to come on the wings of base rumor into a scene such as he had interrupted last night! . . .

It was Paul's bitter misfortune not to remember that June, the chatelaine of a Hudson's Bay fur post at twenty, lacked a dozen years of his age and a hundred years of his experience. He had suffered, brought life and himself under subjection, and glided into what he believed to be the safe waters of peace. She had been landlocked ere her keel had felt the surge of the open sea for which it normally yearned.

Paul may have realized these things once, but he had forgotten them now. He could only remember that she had failed him, and that his whole structure of life and happiness, attained to through years of struggle, had gone by the board. While the animal in him raged to punish Holt physically, his mind viewed the wreckage,



A little feeling of weariness crept over her, that with her first waking moments the struggle relentlessly began again. She yearned desperately to be away from it all.

and in his state he could but hold June fundamentally responsible for it.

AS they faced each other she felt this. It went out to her like an emanation, and the fear of it chilled her to the soul. She had not dreamed before the full tragic significance of all their meeting might hold.

Paul with his first words raised the vital issue between them.

"I want to know how all this happened; how it *could* have happened."

June was at once troubled. Ever since she had realized her new feeling for Holt, she had asked herself this same question, but without receiving a clearly explicit answer.

She recognized now the full weakness of her position.

"I—don't—know," she faltered, "I've tried and tried to explain it, but I can't."

"But—!" he began, astonished, and then reconsidered. "Where—how did it begin?"

"On the island, I suppose. You remember we were over there taking 'A Vanishing Race' and I sprained my ankle."

"Yes, but—*there!*" he cried, incredulously.

"Yes. You remember there was a storm and the boat didn't run the next day, so that I couldn't get back, after you and Tom had left me in Stephen Holt's house."

"*Holt's house!*" He stared at her. "Was that *his* house where we left you?"

"Yes." She recalled suddenly that she alone knew that fact.

"And he was there?"

"Yes."

He seemed to be calculating.

"Do you mean to say that you were there two nights and a day with him alone?"

"There was the housekeeper—"

"Oh—!" He dismissed that argument and paused. "All this happened and you never told me."

"I did, Paul. I told you about it when you met me at San Pedro. I told you that the owner of the place had come in in the storm."

He tried to remember this but he could not, her statement of the fact had been so casual at the time.

"But Holt!—the owner of the Western Graphics! You must have known—"

"I didn't know then. I had no idea he was connected with the company. You didn't know he owned that house."

"But later you knew."

"Yes."

THERE was silence again as he tried to accommodate himself to these revelations.

"You said it began there. Did he—make love to you even then?"

The girl saw that, since they had begun, they must go through. Her previous efforts to spare Paul all knowledge had failed, and she saw that now only complete frankness would answer.

"I don't know whether you would call it that. The night before I left he said that he was going to love me, and that I was going to love him. It was just foolishness to make talk. I believed he was just—'fresh'—"

"And you didn't tell me even this!"

"No. I didn't want to. It was all so silly. I never expected to see him again, and I wasn't going to stir you up over nothing."

"And yet after you got back here—and I had gone—and you knew who he was, you still let him pay you attentions."

"Yes," she said, helplessly.

"What kind of attentions?"

Hesitatingly, because she had almost forgotten them herself, she told of the occasional parties and the still rarer motor rides.

"Oh, the parties were all right," he said, drearily, "I couldn't expect you to stay home when everybody else was having a

good time. But to go off with him alone—"

"But I didn't think anything of that, Paul. It didn't mean anything to me. Other engaged girls went about, and married women, too. I—"

"That's the whole point!" he burst out, fiercely. "I thought you were different, that you of all women wouldn't drift into that easy promiscuousness. You say it didn't mean anything to you, and you see what's happened!"

"Oh, I can't make you understand," she cried. Never from the first had she clearly understood, either. In those early days, accommodating herself to a strange environment and new work, she had not analyzed motives or influences, and now could not reveal or define them.

"No, I'm afraid you can't make me understand," he agreed, quietly. "I only know that it takes two to bring about a situation like this, and that you must have done your part. And your not writing me! It looks as if you *made a point* of concealing things."

"Oh, I didn't, Paul, I didn't. I spoke of him in my letters."

"Did you? Not so that he occurred to me a second time." Then suddenly his face tightened. "And after—after—even when *this* happened you never wrote me! Are you going to try and defend that?"

"I was going to write you," she cried, desperately, cornered and at bay. "I had sat down to do it, and then I thought what it would mean for you to get such a letter. I had given him up; I was never going to see him again. I wanted to spare you all this because I felt you would never understand. And you haven't."

She twisted her hands together. Every argument she could summon which to her proved her purity of motive and innocence of wrong-doing, only confirmed his certainty of her guilt.

"I can only understand what I hear you say," he returned, doggedly, "and everything you've said has shown me that you have not only let this thing grow, but you have hidden it from me. God!"—his voice broke with passion—"what sort of basis was that for us, who went through what we did to find each other! I thought there never could be anything between us, never, and that you were different. And this is what you are!"



Marcia made as if to speak again, but June stopped her with a motion.



"Don't say any more. You needn't be afraid. I sha'n't marry him."

"Well," he said grimly, when she made no reply, "go on. I want all of it. Certainly he wasn't with you all these times without making love to you."

"No," passively.

"And still you went on seeing him."

"Yes. But I told him over and over again I was going to marry you, and I told myself that since that was so, it wouldn't hurt me to go on seeing him. I liked him. I enjoyed being with him."

He groaned.

"Oh, are you an utter fool, June! Don't you know fire when you see it? Have you got to be burned?"

SHE had no reply to this either, and for a little there was silence. He was not looking at her and seemed to be communing with himself. At last he rose and, walking to the opposite end of the room, stared hard at a black-framed chromo of a ship driving on a lee shore under a stormy sky. When he came back he seemed to have reached some decision.

"I've heard enough, June," he said, looking down on her dark head with its crown of heavy coiled plaits. "I don't want to know how far this thing went—I'll spare you that, and myself, too. But what I want to know is, do you love this man?"

"Oh, I don't know!" Her voice was hopeless and she raised hopeless eyes. It was the old maddening, indefinite answer to the old maddening question which, because she was young and overwrought, defied analysis. "Sometimes when I've been with him I thought I did, but then when I'm alone I don't know."

"That's all I want," he said. "Whatever you feel for Holt, you don't love me. Everything you've said has proven that—"

"Oh," she burst out, raising dark eyes of pain to him. "Spare me that, Paul. I only want one thing now. I want to marry you as I always have."

A sort of laugh escaped him.

"Why do you want to make things worse than they are? Do you suppose I'd sacrifice you that way? What strangers we seem to be!"

"After all I've been through to keep my promise, you add this humiliation—"

"Great God! do you suppose I don't want to marry you? You don't think it was anything Holt said last night that made me release you, do you? It was you

—you! If you love Holt, I want you to marry him. I'm not going to stand in the way of your happiness."

"But I don't want to marry him. I want to marry you, Paul."

"Yes, but you don't love me. If you had, all this couldn't have happened."

IT was the statement of his ultimate position to which he had inevitably progressed step by step, and she sat crushed and helpless before his logic. Then with a little pitiful sound she began to weep.

"I did everything for you," she sobbed. "I—never thought of—anyone else. You don't know what I've been through—for you—you never will. . . . Always you, you! To spare you this,—save you that—"

If his heart had not been broken long since, he must have responded to the sheer pitifulness of her.

"To marry would be the surest way to make us both unhappy forever." Then, after a moment's thought, "I don't think there's anything more to say, so I'll go now." Mechanically he took his hat from the hatrack while she sat motionless, dimly conscious of the futility of pleading. "I'm going back—to New York—this afternoon," he said. "You are free, and I hope you will be happy." He looked about him vaguely. "Good-bye."

He faced her with a sort of instinctive formality, and then, turning away, left the house.

XXV

IT was some time after the door had closed behind Paul that June stirred. She had sat there motionless, facing the realization that he had gone out of her life. It brought loneliness and depression, and a momentary reaction that made her half start up as if to call him back. But instantly she sank down again and buried her face in her hands. She had no right to call him back.

What a mess she had made of things! She sat amid ruins. Holt alone had gained anything. Paul she had reduced to despair, and herself to shame. And ignorantly, for she had not realized towards what she was drifting.

She believed now with Paul that she was responsible for it all. His relentless questioning had revealed her actions as he

saw them, and this had destroyed her long persistent feeling of blamelessness. The cruelest thing was the wrong she had done him who was the most innocent of the three. And against her conduct she set what she knew to be these facts of his; that during their separation he had not changed, nor had done one thing to affect their relationship. The contrast provided the capstone for her self-loathing.

"Is it any wonder he wouldn't marry me?" she asked herself, drearily. "Is it any wonder he has gone? What else could he do? . . . And I've done this to him who was never anything but perfect to me!"

HER mind wandered over their past, especially the events in the North that had resulted in their engagement, and she saw that in all, including to-day's talk, Paul had acted alike. He had manifested the ordinary decencies of truth and loyalty and honor, and had committed the error of expecting these of her.

Then she thought of Stephen Holt, and now for the first time she saw him in proper perspective. So completely had he filled her sky that she had been blinded to his relative magnitude. Now she could judge it, and did so. The experience was brief and salutary.

She perceived that from the first he had violated every nicety of honor and fair play; that he had made love to her consistently beginning with that night on the island when, as she found later, he even then knew who she was and that she was pledged to Temple; that he had deliberately disregarded Paul and his understood exemption from rivalry, and had apparently taken double advantage from the fact that Paul was 3,000 miles away and unable to defend himself. Finally, when he began really to love her, instead of fighting the feeling, he had encouraged it.

These thoughts came slowly and each brought its shock. They evolved through many and conflicting memories; memories of delightful hours with Holt when he had been wholly charming and stimulating, of expeditions together, of vivid narratives, unexpectedly told, of his early career, of bursts of tenderness. These battled for the man she had grown so fond of.

But they could not hide the real Holt underneath, the cynical, unscrupulous and

selfish man she had always secretly feared. How fundamentally normal and yet diametrically opposed had been the actions of both men. Victory to Holt had meant crushing down; with Paul it had meant a step forward for both.

For her there could be only one result of such thoughts. It was as if Paul's coming had clarified her murky feelings and motives and showed her the truth. She saw herself as a poor, weak, despicable thing, and him as one she was not worthy ever to have loved. For the first time she understood, and rightly valued, and appraised him.

Then, with the knowledge that it was too late now, came the vision of what Paul's love had once meant to her and could still mean. And with it her own love for him awoke from its drugged sleep and returned ten-fold.

Oh, to call him back, to tell him, to humble herself, if he would only forgive her and try her once more!

BUT he was gone, and she knew he would not return. And why should he? What she must seem to him made her cringe; but no more than what she appeared to herself. She saw that, with the most precious gift of life in her hand, she had tossed it away.

The realization of all these things numbed the forces of her life and produced a mood that could vent itself alike either in some tremendous sacrifice or some gigantic recklessness. She was at the point where she did not care what became of her. Sick of living, she hated life with a malevolent indifference. And circumstances tipped the beam.

She remembered that Holt had said he was coming that night to marry her. Well, let him come. He would find her ready. He loved her, or said he did, and she could endure him, she supposed. He was a second best, but he was a refuge. At that, he was better than she. Whatever his methods had been, he had not vacillated; he had had one purpose and held it through everything.

Let him come. She could and would struggle no longer. What good would it do her—had it done her? Since he would not rest until he had conquered, then let him conquer. At least it would make an end, and that was all she wanted now.

XXVI

AT a quarter past twelve that day the director for whom Elsie Tanner happened to be working dismissed his people for lunch, a by no means regular occurrence, as that hour seemed to attract difficulties as a magnet steel. Under such circumstances the usual method was to have things sent in rather than abandon the battle.

Without changing her costume or removing her make-up, Elsie sought the stage where Elaine was working. It only needed her sister's resigned shrug to tell her that here was a typical lunch-time snarl.

"Go on without me," said the latter, "and don't wait. We'll get something here."

Elsie nodded and turning joined the stream that was draining from all the corners of the lot out through the main entrance; actors, extra people, "grips," "props," carpenters, plasterers, painters, stenographers. The actors went just as they had left their work so that the palm-lined streets of Hollywood were enlivened by a visitation to be seen nowhere else in the world. Vikings, cowboys, Zouaves, debutantes, cavemen, muzhiks, bankers, scarlet women, and as many others as the scenarios called for, strolled along together, chattering and laughing and exchanging the latest gossip, not to mention outrages upon sensitive artistic feelings.

"Can you beat that, Sadie? *Two weeks ago* he says to me, 'The part's yours.' You know the part I mean, where the burglar's sister comes to the jail and faints from hunger in front of his cell? Well, o' course I believed him, the nut, an' didn't I work! I fainted around at home till I'd nicked about everything in the house. An' then, when I show up this mornin' ready to knock 'em cold, what do I get? 'Belle,' he says, 'I'm afraid I can't let you have that bit,' he says. 'You're that good lookin'' he says, 'you'd never register starvation in ten years!' 'But you ought to see me faint,' I says. 'I got a reg'lar knockout.' 'If you was to faint' he says, 'I'd feel that bad I couldn't stand it,' he says; 'chase yerself out on the lot an' play extry.' Now can yuh beat that? What good does talent and hard work do yuh, I'd like to know!"

"That's nothin'. Listen to what Randall done to me this mornin'—"

Within a few minutes walk in any direction from the studio were a score quick-lunch places, confectionery shops, bakeries, cafeterias, and the like, and into these the queerly costumed beings with yellow faces, enlarged eyes, beaded lids, and red lips drifted in groups.

To-day Elsie passed all these by and went on to the Rose Terrace bungalow. It was the unwritten law that if any of the three girls was not working she should have prepared the lunch, and Elsie looked forward to finding everything ready.

Entering the bungalow she walked through on the way to her bedroom, but found no signs of luncheon. The door of June's room was ajar, however, and through this she caught a glimpse of June kneeling before an open steamer trunk packing it. The tray lay askew on the little center table, and numerous dresses had been thrown across the bed. Elsie pushed open the door.

"Well, what on earth are you doing? And where's lunch?"

"Oh, hello, Elsie," June said, heavily, and sat back on her heels. Then for the first time she remembered her dereliction. "I'm awfully sorry about lunch, really. I forgot. I'll get it right away." She rose to her feet.

"Never mind about the lunch. What's all this?" Elsie indicated the confusion.

"I'm going away. Stephen Holt has asked me to marry him, and I'm going to do it. I'm packing so as to be ready. He's coming at eight o'clock tonight." She made this paralyzing announcement in a perfectly flat tone.

Elsie thought she had lost her senses.

"Going—to marry—Stephen Holt!" she managed to say. "What are you talking about?" And after a moment, "And what about Paul?"

"That's all over. We've quarrelled. He left an hour ago. Said he was going back to New York. I'll never see him again."

IT took Elsie a little time to digest this. She had known of the intended morning interview and her mind leaped to the conclusion that this state of affairs was the result of it. Her shock and alarm increased.

"You must be crazy!" she cried searching the other's face. "Look here, don't you feel right? Has anything upset you?"

"Nothing's happened except that. I'm perfectly all right. Let's go out in the other room and I'll explain."

They did so, and in the living room June told the story. Her voice and manner were toneless, final. Soul and body she seemed beyond feeling or response. She did not tell Elsie everything, but she gave the main outline of what had occurred, past and present, in her relations with both Paul and Stephen Holt.

"Do you remember I warned you once about getting mixed up with Holt?" Elsie asked grimly, while at the same time she was raging within herself, "Oh, the little fool! the little fool!"

"Yes, but what's the use of raking that up now?"

"No use, and I'm not going to do it, but I want to tell you something else, and I want you to believe me this time, because I know. You mustn't marry Holt, June. It's foolish and wrong. You're in no condition to decide a question like that now; you're too close to things to judge 'em. Your whole life depends on your not going off half-cocked on impulse like this. There's only one thing to do, and that is try and forget it, get away from it for a little while. Oh, I know what you're going to say," as June flashed a miserable and resentful look at her, "but it's the only way, dearie. Come over to the studio with me and make them give you something to do. I'll stick by you—we'll go anywhere or do anything you want—"

"Oh, don't argue with me," June burst out suddenly, her nerves scraped to the raw by the prospect of a new struggle. "I've made up my mind to this and I'm going to do it. I'm going to end things, and I want to be let alone."

THE words only served to reveal June's condition and Elsie did not resent them. Rather they roused all the tenderness that underlay her normally unfeeling exterior.

"There, there, don't be angry, darling, I understand. I'm only thinking of your happiness. I've come to this thing fresh, and I can see what you can't see. If you marry Holt you'll simply ruin your life. You love Paul, don't you?"

"Yes, but that's over."

"No, no, it can't be. Just wait a little and things will come out all right."

"It is, I tell you. And I won't wait! Do you suppose Stephen Holt would give me a minute's peace? He'd keep after me and after me until I gave in or he'd drive me stark crazy!" Her voice was shrill and there was a sudden unnatural gleam in her eyes.

"Then go away somewhere," Elsie soothed.

"He'd follow me. And I can't stand any more. I can't, I tell you!" She was almost hysterical. "Let me alone, Elsie. Haven't I had enough without this? I've made up my mind and you can't change me!" Her brows were drawn down rapidly and her hands were clenched.

Elsie saw she was at the breaking point, and took warning. All her arguments, rather than weakening June's determination had only strengthened it. She dared urge no further.

"All right, dear, I won't say anything more," she said. "And now I'll make some tea, and you must eat something. You'll feel better."

SHE went into the kitchen and commenced the preparations, June following her and helping, as if to make up for her earlier remissness. The latter drank some tea, and it seemed to revive her, but she ate scarcely anything.

During the brief meal Elsie's mind was busy. It was plain that June would not listen to reason, and that nothing short of physical interference would prevent her mad step. But Elsie refused to consider any such action on her part. A fairly complete experience of life had taught her that after a certain point in the personal affairs of others, outsiders did better to mind their own business. But she felt that in the present instance she might be able to set certain forces in motion without earning the usual reward of the meddler.

The truth was that Elsie's interest in preventing the marriage was more in Paul's behalf than June's. Having, until this season, worked in the same company with him for years, and "teamed" with him in many a death-defying "stunt," she had, unknown to anyone but herself, given Paul a place apart in her rather cynical affections. In fact at one time she had been hopelessly in love with him, a condition which had finally subsided into resigned friendship the summer before in the north-

ern wilderness. This fact, coupled with her immediate liking for June, had made endurable the sight of Paul's infatuation for the latter. In the present circumstances, therefore, without analyzing the merits of the situation, she felt that Paul's cause must not be irrevocably lost now if it was humanly possible to prevent it.

When she had finished a hurried lunch she rose from the table.

"I've got to rush, darling," she said, pinning on her hat. "I wish I could stay, perhaps I could help you, but I've got to get back. But I'll come home the minute I can get away. You'll be here, won't you?"

"Yes, I'll be here."

AS soon as she had left the house Elsie acted on her hurriedly-formed plans. At a drug store on a nearby corner where there was a telephone booth she called up Briscoe's apartment, knowing that Paul had spent the night there and had intended to remain there while in Hollywood. The telephone girl could raise no one in the apartment but admitted, in answer to questions, that she had seen Mr. Briscoe's guest leave the house about an hour ago with his bag. Knowing Paul, this confirmed Elsie's worst fear that he had started for a train as he had threatened.

It had happened, during the first greetings after Paul's unexpected appearance at the bungalow the night before, that he had mentioned having come by the Santa Fe railroad. As Elsie knew that his absence from New York could only be short at best, she now logically inferred that he had taken round trip passage, and that if he had taken a train, had gone by that road.

She immediately called up the Santa Fe station and learned that the California Limited had left for Chicago at 1:10. A wall clock seen through the glass door of the booth told her that it was now 1:25, and while the man at the other end held the wire, she thought rapidly.

"What is the first stop of that train?" she asked.

"San Bernardino."

"What time does it get there?"

"Three five."

"Thank you."

Leaving the drug store she hurried to the Western Union office on Cahuenga

Street and wrote a telegram to be delivered to Temple on the train at San Bernardino.

Come back at once. Your only chance. June to be married at eight tonight. Wire me when to expect you.

THEN, conscious that she had done everything in her power for the present, she returned to the studio. On the way across the lot she met Briscoe, and less because she thought he could do anything than that she was greatly worried, she appealed to him. In a few sentences she explained the critical situation and added a brief account of what she had done.

"The brass-bound idiot has gone off hoping he'll be killed in a train wreck," she concluded irascibly, "and June's so sick and tired of everything that she's simply going to throw her life away. They're both crazy for each other, but they're simply running blindly in opposite directions. We've got to do something, Tom."

"I know it," he growled, ruefully. He remembered his promise to Paul of the night before, but events had moved so swiftly that he had scarcely had time to think, much less act.

"Well, then, for God's sake, come out of your trance, Tom, and do something."

"Yes, but what'll I do?"

"I don't know but something, and pronto! Think! I've done all I can and—Lord, there's Joe Williams looking for me! Something, Tom; anything to stop it!"

It seemed to Elsie as if that afternoon would never go. It was five o'clock before she was free, and then, without waiting to remove her make-up, she found Elaine and hurried home. On the way, knowing that concealment was impossible, she revealed the situation.

E LAINE, oblivious of the deeper considerations, became excited at once. The famous Paul and June match was off; a rival had won her away; Paul had fled heart-broken, and best of all, there was to be an elopement. Elaine could not enthuse over Elsie's efforts to avert this. She would have much preferred the elopement; it had all the trappings of "romance," not to mention the position it would assure her

in the studio as one "in the know" from the first.

But yet, how strange it was to think of June married, June whom she loved and had lived with so long. She wondered why six minutes of words read out of a book permitted you to go off and live with a man. She had read the words two or three times out of curiosity, but hadn't been able to find anything particularly wonderful about them. Perhaps you had to be up there yourself in a veil and all to see it. But when you came right down to it, the real question was whether you and the man loved, wasn't it? . . .

THEY found June with trunk and bags packed, chafing at the hours of waiting yet before her. Having decided on the step she could not take it quickly enough. Elaine kissed her, and thenceforth regarded her with awe as one about to enter the mystery one heard so much about. Elsie scoured the house for the telegram she was expecting, for plenty of time had passed for one to reach her.

Not finding it, she asked June if "anything" had come for her that afternoon, and June's honest reply in the negative convinced her. Then for the first time the fear crossed her mind that Paul was going to ignore her telegram and did not intend to come back. The thought knocked all her props from under her. The fear that he had taken some other route east had been disposed of by Briscoe who had seen Paul's return passage over the Santa Fe when he unpacked.

That Paul must have received her wire at San Bernardino Elsie felt beyond question, and now this silence could only mean one thing—that he, like June, believed the break between them irremediable, and the marriage to Holt a conclusion to the whole tangled affair.

Elsie felt that all her efforts had accomplished nothing, and she was at her wit's end to know what to do next. One last hope remained to her, that Paul's reply had in some way been delayed in transmission, and might yet come. But as time passed and no message arrived, this hope grew fainter and fainter. . . .

Under the circumstances it was decided to have supper at home, and Elaine was sent out to make purchases. Before six o'clock Elsie began to prepare the meal,

and June, a little remorsefully and talking with a sort of pathetic cheerfulness, insisted on helping her.

At half past six, they were just finishing, when the doorbell rang. As if galvanized Elsie sprang to her feet. The telegram at last! She hurried to the door and, opening it, admitted Marcia Trent.

XXVII

THAT afternoon when Elsie had left him after revealing June's mad determination to marry Holt, Tom Briscoe realized for the first time the vital need for haste if the course of events was to be changed by eight o'clock that night. Instantly, with little regard for the "efficiency expert" who managed the studio, and to whom lost minutes were as jewels dropping from a broken string, he dismissed the thought of further work that day until he had either solved this problem or abandoned it. It was one of the prerogatives of his position.

Sending word by a passing boy that his people might "rest" for an hour or so, he strode to his working office, a square box of a room at the end of one of the concrete dressing-room blocks. Here, shutting the door and hanging out a huge "Busy" sign, he sat down in his swivel chair, hoisted his putteed legs to the battered desk, and proceeded to think.

He reviewed in his mind what action Elsie had already taken, and found it good as far as it went. But he could see that it offered more than one chance for failure; he perceived that Paul might not come back even if he received her telegram, an action which would leave them all defenseless. He sought some surer method, a method that would succeed independent of Paul's return.

In the course of his musings there returned to him the conversation between himself and Elsie at the Ship Cafe the night of his party. She had hinted then of a rumored "affair" between Holt and Marcia Trent. Was there anything in it? he wondered.

Familiarity with such matters breeds toleration rather than contempt, and Briscoe had had a fairly extensive initiation during his years in the business. Though *laissez faire* was his customary attitude, he

was perfectly aware that they offered a handle to those in position to grasp it. He reasoned that if he could prove this rumor he might have in his hands an effective weapon for accomplishing his purpose. And he based his reasoning on his knowledge of June.

By ancestry, training, and early environment triply protected from the slime of the world, her attitude towards moral questions was simple. The men of the North are pure, and it was plain to him that a lover of any other type would be intolerable to her, even though her eyes might have opened to "life" somewhat during her year in "civilization." The possible effect upon her of exposing Holt made Briscoe pause, but he told himself that the cure was worth the remedy. . . .

NO other line of action suggesting itself, Briscoe worked along this one. He hunted up Marcia Trent and stating that he had an important matter to discuss with her, asked to call at her bungalow immediately after work that day. Mystified and a little suspicious, she consented.

Since their first battle for mastery in the "Woman to Woman" picture, these two had been unfriendly, so much so, in fact, that after certain incidents Briscoe had flatly refused to direct her longer, though he had come West for that purpose.

On Marcia's side, when Holt had taken Briscoe's part in their quarrel, she had sworn to revenge herself on the latter and on June, his protégée. Principally through the counsel of the silent and purposeful Tim Barr, she had concluded that the best way to accomplish this would be by working through Paul Temple's jealousy. They hoped thus to draw him West, have him learn of Holt's infatuation with June, and, as a result, marry her forthwith and take her away, thus at one stroke removing her as a rival both in Holt's affections and as a star in the Western Graphics.

This latter consideration was by far the more important to Marcia. Knowing perfectly the instability of any eminence attained as hers had been, she saw that the elevation of a rival must result in her own downfall, and as her only gain from her bargain with Holt was the gratification of ambition and vanity, the loss of these things was the most vital loss she could suffer.

To accomplish the end they had in view, the conspirators had evolved the scheme of Barr's unsuspected "shot" by a concealed camera into the fortune teller's summer house during the lawn fête—a shot taken at a moment when Holt's infatuation for June had shown itself. This plan had offered unusual attractions as Barr, in his position of head camera man, would be able unchallenged to include the picture in the other "Graphic Weekly" film of the event that was shipped East.

When, however, during the subsequent weeks no explosion occurred, and "Anywoman," starring June, was pushed to a conclusion, she felt that their plan had failed. For, versed as she was in the business and the ramified intrigues of "influence," she detected Holt's necessary consent back of Briscoe's experimental picture. More than this, during those three weeks when June and Holt had practically severed relations, she told herself that the latter had won at last, that the pursuit was over. And Paul had not come.

If Barr had not kept a tight rein on her at this time, she would have ceased the smooth tactics so foreign to her nature, and made open trouble and scandal. But so strongly did he point out the disaster of such a course, that she yielded to him once more. But now she was almost out of hand again.

WHEN Briscoe arrived at the bungalow near the foothills, he lost no time in stating his mission. The effect of his announcement of the impending marriage was more than even he had looked for. He thought for a moment that Marcia was going to faint, for in an instant she had seen that this marriage, aside from realizing her worst fears, would be a blow to her position from which she could never recover. Like everyone else, she was ignorant of Paul's arrival in Hollywood, and believed now that he had abandoned June altogether.

Briscoe, who knew Marcia's type perfectly, with its shallow desires and ambitions, was convinced then and there that in Elsie's gossip he had heard not only rumor but fact, and he determined to act accordingly.

"Well, what do you come to me for?" she cried, a little wildly, "what can I do?"

Briscoe, unimpeachably suave, as he

could be on occasion, explaining that he did not believe June was aware of the truth regarding Holt's conduct, and concluded by asking whether Marcia could not think of any way to bring that truth to June's knowledge.

"If she knows I don't think she'll marry him," he said.

It was a tense moment. Marcia instantly knew what he meant, and the natural instinct of outrage and affront, despite the truth, surged up in her. But the urgency of the case checked her outburst, and held her to the main issue. She surrendered, but with ugly eyes.

"I can tell her some things," she said in a hard voice. "When shall I go, right away?"

"Better wait till they're sure to be at home."

"But if she sticks to him?" she said in sudden fear.

"Then there's nothing else to be done. We can't stop it."

WHEN Elsie opened the door expecting to find a telegraph messenger on the veranda, and instead saw Marcia Trent, disappointment and astonishment rendered her speechless. Marcia filled the gap.

"Is June here?" she asked.

"Why, yes." Elsie was completely at a loss.

"I'd like to see her, please." Without waiting to be asked, she walked in and Elsie mechanically closed the door behind her.

"Just sit down, won't you? She's in the other room. I'll call her."

She left the room and a few seconds later June entered. She was pale, and clad in a traveling dress of blue serge. Marcia was still standing.

"Will you close that door, please?" she asked, pointing to the door leading into the dining room.

Concealing her surprise, June did so, and then returned to her guest with the formal invitation to be seated.

"No, thanks, I won't be long." She looked about the room suspiciously a moment, and then said: "Is it true that you're going to marry Mr. Holt to-night?"

June was both surprised and annoyed. From this particular source, prying into her affairs was unendurable. Still, nothing but a matter of vital importance would have brought Marcia here, so after a moment's

reflection, she decided to answer the question.

"Yes, I am. How did you know?"

"Tom Briscoe told me."

June's eyebrows raised. To her knowledge only Elsie and Elaine had been aware of her plans.

"Well, what of it?" she asked. "Is that why you came here?"

"Yes, I don't want you to marry Mr. Holt."

"Really!"

"Yes, really. I've got the first claim on him, though you may not know it. He's trying to put this over on me on the sly, but he can't get away with it now."

June looked at her steadily for a moment, and then turned away. "I don't think we need to discuss this any further," she said. "You will excuse me, please?"

"No, I won't," the other took a step after her, "not till I've said what I came to say."

Rather than continue an intolerable contention June yielded.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that he has been making love to me for over a year, just like he has to you, and to other girls, only you never guessed it. He pulled the wool over your eyes all right, though I did think all along that sprained ankle of yours on the island was phony."

STARTLED speech was wrung from June, and she whitened perceptibly.

"What do you mean? What do you know about that?"

"Everything." The other laughed harshly. "I was in the house all the time, upstairs. Steve was pretty busy dividing his time between us."

"You—you were there! Oh!"

June covered her face as if to shut something from her sight. Marcia watched her with triumphant, curling lip.

"Yes. I was taking a little lay-off between pictures and came over in his boat the day before. We went back early the morning you left. I saw them bring you there, and wondered if we could keep you from knowing."

If June had not reached a point where she was almost incapable of feeling, she could not have endured this. Her brain worked with merciful sluggishness. But even so, Marcia had no need to be any more

explicit regarding her exact relationship with Holt.

A first sickening realization of this swept over her, and then suddenly a host of things that had always puzzled her stood simple and clear: the reason for the secret ownership of the strange house on the island; Mrs. Spence's reluctance to admit her; Holt's appearance at the height of the storm and his unfeigned astonishment at finding her; his peculiar unexplained absences; his unannounced departure. Too, she understood now Marcia's venomous hint when the girls had met in the studio after her return, that her injury had been only pretence.

If Marcia's willingness to reveal this chapter in her life had not already convinced June of its truth, the ghastly union of these facts into revelation would have done so. The whole edifice stood complete. She shuddered as if she had come face to face with a hideous reptile.

Marcia made as if to speak again, but June stopped her with a motion.

"Don't say any more. You needn't be afraid. I sha'n't marry him." And without another word she turned away and left the room. She crossed the dining room like one who walks in sleep, and the sisters, at the table still, made no sound when they saw her stricken face. Then they heard the front door close behind Marcia.

IN her own room June sat down upon her bed and stared into the darkness. She tried not to see the procession of unspeakable facts that passed before her mind, but she might as well have commanded the sun to stand still. At the thought of the island she experienced a spasm of revulsion that shook her from head to foot. He had spoken to her first of love there, and he had written that he would take her there tonight! It seemed ironically fitting that that place should mark the Alpha and Omega of their intercourse.

She saw simply and lucidly the whole character of Holt's intention towards her from the first. "Love" to him had meant but one thing, and she had meant but one thing. Remembering his touch she felt rank with pollution. Her first characterization as dishonor of his actions in having taken advantage of Paul's absence dwindled to a laughable puerility in the face of what had actually moved him.

One by one she marked his carefully chosen steps: his continued attentions under cover of general friendliness after her return to the studio; then his first experimental love-making at the Country Club, and lastly his apprehension of the psychological moment the night of their embrace.

After that she detected a change in his methods due to the fact that she had put a stop to their meetings. Whether or not he had grown really to love her by this time she could not say, but his purpose had not been modified, only the method of attaining it. He had evidently become convinced that she was not to be had lawlessly, and so proceeded to give his actions the appearance of sincerity by basing them on a demand that she break her engagement. That being refused, he had, as a last resort, threatened her with the unjust punishment of Briscoe.

It was perfectly obvious now that he would never have yielded the ultimate point if Paul had not come when he did; also that not until Paul had forced him, had he ever mentioned marriage as the ultimate goal of their relationship. That Paul *had* thus forced him, showed how clearly he had feared the state of things that actually existed, though he could not prove it, and how helplessly he had been placed at a disadvantage by Holt's cleverly timed declaration which had forced him to release her.

Her injury to Paul now took on its true proportions, for she saw that her response to Holt, unsuspected as it had been, had been the response of passion and instinct only. She knew for what it was the delusion of love his embrace had wrought, and with the naked honesty of such moments admitted that had Paul not come, she would in the end have yielded to Holt. She was only humanly and femininely weak. In contrast to such influence she thought of that first hour alone with Paul which had restored her equilibrium though it had not been able to save her. . . .

SO it all stood clear in its sordid entirety, the tragic, wanton failure she had made of her life and of Paul's. During a black, timeless void she fought an almost irresistible temptation to kill herself. Then, strangely, to her aid came the terrible remembrance that Holt was due here to take

(Continued on page 148)

IT'S ALWAYS SWINGTIME IN THIS CLIME



IS this a little girl who is smiling because her mother gave her a nickel with which to buy peppermints?

Right in one sense, Hubert, and wrong in another. She is a little girl, that is true—she's just a little over 14—but she is not smiling because her mother gave her a nickel to spend in ruining her digestion.

No, no, she is smiling because she is under contract with American to play star parts for a long time, because she is making enough money to buy peppermints for all the little girls in the world, because she owns the Santa Barbara house you see just back of her and because she is still a little girl and loves to swing just as well as any other little girl her age.

It's about time she did, too, for she has been working in stage stock, vaudeville and pictures ever since she was a baby.

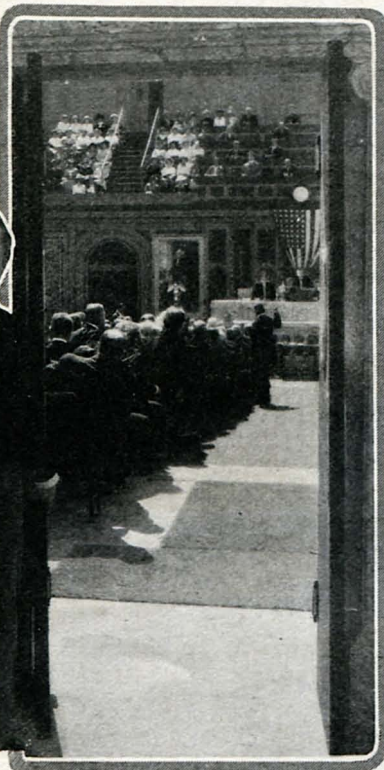
How many little girls would be awfully mad if they had Mary Miles Minter's job do you think?

You may sit down, Hubert, and have your answer ready tomorrow.

CONJURING UP CONGRESS

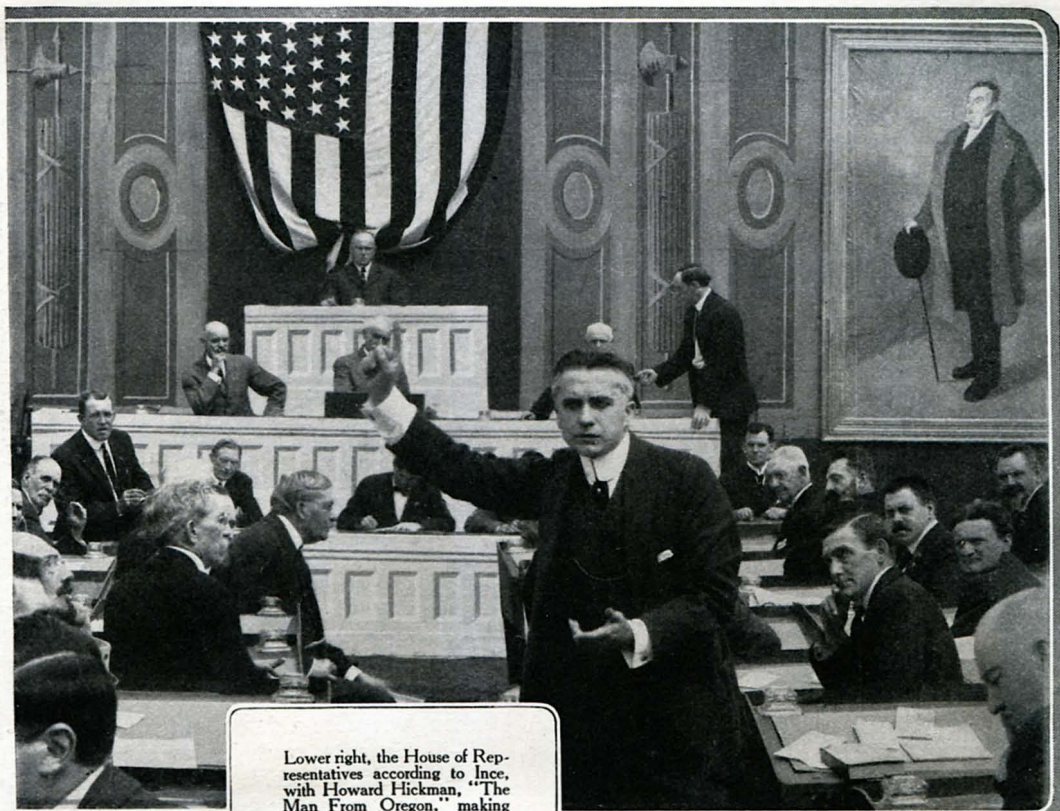
WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary to do a little Washington faking for the films, the matter is usually arranged in correct detail, regardless of expense. Here is the arena of your district's Daniel Webster according to five recent productions.

The parliament in-
to which this gen-
tleman would
usher you is not in
Washington, but
at Universal City.
It was built for
"Uncle Sam at
Work."

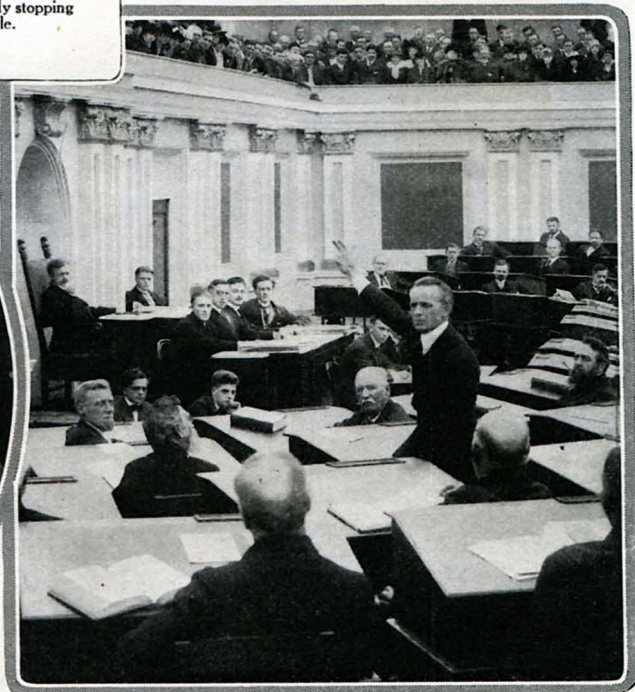
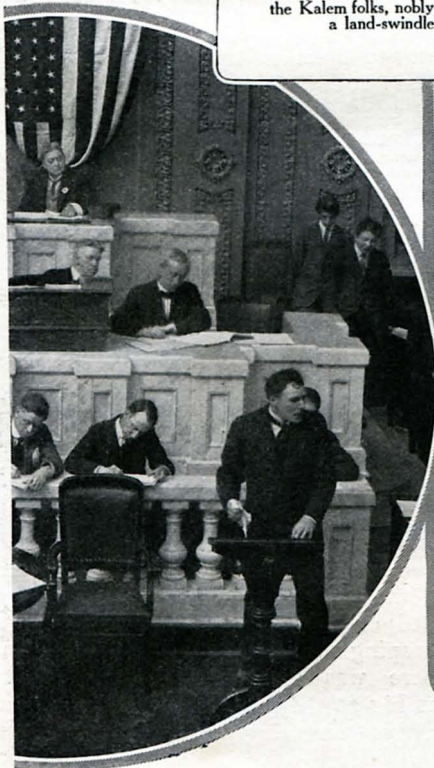


Right, lower, House
Peters telling some
"Velvet Paw" truths.
Gail Kane's affection
notwithstanding.
Lower left, Theodore
Roberts and other Con-
gressmen, in Lasky's
"The Woman."





Lower right, the House of Representatives according to Ince, with Howard Hickman, "The Man From Oregon," making the speech of his life. Above, the Kalem folks, nobly stopping a land-swindle.



HERE is a remarkable story: not of passion, mystery or intrigue, but of the profound love born of an immaculate motherhood.

The Criminal

By C. Gardner Sullivan



"PARDON!" exclaimed Naneta, backing away so hastily that she dropped a knife and a big spoon.

"Why apologize?" cheerfully responded Donald White. "The news must be as interesting to you as it is to me. And besides, I like to have you around!"

"That ees old stuff!" returned Naneta, flashing him a smile that resembled the parade of some Sultan's ivory. "Besides" — cautiously, as though it were a damaging admission — "I cannota read Inglese; I only look at da picture."

"Well, come on back and look at the pictures . . . only, come on back." In some manner, White was bound to effect a return.

"La bella signora, she . . . what does she do" pursued the willing Naneta.

"Right now," explained the paperholder, "I guess she isn't doing much of anything but the big weep. You see, your *mano nera* has kidnaped her baby—"

"The Black Hand has take *lo bambino*—!"

"A whole lot of *bambinas* and *bambinos*! They are the terrorists, the *Camorra* of Harlem. They have stolen three children since Monday."

"Oh! . . . Oh!" Naneta's eyes grew wide and blacker than ever. Her lips shut tightly together. Without any further comment she raised her tray on high and pattered noiselessly toward the kitchen. Donald White resumed a murder mystery: unillustrated, on the same page as the illustrated kidnapping wail.

But there was no mystery in *The Journal* as big as the problem of his own heart, or his unending wonder about Naneta.

"No! No!" she cried, "she cannota have heem. One time she trow heem away—now—" Naneta stopped suddenly. It came to her in a flash that she had been trapped!

Like all genuine New Yorkers, young Mr. White had come from the West. Not from the Pacific Coast, indeed, as have so many of the vertebrae of Wall street and Fifth avenue, but from the Middle West—from prosaic, unromantic, but eminently hustling Iowa.

Breaking into New York with a reporter's job on the morning edition of *The World*, genius White bethought himself an incipient Balzac, and, what time he was not tramping the streets or pounding his official typewriter in the top of the Pulitzer Building, he evolved fiction masterpieces of metropolitan life. Masterpieces though he conceded them to be, most of them returned unhonored to his trunk. Worse than the lack of publication or fame was the lack of money. He got \$18 as a *World* reporter, every week; and in cold, uncompromising coin, that was about all he ever got.

So, looking for color, he invaded Little Italy, on the lower East Side, and there, amid *table-d'hotes* innumerable, he found Carlo Lupoli's excellent restaurant. Signor Lupoli served not only good food, but clean food in a clean manner, in immaculate surroundings—something which cannot be said of all the foreign restaurateurs who have invaded all our American cities, and New York in particular. Donald White, the dawning Balzac, brought an Iowa farm appetite to Park row, and at Lupoli's he could get, for forty cents: the soup *minestrone*, *salami*, broiled chicken, a salad, many yards of spaghetti, Parmesan cheese and a very good imitation of *Chianti*. Such complete satisfaction among the white lights three miles away would have cost him half a week's salary.

More than the food, he found Naneta. Here was an Italian girl in a station as humble as any servant—a waitress in a cheap restaurant. Yet there was that about Naneta which proclaimed her present phase of life a masquerade. Obviously, she had had few advantages, yet her remarkable natural intelligence made up for

many of the mechanical lacks in education. Of a naturally sober disposition, she had flashes of humor and genuine wit which were worthy perpetuation in type. Physically, there were the same evidences of misplacement in the scale of life. Though sturdy, her body was finely built as a patrician's. Her feet were small and shapely; her wrists and ankles slender, and her face had the contours of an old master's Madonna. Her hands, despite the callousing of hard labor, were beautiful.

White spent his time imagining her the gypsy-stolen child of some Roman gentleman, for she would tell him nothing of her antecedents, and seemed filled with dread and shame whenever he questioned her.

The boy was much closer to the truth than he thought. In her veins flowed the finest blood that ever leaped red beside the Tiber, though she was not stolen as a baby. Her mother was the daughter of a fisherman of Capri. Her father, a Prince of the Quirinal. Their love was unhallowed by the church, unpermitted by law. At Naneta's birth her mother, hiding in the mountain town of San Leuzi, died, and the baby's father, overwhelmed by his memories and his conscience, had left a modest dower with Madre Maria, a poor, kind, childless woman of middle age, and had never returned.

So Naneta grew up; obviously a peasant child, yet really the daughter of a palace and the sea; she had the wild freedom of one, the unconscious breeding of the other. In her instance the good qualities of one counteracted the evil qualities of the other. From her fisher grandfolk came her utter naturalness; from her Roman ancestors the grace and authority of all that she did.

When she was eighteen, an immigration agent, seeking young men and maids for toil under virtual *padrones* in the Western Hemisphere, came to San Leuzi. It was not difficult for him to persuade the strange, shy child of a mother who was not her mother that America—the

"THE CRIMINAL"

THE film version of this story has been produced by Thomas H. Ince, with the following cast:

<i>Naneta</i>	Clara Williams
<i>Donald White</i>	William Desmond
<i>The Baby</i>	Enid Willis
<i>Carlos Lupoli</i>	Joseph J. Dowling
<i>Mother Marie</i>	Gertrude Claire
<i>Pietro</i>	Charles K. French
<i>Police Magistrate</i>	Walt Whitman



"That ees old stuff!"
returned Naneta, flash-
ing him a smile that
resembled the parade
of some sultan's ivory.

gate of freedom!—was the one earthly paradise.

If anyone, or even his own imagination, had suggested to Donald White that he was in love with Naneta, of no final name, he would have derided the notion. He liked her very much, she interested him as no American girl had ever interested him, yet he believed, honestly, that she was to him merely absorbing literary material.

But one thing touched his heart: Naneta's pathetic fondness for and kindness to little children. Like all really healthy men, married or unmarried, boys or near-patriarchs, Donald had a mystic sense of kinship with a little child. He trusted children as he trusted no one else. He liked to play with kids and kidlets; though he was afraid to touch them, he would stand minute after minute watching the blessed antics of babies in their perambulators. He despised and wholly mistrusted girls or women who had no thought for children; Naneta's tenderness to the gamins who tumbled along DeLancey, or the Bowery, or the vast approaches to Williamsburg Bridge, often put a lump in his throat that, unthinkingly, he could not account for.

It was with no surprise that he saw her eyes widen with positive terror, her brow lower and her voluptuous mouth set in a

thin line of hate as he explained the work of the cradle-snatching *Cammeristi* of 125th street.

Naneta was used to simple thoughts, followed in a straight line to a logical conclusion. So, having not much else to think of, she worried, vicariously, all the next day about the pitifully robbed mothers and wretchedly misplaced babies of Harlem—to say nothing of bestowing generous hate upon the villains.

And on the night following White's short but vivid explanation of the bad bands of upper New York she returned to her wee lodging in Mulberry street, quite late, and found—a baby by the lower step of her stair.

There was not much mystery about this baby. It was a sturdy, sweet little baby, very clean, swaddled in a long dress of fine white linen. Pinned to its tiny

plaid shawl was a note which said, in quite correct Italian:

"To my baby's finder: I loved his father very much—it is the only inheritance he has. I never loved anybody else. That I swear by Santa Lucia. How many his father loved I do not know, for he laughed and went away, and would not come back. I am going away, and I will not come back, but I am not laughing ever again. Please be kind to him for the sake of our Little Lord."

There was no signature.

It was a Holy Night for Naneta. She got milk from the restaurant, and a veteran nursing bottle from the keeper of her wee *pension*. She made the baby's bed upon a trunk, and, in the middle of the night, sent down in a great fright for the clothes-hamper, which was deeper, and had sides, so that the little *bambino* could not roll out.

At the restaurant, at sunset next evening, she waited for Donald with an eagerness which was desperate. Presently he came in and trudged toward his usual table: her table.

"See!" she whispered, mysteriously drawing the note from the bosom of her dress; "I have a baby!"

"Like old Nick you have!" exclaimed White, laughing, and ignoring the note.

"But I have!" she cried, with a little bit of fury. "Do you not see—or perhaps you cannot read Italiano—I read it for you!" So, clumsily, and haltingly, she translated. White gazed skeptically at her.

"Where is this wonder child?"

"At home—*mia casa*—the little baby's house and mine. He is my boy and I call him Donaldo!"

"Well! Well! This is an unexpected—I mean, surprise. Of course you're not going to keep—"

"I am!"

The power of the affirmative left no doubt as to the girl's intention. White endeavored to explain that the informal adoption of a baby by a girl living alone would be attended at least by some embarrassments, but Naneta would listen to nothing. It was their first quarrel. He did not, would not understand. He had failed in her finest, highest test of manhood: a sacrificing love for little children. She was disappointed; but, there was her duty by the baby who had come into her life. *Her* baby! The wronged

motherhood of her own mother, the maternal affection that that mother could never give her, rose ghostly in the heart of the daughter, and hovered over the little, distant, nameless, sleeping child like an aura of heaven's protection. Feeling that words were useless, the usually voracious

White left his dinner scarcely touched, and walked out of the restaurant.

But a still more cruel surprise awaited

She returned to her wee lodging in Mulberry street quite late and found a baby by the lower step of her stair.



Naneta along the chattering pave of "Moolbarri."

In the morning, she had proudly exhibited "her" baby to the neighbors. The neighbor women peddled the story, in their mile-a-minute Neapolitan dialect, faster than newspapers could have disseminated it. So, of course, it got to the ears of the Italian squad from police headquarters. There was already a suspicion that the kidnaping band had its headquarters, or at least its financial inception, in a black-mailer's haunt on the East Side. The news of a strange baby in the possession of an unmarried young woman on Mulberry street cinched the suspicion. Had it been *her own* would she have so shown it, unmarried, even unespoused as she was known to be? Certainly not! More likely, she would have drowned it, and perhaps herself as well. She was, patently, merely a paid keeper. The master cradle thief's hand had slipped, as all errant hands slip sooner or later. In farming out his to-be-held-for-ransom children, until the time for exorbitant redemption came, he had picked a careless gabber, a voluble boaster. Naneta, the waitress, had spilled the beans of the arch-Cammorrist!

As she walked rapidly homeward she saw her landlady standing still and very pale at the entrance to the outer hallway. Several men, in citizen's clothing, stood indifferently about her, gazing at the street, or the sky, or at opposite windows—anywhere, where they had no business to be looking. Naneta could not understand the mute, warning eyes of the speechless old woman. She tried to make them out even as she entered the little group about her door.

"Is this she?" said one of the men to the old woman.

"Si! Si! Ma—"

"Signorina," said the man, quite casually, taking a firm grip upon Naneta's arm, "you are under arrest. You know what for. We do not want you. We want the baby-stealers. Tell the great *padrone* what you know about the people who gave the baby into your care, and nothing will happen to you. Perhaps"—he leered

ingratiatingly—"you will get some money! There are big rewards offered, you know!"

With a wild little cry, Naneta broke away from her detainer, and fled up the stairs toward her own room. Her captor made no especial effort to restrain her, nor did he seem especially angry. Instead, hands in pockets, he pattered easily at her heels—waiting to see what she would do. Behind him came a brother officer, and behind them, a policeman in uniform.

It seemed to Naneta that the great moment of sacrifice had come. On the instant she had a chance to right the name and the life of the sweet little unlawful child whom she already loved so deeply.

Had not the man said: "Tell the great *padrone* what you know about the people who gave the baby into your care—"?

There was the answer! Already the mystic, cruel law had found that this little child had no father! Already the inexorable State was reaching



"Come on, now! Loosen up! Who passed you this kid, and derby-hatted detective had lost

forth its cold hand to place this child in a cold institution, there to brand it forever as illegal, unwanted, the burden of society.

But suppose this baby stolen? Suppose *she* had stolen it, and now refused, even under torture, to tell where, or how, or from whom? Then would not the baby become a romantic mystery instead of a sordid misfit? Assuredly! Donald would write great newspaper stories about him, the romancers would weave glittering tales, and even though no one claimed him, little Donald would grow up an enchanted person. And there was the even greater possibility that some wealthy woman, loser of a child, would mis-identify him as her own, or adopt him. Thus her little beloved accident would become great, and, all his life dreaming that he might be a prince,

would do great and princely things. How wonderful!

In this reverie of martyrdom Naneta took the baby from its crib-basket, and held it to her breast, rocking it slowly, crooning gently.

"Come on, now! Loosen up! Who passed you this kid, and why?" The voice was raucous. The good-natured, derby-hatted detective had lost his easy, confident smile. His face was ugly. His right hand cruelly gripped her forearm; with the fingers of his left, he angrily rolled the butt of a cigar.

"I stole heem," answered Naneta slowly, in English.

"What d'ye think o' that!" put in the policeman, speaking for the first time. "Then they *was* a skirt in the Harlem mob!"

"Sure!" said the plain-clothes pessimist. "They always is a woman in everything! Come along!"

Asked at the police station if she had any friends Naneta vacantly answered, "No," and then suddenly mentioned White.

"Get the lad down here!" exclaimed the desk sergeant. "What—no, no! Lemme handle him! The newspaper boys don't spill nothin' if you know how to frame 'em up. Make him the keeper of the big mystery—ask his help humble-like. Besides, I know this kid White; a good lad—a good lad!"

So, the desk-sergeant himself was delegated to call Donald, and Donald spent two of his precious dollars rushing up from Brooklyn Bridge in a taxi when the subway would have served him not only as well, but more quickly.

Yet the jouncing, bumping hurtle over East Side cobbles gave him time for rough reflection, and he found, to his surprise, that his regard for Naneta was really love. Her fire of danger had burned the casual props of conventionality away from the image he had enshrined in his heart. How different she was from the bold-eyed women he met in the mid-town district every noon! He saw nothing of the thronged streets through which he rode, but only the gentle, unearthly eyes of Naneta, and the invincible motherhood and eternal faith that slumbered there.

"Where is she?" he cried to his friend behind the rail, after taking the steps of the station's entrance like a hurdle.



why?" The voice was raucous. The good-natured, his easy, confident smile.

"Takin' it easy, son. We—"

"Let me see her! I must see her—now!"

"Wait a minute! Wait a minute! What'd you think you are—Judge of Special Sessions, or something?"

So Donald learned that he could not, at the moment, see Naneta, who was in truth far from unhappy in the custody of the matron; but that if he believed in her he would get a lawyer, and be present at her arraignment in Jefferson Market Night Court.

"Why, by Hector, I've got the very note that came on that kidlet!" he exclaimed, searching through all his pockets. "Here it is!" He produced a crumpled piece of writing.

"Don't make no never mind," soothed the sergeant. "Don't show it to me; show it to his nibs on Sixth Avenue tonight. Mebbe it'll do her some good; mebbe she done it herself, and'll get in worse for framin' it."

Donald, by virtue of his reporter's badge and the sergeant's friendship, was allowed to convey Naneta and a detective across town in a taxicab.

His newspaper position helped him, too, to have Naneta closeted away from public gaze while he sought the kindly, grizzled judge in chambers.

He told the whole story as he knew it.

"I'm afraid you've been taken in," said the magistrate, after ten minutes of silent listening. "Sincerely now, my boy: did you believe this note?"

"Why—that is, I . . ." He was silent.

"I felt the same way about it," said the magistrate. "I felt that she wrote it herself."

"Wait a minute!" protested Donald, all protective excitement. "You still don't

understand what I'm driving at. She's a queer case in her love for little children. Now, I believe the note was on the level. Then, I didn't. When she first showed it to me I thought her frantic love for a kidlet had led her to adopt a baby with all the deliberation in the world—whereupon, to make it seem forced upon her, and unavoidable, and all that sort of thing, she'd framed the foundling note. What do you think she'd say now if you asked her whether she did, or did not write the note?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," admitted the justice.

"She'd say she did!" shouted Donald. "That's just what she wants you to ask her, and just what she wants to have the chance to say. I'm onto her, for the first time. She thinks she's protecting the kid by saying she stole it. She's willing to go up the river for any stretch if

she can leave everybody with the firm notion that this babe is some small burgled aristocrat. Get me—er, that is—I beg your pardon!—do I make myself clear?"

"Partially." The magistrate laughed a little. "If you're right, this young woman is a bit of a heroine, isn't she—sort of a maternal Joan of Arc? You mean that she's got

a mother's pity for a nameless baby not her own, and that she's willing to sacrifice herself to cloud up its sinful birth in a mystery that will never be cleared?"

"You got me—that is, what I meant to say, was—"

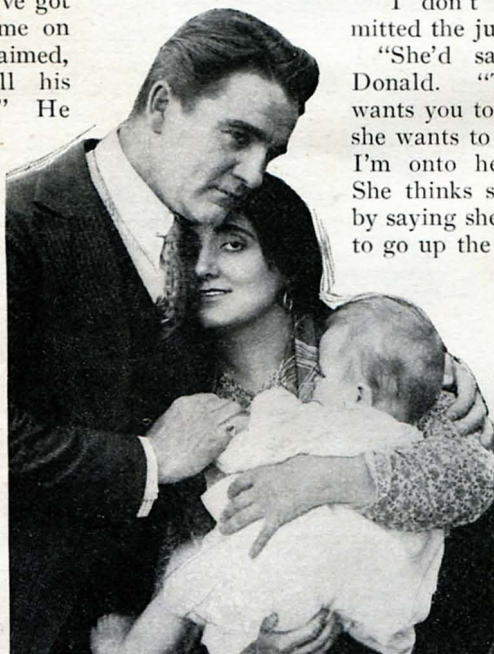
"I got you," laughed the judge. Then he blew his nose with suspicious loudness.

"But how'll we find out for sure?" exclaimed the boy, in petulant despair. There was a full minute's silence.

"Bring her in," said the magistrate, with sudden decision, "and just follow my cues."

"I'll be stepping on your heels, sir," said Donald.

(Continued on page 166)



"You can either marry me, or go to jail for life!" he said. "That's the law over here."

Crisp is Right

SNAPPY NAME FITS
"RAMONA'S" PRODUCER

By Wm. M. Henry

SOMEbody certainly had a hunch when that name was picked out for Donald Crisp. If ever there was a man of whom it might be said, "All that the name implies," Donald Crisp is



Crisp and his cameraman and a "Ramona" scene. Below, going over the blueprints.

certainly that man.

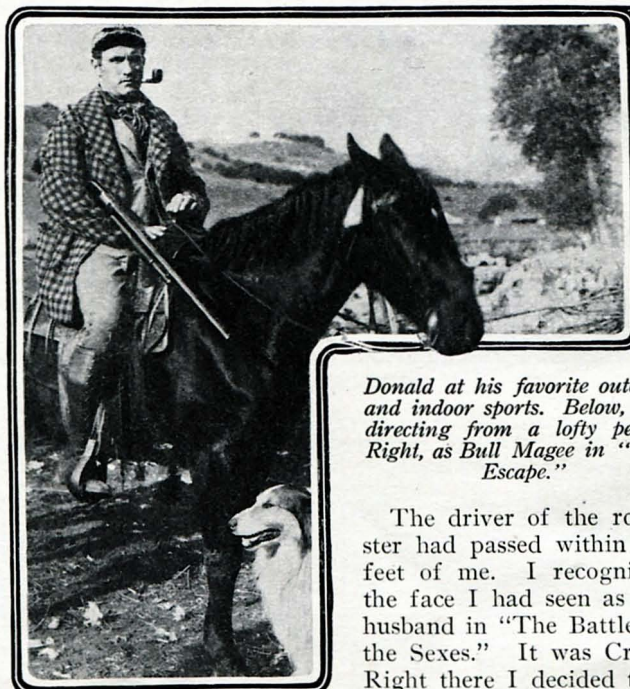
I remember one morning two or three years ago that I was waiting for a street car on a corner in Los Angeles. I noticed a Cadillac roadster with a rather heavy-set figure at the wheel coming tearing along the pavement towards Hollywood. It was making a good forty.

Coming in at right angles and hidden by a big house on the corner was a big touring car headed towards town. It also was going forty. Neither driver could see the other and they were going to meet right within twenty feet of me in an almost certain collision.

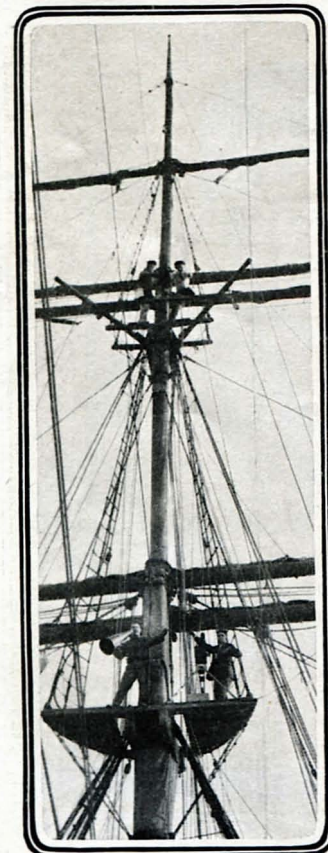
They weren't thirty feet apart when each saw the other. The roadster had the right of way but that doesn't mean anything when you're going to be hit. The driver of the touring car jammed on his brakes with a screeching howl as the tires skidded. But he didn't turn his wheel.

The driver of the roadster, without shutting off his power gave a terrific twist of the wheel, turning his car towards town. He gauged his speed and turning radius exactly, scraping the gutter in front of me, continuing his loop across the street, around the startled driver of the touring car and going right on down towards Hollywood without the loss of ten seconds.





Donald at his favorite outdoor and indoor sports. Below, left, directing from a lofty perch. Right, as Bull Magee in "The Escape."



The driver of the roadster had passed within six feet of me. I recognized the face I had seen as the husband in "The Battle of the Sexes." It was Crisp. Right there I decided that a man who could so neatly control his machine, tell what the other man was going to do, and map out the correct course of action and carry it out without even so much as looking anxious, certainly deserved the name Crisp.

Donald Crisp's movie upbringing took place in that cradle of celluloid celebrities, the old Biograph studio in New York. Previously he had, of necessity, been born, London, England, being the chosen spot. He had been drilled as full of holes as a two reel negative in the South African war and had worked with the George M. Cohan interests as actor and stage manager.

Starting in as an extra with Mack Sennett, the late Arthur Johnson, Henry Walthall, Charles West and a lot of others of equal fame, Crisp's ability to act together with some 22-carat brains soon made him



a director. When Griffith joined the Reliance, Crisp went with him and, except for a short Lasky engagement, he remained with them until he started "Ramona."

Crisp's build goes well with his name and his other characteristics. His is a short, Napoleonic cast of figure. Dark, with determined jaw and high forehead, he has the massive shoulders to go with his jaw, as those who saw his characterization of *Bull Magee* in "The Escape" will recall.

With Crisp's pre-conceived notions of how each part should be played he wants no "stars" with up-stage ideas in their heads. He picks out somebody who fits the part and then makes them play it. There is less "acting" and more realism in Crisp's pictures.

There is no shouting, cussing or cajoling when Crisp directs. In a quiet, clear manner he tells what he wants. His language is as clear as his ideas.

As some men are known by the company they keep Crisp is known by the guns he keeps and he has a regular armory of them. He is a crack shot and all his vacations, and they are few, are spent shooting coyotes and other wild things hard to hit.

Crisp is a prodigious worker. He shows up at the studio before seven every morning and stays up until ten at night making out his schedule for the next day. When he was putting on "Ramona" he worked 18 hours a day and slept at the studio. He recently joined the Morosco forces and is now directing George Beban.

"Now, in this Situation, You Will—"



andsoforth, says Captain Leslie Peacocke, instructing the evidently-interested Liane Carrera, daughter of Anna Held. Captain Peacocke is now author and director of comedies at Universal City, and Mlle. Carrera is one of his leading women.

Maurice Comes Back;

ONCE POPULAR STARS RETURN
TO FILM FOLD TO REGAIN FAME

TIME was when many a woman would sell her gas range for one lock of Maurice Costello's hair, yea, barter the good old melodeon for his picture—and right in the height of this period Maurice departed from the cinema world leaving Bushman and the princely Kerrigan to lock curls in terrible combat to determine which was the handsomest in the world of films.

Now he is back again in the Consolidated Film Company's first production, "The Crimson Stain Mystery," a 16 episode photo serial, and he's as handsome as ever.

With him returns another prodigal, Ethel Grandin, who sometime back went out of the film fold while thousands of our best people stood by emitting loud cries of "Eheu!" which you will find upon turning to your favorite Latin novelist means, "Alas, why did she do it?"

For the first time in their careers they play together in "opposite" parts, and what the effect of two such idols in one picture will be upon the hearts of film fiends cannot be reckoned in cold numbers or palid phrase.

For in the days of his Vitagraph triumph,

*A scene from the
"Crimson Stain
Mystery."*



So Does Ethel

By James Bell

which covered 7 years, Costello was one of the real favorites of the reel world, and the diminutive Grandin, who is not so old as he, had almost as large a following when Tom Ince cast her in the old Bison 101 plays.

Miss Grandin was born in New York, so it goes without saying that all her relatives were actors. Thus it isn't a bit surprising that when she wasn't anywhere nearly so big as she is now (which is about 5 feet) she appeared with Joe Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." After Rip woke up and the show closed, Chauncey Olcott's company claimed her.

Here she met Mary Pickford. Even then Mary was an observing child with an eye to the movies which in those paleozoic times were trying to the optics, and after a heart to heart talk in their dressing room they decided—both of them—to try the screen.

Since then Miss Grandin has tried no other. And from an

Ethel at the age of two passed her first camera test.



army of admiring fans comes the echo: "We hope she never will." That's how it stands.

In the scene to the far lower left she is shown in the time tried arms of Maurice during the solution of the mystery of the crimson stain—whatever that is.

And if this be work let there be more mystery, doctor—let there be more mystery!

The Lady of Lions



Photos by Carpenter

Reconsiders

By
Bess Burgess

ANY young woman who will sit down in a bathing suit and try to convince a large and vicious looking lion that he is wrong, as Kathlyn Williams is doing in the picture just over the way, must be a woman of courage and poise.

And Kathlyn Williams is. When she left Butte, Mont., to conquer the great world she never dreamed that she'd have to go through life pursued by a couple of hundred leopards, a score or more Bengals, half a dozen Nubian maneaters and land knows how many wildcats.

But such is fate; when Selig cago to Los Angeles the director took her out into

the menagerie and introduced her all around.

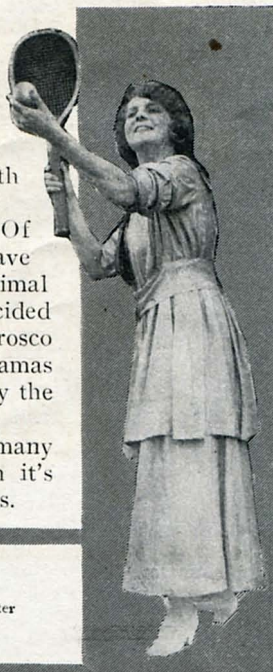
"This is Hobart, the maneater," he told her.

"He is more than fond of blondes. You will work with him tomorrow. And here is Jasper with eight men to his credit. You are to appear with him Tuesday."

And Kathlyn did. Frightened? Of course she was! But Butte girls have nerve. For years she played in animal dramas and then she suddenly decided to flee the lions and joined Morosco forces just recently to star in dramas in which the only lyin' is done by the villains.

For a girl that has had as many escapes from the jaws of death it's surprising how cheerful she looks.

Photos by Carpenter





Collaring an Inter

YES, collars are a necessary evil," said Frank Hayes to the demon reporter. "I started wearing them shortly after I was born in 1871."

"Your stage career?" demanded the reporter poised with his gold pencil.

"There—the durn thing's started!" was the answer "O yes—vaudeville, stock. . . ."

If you know a good story about the movies send it in. One dollar will be paid for each one accepted.

Seen and Heard

Annette's Only Rival

A NUMBER of darkies were gazing at a poster advertising an Annette Kellerman film and one of them read the announcement aloud. "The most beautifully former woman alive, Sept. 1," he read. "Cept one," he reflected. "Now I wonder who dat 'ception is."

*Stuart L. Hudson,
Bondi, New South Wales.*

It Was Time He Moved

A VERY small child was howling lustily in front of a testy old gentleman, who, when he had finally reached the end of human endurance, leaned forward and said: "Madam, has your child been christened?"

"Wh—why, no," stammered the puzzled young mother.

"Then I would suggest that you christen it Good Idea."

"Good Idea—why that?" asked the young mother, still puzzled, but flattered.

"Because it should be carried out!" the old gentleman exploded, as he moved to the other side of the house.

M. C. Bache, Helena, Mont.

Getting a Name for Herself

ON the screen the ambitious young man was striving hard for a great name that would stand for wealth and power.

"Huh," grunted a man in the audience. "It's a man's ambition to make a name for himself, and a girl's ambition to see that she gets that name."

B. L. Millman, Louisville, Ky.

What Can You Do With the Kid?

THE screen showed a young man lavishing money on a beautiful young woman. An old man who had had to make his own way in the world, and who seemed much disgusted with the play, turned to his young son, a boy of four, and snapped: "When I was his age I was striking out for myself!"

The boy was precocious. "Daddy," he said, "did you land?"

M. Bryant, Sulphur Springs, Ia.

Eddie Knew

WHEN Edward accompanied his mother to the movies and witnessed Robert Mantell in one of his most dramatic features, his recent thanksgiving feast on King Turkey was still fresh in mind. The photoplay was drawing to a close and a most thrilling climax showed Mr. Mantell dragging his "reel" wife into a room containing a chest which, on being opened, disclosed the skeleton remains of the wife's supposed lover.

The tenseness of the scene was broken when Edward, on viewing the skeleton, piped up: "Oh, muvver, look! It is a man all eaten off!"

I. G. N., Brooklyn, N. Y.

A Pretty Good Guess

IN "The Isle of Regeneration," Edith Storey ties a rope around her fellow castaway's neck to prevent him from following her when she goes to take her morning dip. A lady just in back of me remarked, "She would better hurry; he won't stand hitched very long."

E. E. Chesebro, St. Joseph, Mo.



view with Hayes

"Sweet Mamma! Can you beat this! As I was saying stock, musical comedy."

Mr. Hayes raised his eyes devoutly.

"Allah give me strength!" he murmured—"the road, and finally Keystone."

There was a loud pop and a low sigh. The collar was at last on one of the skinniest necks in the business.



at the Movies

Two Fives for Five

THEY were about five years old and they had sneaked away from home to attend a movie show. The boy crept up to the ticket window, laid down five pennies and said, "One, please."

"What about the little girl? Arent't you going to take her in with you?"

"Sure, but we only needs one, 'cause we's twins." Kathryn S. Darnell, Camden, N. J.

Rather Discouraging

A SMALL boy, during the showing of the burial of the crew of a Zeppelin brought down in one of the recent air raids on England, was heard to remark: "Mamma, will all those men go to heaven?"

The mother, not being an Englishwoman, answered, "Yes."

That evening the mother asked the boy if he had said his prayers and he answered, "Aw, what's the use? God will be so busy unpacking those Germans that he wouldn't pay any attention to me."

Roderick Malcolm, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Less Than Dust. Anyhow

FOR almost an hour the old couple had sat, viewing with intense interest the fortunes of "Little Mary" as she flitted across the screen in her "very latest."

Suddenly the old man nudged his companion. "Hannah, Hannah, what's the name of this 'ere piece?"

His wife considered for a moment and then, to the vast amusement of those nearest,

Do not enclose stamp for return of your contribution. None will be returned. Address it "Seen and Heard Department."

replied: "I dunno eggsactly, pa, but seems to me 'twas 'Cheaper than Dirt!'"

Mrs. H. G. Woodward, Seattle, Wash.

Beat Him To It

"I MEANT to tell you of that broken seat," apologized the usher to a fat, red-faced man who had sat on a broken seat and then on the floor.

"No matter," exclaimed the fat man, rising and brushing his clothes, "I've found it."

Mary Dick, Waukesha, Wis.

Always the Same!

HAM and Bud were disporting themselves through various catastrophes, much to the delight of the small boys in the audience. The old lady in front smiled genially.

"Yes," she said to her companion, "Charlie Chaplin's always the same, but somehow he always makes them laugh."

Jeannette P. Beard, Indianapolis, Ind.

The Retort Courteous

THEY were showing a beautifully colored film of various birds, their nests and young. The unintellectual man was bored to extinction. However, a picture of the aigrette finally aroused in him a slight show of interest.

"I have heard of the aigrette," said the unintellectual man, "but that is not my idea of one."

"Perhaps not," said his intellectual friend, "but it is God's idea."

M. C. Bache, Helena, Mont.

MOVING PICTURE

FOURTEEN PRIZES

NUMBER TWO

THE PRIZES

1st PRIZE	\$10.00
2nd PRIZE	\$ 5.00
3rd PRIZE	\$ 3.00
4th PRIZE	\$ 2.00
TEN PRIZES, each	\$ 1.00

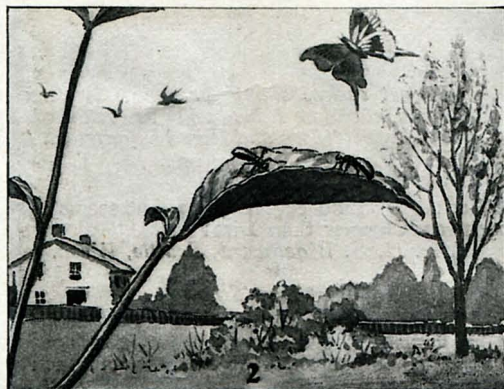
These awards (all in cash, without any string to them) are for the correct, or nearest correct, answers to the six pictures here shown. The answers may readily be found in the condensed scenario printed below. While this is one of the cleverest puzzle arrangements ever devised, it is really quite simple to solve.

As you read through the scenario, the answers will bob up at you, one after another. Just follow the directions on the opposite page. Be sure to write your answers and name and address distinctly.

This novel contest is a special feature department of Photoplay Magazine for the interest and benefit of its readers, at absolutely no cost to them—the Photoplay Magazine way.

The awards are all for this month's contest.

All answers to this set (number two) must be mailed before January first.



"Turning Over a New Leaf"—A Comedy in One Reel

SYNOPSIS—"Six months old and not a sign of a tooth" convinces John and Mabel Rogers that there is something seriously wrong with their infant son. They have this day exhaustively debated the matter and become deeply concerned thereat. On the following morning, after another minute inspection, they decide that he is about to cut one.

On his way to and at the office John inquires of everyone—"When did you cut your first tooth?"

Mabel goes shopping, leaving babe with trained nurse engaged for the expected emergency. Mabel buys medical book. Looks up symptoms; reads—"In extreme cases, high temperature and sometimes convulsions." Telephones home. Nurse says—"Babe is alright, only slightly restless." Mabel is alarmed. John is in conference with two important customers when Mabel 'phones him to hurry home immediately; which he does.

Much agitated, they call up their doctor, who laughs and assures them that the nurse is competent to handle the situation. They fuss with child so much that it becomes peevish and they get more upset.

The babe's grandfathers come to see him, bringing him a

football, and are highly amused at the agitation of parents who insist that all sit up that night. At midnight parents leave nurse to watch sleeping babe while they consult with grandparents. Hearing babe make a noise, they rush in and find nurse asleep. Mother grabs up babe while father upbraids nurse. Babe cries and father frantically 'phones doctor to come at once.

Doctor comes, examines baby's mouth, and ridicules their false alarm, as baby won't begin cutting teeth for two months.

CAST

Baby Rogers		6 months old
John	}	his parents
Mabel	}	his parents
M. M. Rogers	}	his grandfathers
R. S. Aldis	}	his grandfathers
May Dey		a trained nurse

(ALL THE ANSWERS WILL BE FOUND

SCENARIO PUZZLE

ALL IN CASH

BY PERCY REEVES

DIRECTIONS

A word or very short sentence to be found in the printed matter below is represented in these pictures.

Look at each picture and see what describes it and then read every word of the scenario—and you'll find all the answers.

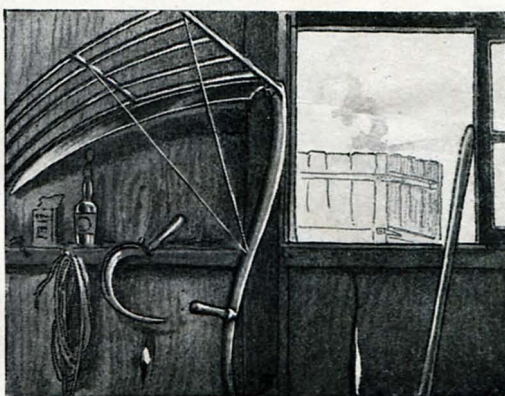
For your convenience and avoidance of mistakes we have left space under each picture on which you can write your answers. Remember to write your full name and address on the margin at the bottom of both pages. Cut out these pages and mail in, or you may send in your answers on a separate sheet of paper, but be sure they are numbered to correspond with the number of each picture.

Address to Puzzle Editor, Photoplay Magazine, 350 North Clark Street, Chicago.

We have eliminated from this contest all red tape and expense to you, so please do not ask us questions.

Only one set of answers allowed each contestant.

Awards for answers to this set will be published in Photoplay Magazine.



SCENES—1. Father and mother seated beside cradle. 2. Close up of same, baby cooing, parents debating. 3. Suburban station, John accosts acquaintances with— Cut. 4. "When did you cut your first tooth?" 5. One elderly man replies. Cut. 6. "I don't know, but I got my last ones from Dr. Grant." 7. Mabel leaves nurse in charge and goes shopping. 8. John arrives at office, repeating tooth inquiry to everyone. 9. Mabel in store buys book. 10. Close up cover "Mothers' Ready Remedies," turn to inside page, "and in extreme cases the child may have a high temperature and sometimes even convulsions." 11. Mabel rushes to 'phone. 12. John in conference with two prosperous looking customers, answers 'phone. 13. Close up. Mabel at 'phone, fade to 14. "Babe is getting a tooth, we must hurry home, he may have convulsions, hurry." 15. John grabs hat and scoots, forgetting customers. 16. Much agitation in nursery. 17. That evening babe's

grandfathers arrive, have football in parcel, father leaves them in library. 18. Mother decides, fade. 19. "We must all sit up tonight." 20. Grandfathers play checkers till overcome by sleep. 21. Midnight, calendar shows Dec. 31st, babe asleep, parents call nurse, who appears in dressing gown, parents exit. 22. Parents awaken grandparents for extended consultation, parents hear babe, rush to nursery. 23. Nursery, nurse asleep, baby stirring, mother snatches up babe; it cries. Father shaking nurse, upbraids her vociferously, then rushes off— Cut. 24. To 'phone. Cut. 25. Doctor, in pajamas, answers his 'phone. 26. Agitated nursery, doctor arrives, examines babe, questions nurse, who throws up her hands. Doctor admonishes parents. 27. Sub-title: "You foolish false-alarmists, his first tooth won't come for two months yet. Turn over a new leaf and quit worrying. Wish you a Happy New Year, good night."

"PHOTOPLAY DAY" AS IT LOOKS ON THE LASKY LOT

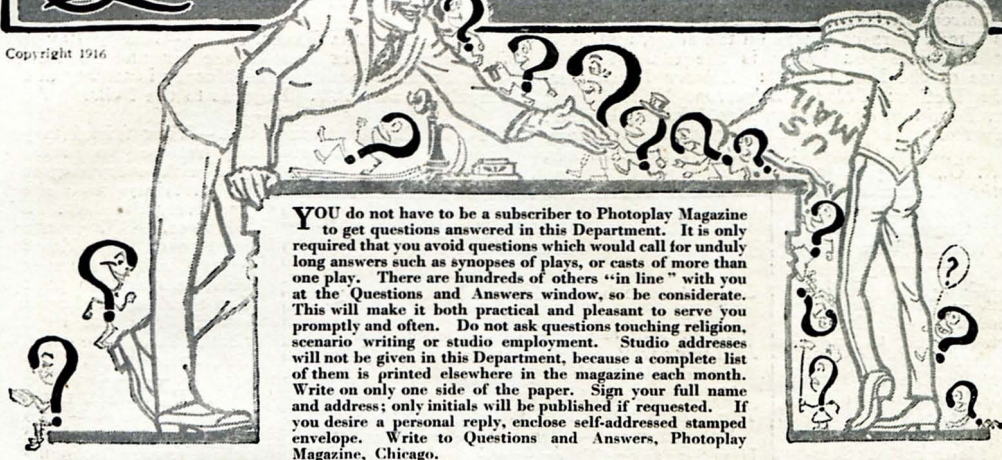


IT is October first, and the world's front magazine has arrived at the vortex of Hollywood's artistic activities. In the upper sector, left to right: George Melford, Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgely. Below, Hobart Bosworth and Raymond Hatton, costumed respectively as Bill Sikes and "The Artful Dodger," in a forthcoming "Oliver Twist." Only Mr. Bosworth's dog shows the bad taste of disinterest.



QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

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YOU do not have to be a subscriber to Photoplay Magazine to get questions answered in this Department. It is only required that you avoid questions which would call for unduly long answers such as synopses of plays, or casts of more than one play. There are hundreds of others "in line" with you at the Questions and Answers window, so be considerate. This will make it both practical and pleasant to serve you promptly and often. Do not ask questions touching religion, scenario writing or studio employment. Studio addresses will not be given in this Department, because a complete list of them is printed elsewhere in the magazine each month. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested. If you desire a personal reply, enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Write to Questions and Answers, Photoplay Magazine, Chicago.

MOLLY, CONCORDIA, KAN.—The eyes of Francis X. are cerulean and if his hair is "slightly silvered at the temples" it is a quite recent development. No, Molly, Harold Lockwood is not a "nom-de-prune" but the regular sure-enough name of the gentleman who wears it. Your words of praise tickled me so much that I spoke kindly to the stenographer, which almost proved fatal to her.

E. S., BALTIMORE, MD.—Really, there's no sense in going crazy. Far be it from us to encroach on Beatrice Fairfax's domain, but don't you think you'd be happier if you made up your mind to be satisfied with your lot? Now smile. That's better. No, Mary Fuller is not married, and Ella Hall is still a Universal star.

VERA, PETERSBURG, VA.—Pearl White is about 28; Creighton Hale is with the Frank Powell Productions and Mary Pickford's newest photoplay will be found in this issue in the form of a short story.

MARIE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—It's a mighty good thing you "ran out of questions" when you did, because if they had been like most of those you asked, it would have been wasted effort. The public is entitled to certain information about the players, but they are entitled to a slight degree of privacy in their personal affairs. Whad-daye think? Paul Willis was the boy in "The Fall of a Nation." Bertha Kalish and Nance O'Neil are still playing, and Betty Nansen is in Denmark. Sure, Wally Reid will send you a photograph. He always does.

MISS I. M., ANDOVER, MASS.—Kathlyn Williams, Charles Clary and Wheeler Oakman took the leading parts in "The Rosary." In "Saved From the Harem" Violet MacMillan and L. C. Shumway did the leads and Myrtle Gonzalez and William Duncan starred in "The Chalice of Courage."

ROSA, GERMANTOWN, PA.—You have your dates mixed. Philadelphia is three hours "earlier" than Universal City. We had an interview with Francis Ford and Grace Cunard just a few months ago. Want a copy? Cheer up! We had a letter from a famous film star the other day that contained more mistakes than the one you wrote.

D. C., CARLISLE, KY.—It's a cinch that Arthur Maude would be infinitely pleased to learn of your adoration, although he has temporarily forsaken the screen to write scenarios. He was born in England in 1881, began life as a bank clerk, served in the Boer war and then became an actor. He is a cousin of Cyril Maude. We just can't conceive of anyone from Kentucky extending ice cream soda hospitality, but if you insist, it's a bet.

GEORGE, SANTA PAULA, CAL.—Don't know why Henry Walthall wears it so long; maybe he made a bet on the McKinley-Bryan election.

BERNADETTE, SAVANNAH, GA.—It was Page Peters and not House who was drowned in the Pacific several months ago. Fortunately we are not responsible for the answers in other publications. Yes, Theda will answer your letter.

L. B., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Marshall Neilan was the man who played opposite Miss Clark in "Mice and Men." The "other woman" was Helen Dahl. Paul Verdayne was played by Barclay Parker, and Opal by Jeanne Iyer in "One Day," and Gertrude Kellar did the housekeeper in "The Immigrant." Pauline Bush is out of pictures and has been for some little time.

ENTHUSIASTIC, OAKLAND, CAL.—You have raised a new issue, so to speak. However, we will venture offhand to state that no tricks were resorted to by Miss Martin to save her soles when she barefooted about in "The Stronger Love."

IT is the aim of this department to answer the same question but once in an issue. If your initials do not appear look for the answer to your questions under the name of another.

For studio addresses consult the studio directory in the advertising section.

A strict compliance with the rules printed at the top of this page will be insisted upon.

J. F. M., HANNIBAL, Mo.—Glad you like us. Now on to the answers: The district attorney in "The Half Million Bribe" was Carl Brickert and the heiress in "The Unafraid" was Rita Jolivet. Yes Theda Bara once was on the stage, and here, just to make you happy is the cast of "The House of the Lost Court": *Elinore Vane*, Gertrude McCoy; *Dolores Edgerton*, Viola Dana; *Mrs. Edgerton*, her mother, Mrs. Wallace Erskin; *Lady Rosamund*, Helen Strickland; *Sir Anthony Elliott*, Robert Connors; *Honorable Capt. Elliott*, D. S. O., his younger brother, Duncan McRae; *Nina Desmond*, Sally Crute; *The Butler*, William West.

MRS. J. D., BISBEE, ARIZ.—"The Wolf Woman" was released Sept. 17, 1916. C. Gardner Sullivan is scenario editor for Ince. Your idol, Broncho Billy Anderson, directed Kitty Gordon in "Vera the Medium," a Selznick production.

FLORENCE, CHILTON, WIS.—Here is "The Royal Family" for you, Florence: *Angela*, Ann Murdock; *Countess Carini*, Lily Barclay; *Dowager Queen*, Mrs. Mathilda Brundage; *Crown Prince Kurland*, Montagu Love; *Cardinal Casano*, Fuller Mellish; *King of Arcacia*, W. J. Draper; *Duke of Barascon*, Edwin Mordant; *Crown Prince of Arcacia*, Niles Welch; *Crown Prince of Arcacia* (at the age of 4) Albert Lewis; *Innkeeper*, J. D. Cowles; *Kurland officer*, Charles Prince; *Baron Holdensen*, W. Nigh.

MAMIE M., ORANGE, TEX.—There's no doubt about it, Dimples, you do resemble Miss Fair somewhat. Is that Fair enough? You might write and tell her about it. She is now in New York.

REINE R., HOSMER HALL.—Reine, if there is one thing that we like it is fudge. In fact, we'll walk miles to get it. Where Hosmer Hall is, lies not in our ken, but if it's within 10,000 miles we'll skip over there some night when you have a fudge orgy. Yes, H. B. Warner played a season on the stage in "Under Cover." Too bad all the stars are married, but Reine if you look as interesting as you write, who knows but what you might win one of 'em anyway? Now get to work on your Latin verbs.

BETTY, NEW JERSEY.—If you are going to propose to Bill Hart, you'd better hurry as leap year will soon be over, and then it will be four years more before he'll get another chance. Yes, he's terrible modest. Wm. Farnum is with Fox and

Warren Kerrigan is going in for himself. Never mind the personal compliments; old stuff. But you guessed right though.

D. M., NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.—Charley Ray is 25 years old, six feet in the air and married. Tom Forman is not. Mae Murray is twenty and Hayakawa about 27. Regards to the Falls.

M. L. C., MONTECITO, CAL.—Your friend may know Miss Clark personally but we can assure you with every degree of certainty that she positively is not a widower. Why, she isn't even a widow! Miss Clark has never been married, so your friend must be in error. You are right about Miss Young. She's wonderful.

A. P., LAUREL SPRINGS, N. J.—Miss LaBadie should have felt greatly complimented at the honor you show her in naming the boat after her, but if you told her that you did it only because you took a fancy to her name, it's no wonder she didn't answer your letter. Never tell a lady the truth, Alden, if prevarication would be more resultful.

H. S., '18, IOWA CITY, IA.—Yes, Theda Bara is going back to vampire parts after Juliet, we're told. Sort of re-vamping. John Bowers played opposite Louise Huff in "The Reward of Patience" and with Mary Pickford in "Hulda." Harold Lockwood, May Allison, care Metro-Yorke; The Misses Gish, Fine Arts, all in Los Angeles; Mary Pickford, Artcraft, New York; Hazel Dawn, Amityville, L. I.; Marshall Neilan, Lasky, Hollywood. Being almost human, we about us as well as the

QUESTION?

Sir, not once before have I knocked at your door

To present any kind of a query;
And your wail, I'll confess, caused me deepest distress

Your path must be trying—O very!
The life that you lead is a sad one indeed
But cheer up!—there's good news in store
If you answer this one with the truth (not in fun)

I swear I won't bother you more.

It passes belief and it causes me grief

When a quiz such as this they convey:

"Is the girl on the screen the hero's real queen
Or was she just that in the play?"

Now answer this please and I'll no longer tease

Or add to your life which is harried
Now why in the name of all sorrow and shame
ARE ALL THE NICE MOVIE STARS MARRIED?

Mamie Swarts, Daytona Beach, Fla.

ANSWER!

O Mamie hold still, if I can, then I will

Answer what you have asked with delight.
They're married, fair dame who answers to
Mame

Because they ARE nice, and it's right.
Then again it is said that the nice ones are
wed

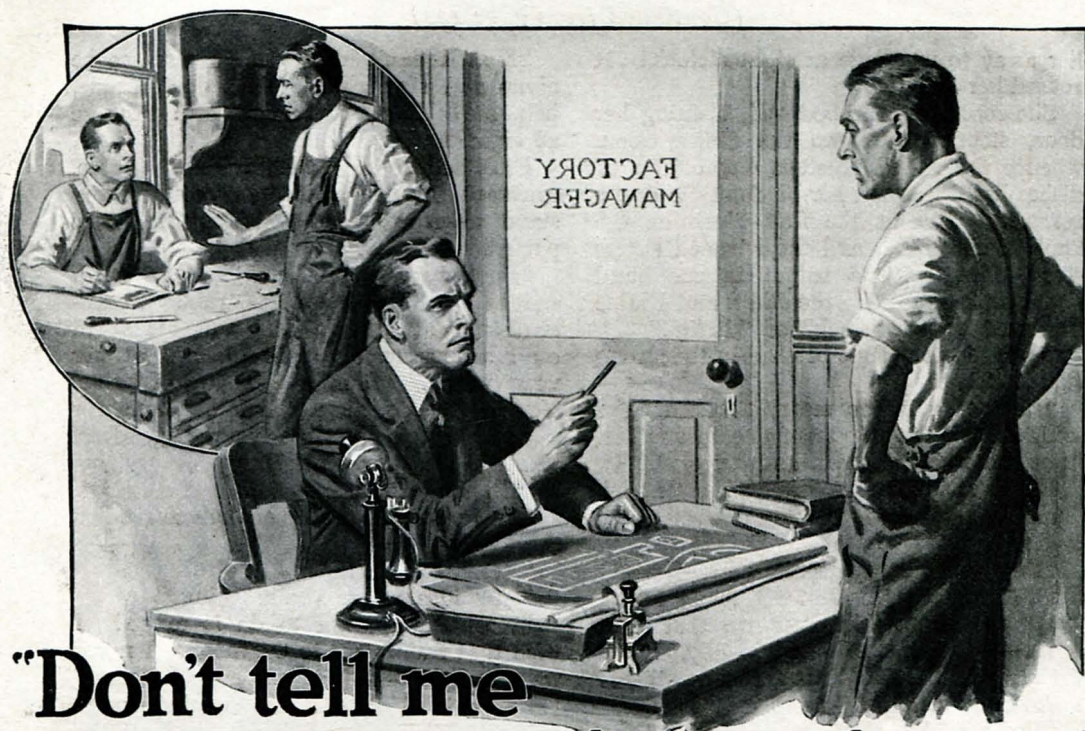
(And really it's true I suppose)
To stop little girls in short skirts and curls
From chasing them 'round to propose!

read the nice things said
questions. Write again.

L. A. M., STOCKTON, CAL.—Scenarios are often changed at the last moment in order to interpolate a new bit of "business" or alter the ending. This is the chief reason why the fictionized version often differs from the photoplay itself.

PEG, SPOKANE, WASH.—Your suggestion that movie stars be allowed more than one wife is rather revolutionary, but we'll take it up at once with the editor. Marie Doro is appearing in a new play about every six weeks. Seena Owen has a strong part in "Intolerance." G. M. Anderson is at present directing Kitty Gordon. Your letter greatly enjoyed.

(Continued on page 156)



"Don't tell me you never had a chance!"

"Four years ago you and I worked at the same bench. We were *both* discontented. Remember the noon we saw the International Correspondence Schools' advertisement? That woke me up. I realized that to get ahead I needed special training, and I decided to let the I. C. S. help me. When I marked the coupon I asked you to sign with me. You said, 'Aw, forget it!'

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| ☐ Telegraph Expert | ☐ RAILROADER |
| ☐ MECHANICAL ENGINEER | ☐ ILLUSTRATOR |
| ☐ Mechanical Draftsman | ☐ DESIGNER |
| ☐ Machine Shop Practice | ☐ BOOKKEEPER |
| ☐ Gas Engineer | ☐ Stenographer and Typist |
| ☐ CIVIL ENGINEER | ☐ Cert. Public Accountant |
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& Employer _____
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and No. _____
City _____ State _____

The Glory Road

(Continued from page 122)

her away to marriage at eight o'clock! It roused her to action.

She rose from the bed and, opening her door, stepped out into the dining room whence the sound of steps and clatter of dishes had informed her of domestic duties resumed. But at the first touch on the knob these ceased, and the aproned sisters stood, Elsie with a teapot in one hand and a plate of rolls in the other, and Elaine burdened with a "stack" of "dirties."

For a moment June blinked in the strong light. Then:

"I'm not going to marry Stephen," she said, evenly, looking from one to another. "Put those things down and help me."

Elsie was humbly grateful. "Thank God!" she breathed. "What are you going to do?"

"I'm going away, somewhere—now—I don't know where. I'm all ready and I won't stay here. If I ever saw that beast again—!" She shuddered visibly. "But where shall I go? What trains are there? I can't think, Elsie. Help me!"

"I'm afraid to let you go alone, June. You're in no state—Give me time to throw a few things together, and I'll go with you, job or no job—"

"No. I don't want you. I want to be alone and stay alone. And don't argue, help me! Don't you know he'll be here at eight?"

Elsie had to do all the thinking. Elaine, confused by developments, could only stand absorbed, eyes wide and red lips parted.

"Look here, 'The Lark'!" Elsie cried, suddenly, naming a famous train. "Southern Pacific at eight o'clock. I took it North on locations once." She glanced at her wrist watch. "A minute or two of seven. You've just got time. Elaine, 'phone for a car. I'll help close your bag, dear. What about your trunk?"

"I'll send for it."

"Have you got money enough to see you through?"

"Yes."

"Any idea where you're going?"

"No. All I want to do is to go! I wish that train went to the moon. I never want to hear of this place or see it again."

"I know, dear, and I'm so glad you're going." Elsie slipped her arm about the other's waist. "Come on, now, we'll fix your bag."

Ten minutes later June was on her way.

This great novel of the land behind the screen will be concluded in the February issue. Don't miss it!

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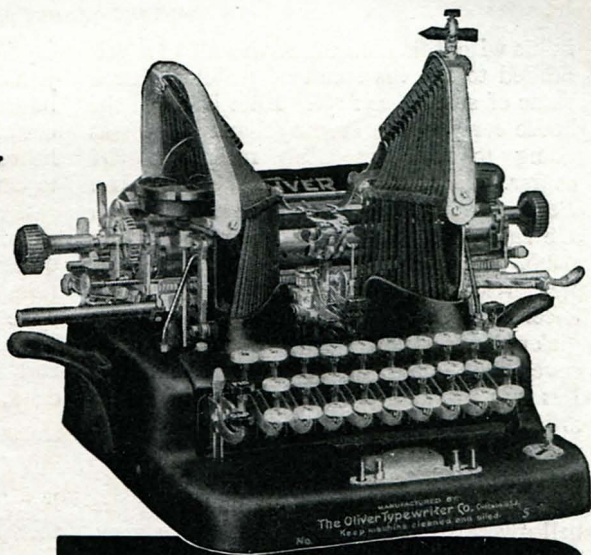
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The Yellow Pawn

(Continued from page 80)

in his wife, this final touch was all that was needed to fan his spark of jealousy into a flame of suspicious rage. Kate had left the house early in the evening, saying she was going to the Art Club reception. Of course. She would meet Jim Weldon there. Perry told himself he had been a blind fool. He called for his car and started for the Club, determined to bring Kate home and let her know that he was no longer to be deceived. On the way, however, his suspicions took a new turn. Of course Kate never had gone to the reception, but doubtless was in Weldon's home, perhaps in his arms, at that moment. So he ordered the chauffeur to drive there instead. He was not surprised to find the house in darkness, and it was not until he had rung the bell several times that Sen Yat, very sleepy and yawning, came to the door.

"Mr. Weldon not home," he said. "Gone to Art Club."

"Naturally," Perry thought. "They would go there for the sake of appearances, and come here later." To Sen Yat he said, "I'll wait."

He elbowed past the hesitating Chinaman and started for the library. "Turn on the lights. I'll read until he comes," he ordered.

Sen Yat believed that luck was on his side. The body of Tom would be discovered while Weldon was still absent. So he turned on the lights.

Perry saw the body sprawled out on the floor, and recognized the man who had come to him just a short time before, with the story about his cousin and Kate. The question was, who could have killed him, and for what motive? Jim Weldon. Perry had every reason to believe, was at the Club when it happened. But still it might be possible to fasten the killing on Weldon, by remaining silent about Tom's visit to himself. It could be argued that Jim had killed his cousin before he went away.

Perry rolled the body over, and Sen Yat gave a start as he saw the district attorney pick up a lace handkerchief, and examine the monogram. Perry's brain whirled. How could his wife have become involved in this? Perhaps Perry had surprised Kate and Weldon together—but that could easily be proved by questioning their acquaintances at the club as to what time they were seen there. At last Perry stopped

trying to reason it out, and determined on just one thing—that James Weldon should be convicted of murdering his cousin. He could take his revenge on Kate later. So he telephoned his assistant, Phillip Grant, to come to Weldon's house immediately.

Sen Yat stood by, watchful and silent, simulating the utmost surprise. Perry questioned him, but could get no satisfaction further than that Mr. Weldon had gone out early in the evening, that he, Sen Yat, went through the house later, and had not seen Mr. Tom, either alive or dead, and since then he had heard nothing.

WHEN Grant arrived, Perry took him to one side and outlined his plan. It might be difficult to convict Weldon, as there was no direct evidence, and the Chinaman told a straight story and stuck to it. Then he took his assistant into his confidence, and told of his discovery of the intimacy of Kate and the artist. They were still talking in low, tense tones, when they heard the front door open, and in a few seconds Weldon stood before them.

"Your affair with my wife has resulted in her killing your cousin," Perry said abruptly, and pointed at Tom's body.

"Impossible!" Weldon replied. "Why, I just left her. She was at the Art Club."

"Yes, but she came here first. I have reason to believe that your cousin accused her of being intimate with you, and that she stabbed him. The motive is clear, the evidence conclusive. I think I can even describe the weapon."

"It's preposterous. Why, she was in a very happy mood all evening. It can't be—that's all."

"Grant," Perry went on, "telephone to my house and find out if my wife has returned. If she has, tell her she must come here at once. Tell her Weldon is in trouble. Note carefully what she says."

"You shan't—"

"Stop," Perry commanded. "You are under arrest as an accessory. Anything you may say may be used against you."

"It's all like a nightmare. What can it mean?"

"Do you recognize this handkerchief?" Perry asked, showing Weldon the bit of lace he had found under Tom's body. "Oh, you do, don't you? You're a precious pair—you and my wife."

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Grant turned from the telephone. "Mrs. Perry says she will come at once. That was all. She hung up the receiver immediately."

"All right, Grant. Keep Weldon under guard. I'm going to go through the house and see what I can find that bears on this."

"Looks pretty bad," Grant said to Weldon, when they were alone. "I'm sorry for the chief. It will be a tough thing to have to turn over his wife to the police. But he'll do it. That's the sort he is. No mercy for the criminals, no matter who they may be." He paused. Weldon bowed his head.

"Of course, it's none of my business," Grant went on, but he was looking, not at Weldon, but into the gallery which surrounded the high room, and he saw Perry stand at the door, and nod slowly. "But I'd do anything sooner than get a woman that really cared for me into trouble. I think I'd kill myself first."

Weldon looked up, questioningly.

"Yes, I mean it. Now suppose you shot yourself, that would be a confession of guilt, and she'd go free. The chief would be convinced that it was just a row between you and your cousin." Grant paused. "If you want to—well, I'm leaving my gun on the table here a minute." He placed the revolver on the table and walked to the other side of the room.

A shot was fired from the gallery, and almost instantly there was a scream, and Perry's body fell to the floor. Sen Yat leaped after it.

"Did he hit you, Mr. Weldon—are you hurt?" he shouted.

"My God—what is this—what does it mean?"

Sen Yat brought Perry's gun to his master. "See, one shot fired. I listened behind curtain. Him and him," and he pointed at Grant, "said it would seem like you made suicide. So I followed Mr. Perry. When he shot, I hit his arm, and then stabbed him with this," and he held out his knife.

"Did you kill Tom too?"

"Yes sir. I catch him robbing box, and he come after me with gun. See—here's Tom's gun" and he produced the revolver.

"Looks like your Chink's got the goods," Grant observed. "For my part, now the chief's out of it, I'll play your game if you protect me. You see, I know the chief. It'd have been as much as my life was worth to refuse."

WHEN Kate arrived, Jim led her aside into the drawing room, and told her of the peril through which they had just passed.

In his room, Sen Yat was shuffling the queer pack of cards again, and he smiled as he saw the patterns unfold.

The Pawn may move forward only, one square at a time, but if it shall in this way reach the last row on the board it may be exchanged for a Queen, the most powerful piece in the game.—Rules of Chess.

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 R. F. D.

Christmas in the Western Studios

(Continued from page 30)

Day visiting the hospitals with goodies and presents for the sufferers. "This is what I always do at Christmas, though of course anybody sending me a Christmas gift will not be slapped on the wrist, explains the Universal star.

"No Christmas Day would be complete to me without a Christmas tree," declared Ella Hall, out at the U studio. "Therefore I'm going to have a big tree with all sorts of gifts hanging therefrom, and all the children of the neighborhood will be invited to my home."

Out at the Lasky studio, big doings are planned for Christmas. The Lasky Company itself gives the first big Christmas party, and then the several stars and members of the organization continue the festivities. On every Christmas Eve a general call is issued for all members of the organization, from street cleaners to stars; then Cecil B. de Mille, the director general, presiding as a youthful Santa Claus, calls each member in one at a time, and after thanking him or her for past services, bestows on the person some present. The majority of the members receive gifts of money, while the stars are presented with beautiful and carefully selected gifts.

Besides the party which Fannie Ward plans to give with Mabel Normand as co-hostess, Miss Ward will give another Christmas dinner. The last mentioned will be in honor of three little "newsies" who have been her particular friends for some time. These three boys sell papers just outside the studio door, and Miss Ward is a steady customer. Formerly the three would fight to be first to her with the evening news, so to prevent bloodshed the star arranged for them to take turns selling the papers to her. She knows all their joys and sorrows, and she promised them a big Christmas dinner several weeks ago. This she will serve in her own beautiful home in the Hollywood hills, and off the Ward gold dinner service too!

Anita King is a City Mother, in Los Angeles. Therefore Christmas is a big contract for her. For weeks ahead of time, she is assisting the city mothers in arranging happy Christmases for her official children—especially the poor and delinquent girls of the city, and on Christmas Day she will preside over a dinner to be given by one of the city institutions.

Marie Doro, whose mother has just returned from a two years' visit in India, plans to have a family dinner at home.

Mae Murray has planned a unique dinner. Having once been a musical comedy star, Miss Murray plans to have as many as possible of the chorus girls of the different companies in the city to dine with her. Christmas is the most lonesome time to the girls with traveling theatrical companies, and having experienced the pangs of lonesome Christmas dinners herself, she is going to do all in her power to brighten the lives of her sisters.

Cleo Ridgely will flee the city on horseback on Christmas Eve, and plans a big Christmas party and house warming at her cosy home in the mountains near Pasadena.

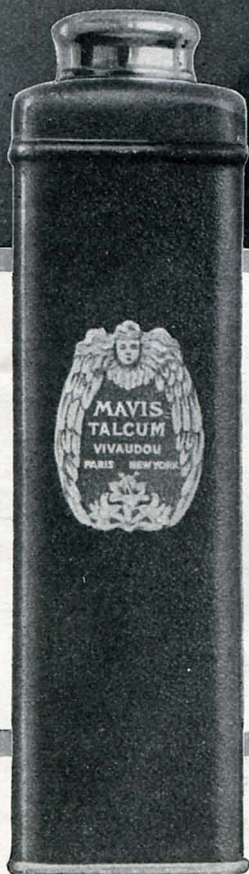
Out of the Yorke Metro studio, some big Christmas plans are being made. May Allison's family, consisting of her mother and two sisters, has recently arrived from Old Virginia, where Miss Allison was born. They have brought a couple of their colored servants with them, and these will help to make the Christmas seem like a real Southern one. But Miss Allison will not forget the less fortunate. On Christmas Day she will drive her roadster to three of the orphan asylums of the city, and dispense candy and her own peculiar brand of personal sunshine.

"Just can't seem to grow up when Christmas comes around," says Harold Lockwood. "My mother usually arranges a Christmas tree for me. Though our home is saddened by the death of my father, we shall keep up the old customs."

Charlie Chaplin, the biggest laugh maker in the world,—is his Christmas to be a merry one? Well, Charlie isn't much of a laugher himself. His is a quiet sort of humor when he has any at all. For the most part he is a quiet chap, given to spells of deep melancholy. Charlie is planning to spend Christmas Day with his brother Sid, eating dinner at the Athletic Club, where he lives, and going out to the Country Club for a quiet game of golf afterward. Chaplin is becoming a golf player, and he seldom misses a holiday out there.

Mack Sennett, William Farnum and Wilfred Lucas will take a fishing trip to Catalina and clean up the few fish which Farnum left after his last trip.

The Girl on the Cover—*Naomi Childers*



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Times Building, New York,) for a
generous sample of the perfume that
won the heart of Naomi Childers.

(Continued from page 146)

A. R., TAMPA, FLA.—George Walsh was the lead in "The Beast." It was a Fox production and Anna Luther played opposite. We know nothing of your Italian friend.

E. M. F., HORTON, KAN.—Was Theda Bara born in Egypt or California? Sure. The name of the town was Sin-sin-ati. Maybe that's why she has a penchant for sinful roles. True Boardman was the fellah you are anxious about in "Stingaree."

JANICE, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—You may pronounce Taliaferro either as it is spelled or *Tol-ifer*. William Courtleigh, Jr., is married to Ethel Fleming. Some election up there. Yes?

A. J., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—The issue which contained the Courtenay Foote story is exhausted. Mr. Foote recently has been appearing on the stage in New York.

D. H. C., SAN FRANCISCO.—This issue ought to satisfy your craving for Geraldine Farrar information. Yes? The late Arthur Hoops played opposite Petrova in "The Soul Market."

SIMP, HUTCHINSON, KAN.—You say you read the Magazine from cover to cover and yet you ask only questions which were answered in the November issue. Art endeavoring to spoof us, or what?

B. L., SPRINGFIELD, MASS.—Nona Thomas was Janet in "Peggy;" Duncan McRae was Paul Elliot in "The House of the Lost Court;" Kate Davenport was Lydia in "The Supreme Temptation."

G. B., KEARNEY, NEB.—Edward Earle (Metro) is one "handsomest man on the screen" who is still at large, matrimonially speaking. "Eugene Aram," "The Working of the Miracle," "Ransom's Folly" and "The Innocence of Ruth" are some of his plays. Edward Coxen is married but his wife is not a screen actress.

M. K., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Violet Mersereau is stationed at Universal's Eastern headquarters (Fort Lee, N. J.) and Herbert Rawlinson at their Western headquarters (Universal City, Cal.). Write to them.

A. J. CHICAGO, ILL.—Blanche Sweet did not play in "The Woman." We'll let her know she is your favorite. She will be delighted, no doubt.

E. V. D. and P. A. P., UKIAH, CAL.—No, Pearl White is not on the contributing staff of this magazine. She's busy playing in "Pearl of the Army." William Courtleigh, Jr., had the title role in "Neal of the Navy."

D. J., DENVER, COLO.—Marguerite Clark and Marguerite Courtot, Famous Players, New York City; Helen Holmes, Signal Film Studios, Los Angeles; Billie Burke, 805 E. 175th St., New York City.

B. B., OAKLAND, CAL.—My word, Bernice, but your thirst for knowledge—we should say information—is rather alarming. Victoria Forde is with Selig. Clara Kimball Young is in her early twenties. Eddie Lyons is 30. Lottie Pickford is about 21 and a brunette. No, Mabel Normand is not married to Roscoe Arbuckle, nor is Frances Nelson married to Warren Kerrigan. Valeska Suratt was born in Terre Haute, Ind. Mary Pickford's eyes are blue. Billie Burke has one adopted and one bona fide daughter. Anything else we can do for you?

J. M. G., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—William Courtleigh, Jr., is married to Ethel Fleming.

R. J. M., HARTFORD, CONN.—Photoplays without sub-titles? How clever you must be to think that you could understand them! But they are coming. Marguerite Clark plays in "Miss George Washington" with Famous Players.

E. T. E., NASHVILLE, TENN.—House Peters (Morosco, Los Angeles) was born in England, but is an American citizen. He was formerly on the legitimate stage, as was his wife, Mae King. She, however, has never appeared on the screen. Mr. Peters has brown hair and gray eyes and is over six feet tall.

K. W., SALISBURY, MD.—Anna Little is married to Alan Forrest and George Walsh is married to Seena Owen. Hazel Dawn is single. Helen Holmes is playing in "The Lass of the Lumberlands." Cast of "Hulda from Holland:" Hulda, Mary Pickford; John Walton, Frank Losee; Allan Walton, John Bowers; Uncle Peter, Russell Bassett; Little Jacob, Harold Hollacher; The Burgomaster, Charles Vernon. No, Charles Chaplin is not a deaf mute, even if you can't hear what he says on the screen.

T. G., LARCHMONT, N. Y.—Mae Marsh is 21 and Constance Talmadge is 16. Cleo Ridgely's husband is a director. Address Lillian Gish, care of Fine Arts.

C. H., LAWRENCE, KANS.—Tom Forman was born in 1893, three years before Mae Murray.

MIRIAM G., OAKLAND, CAL.—Geraldine Farrar is Mrs. Lou-Tellegen, you know. Address Pearl White, care Pathé, Jersey City, N. J. The Sidney Drews' home is at Sea Gate, Long Island. Mrs. Drew's maiden name was McVey. "The Iron Claw" was filmed in New York and New Jersey. Charles Chaplin is with Lone Star, Hollywood, Cal., and Mary Miles Minter with American, Santa Barbara, Cal.

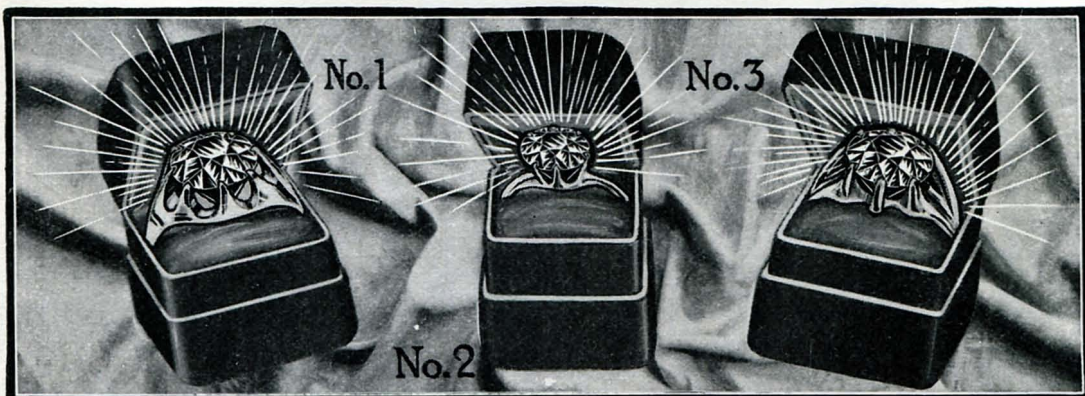
CURIOSITY SHOP, MEMPHIS, TENN.—Thanks for the pome. Mabel Normand is not Carlyle Blackwell's wife, nor anyone else's.

P. B., MILFORD, CONN.—Marguerite Marsh is with Fine Arts and Glády's Hulette with Thalhouser. Yale Boss is connected with no company at present. Address him at 253 W. 109th St., New York City. The Bosworth company is out of existence. Morosco and Pallas are virtually one company—with a hyphen in between. Bobby Harron plays in "The Mother and the Law," or rather "Intolerance," as it is now known.

FORDHAM, NEW YORK CITY.—Don't know the date of Henry Walthall's wedding. He's in Chicago just now.

DORIS C., TERRE HAUTE, IND.—June Caprice is with Fox, New York City.

E. C. S., YONKERS, N. Y.—The cast of "Daring of Diana:" Diana, Anita Stewart; Jason Briscoe, Charles Wellesley; John Briscoe, Francis Morgan; Stange, Anders Randolph; Fanchette, Julia Swayne Gordon; Teague, Joseph Donohue; Jimmy Towne, Donald MacBride. "Apostle of Vengeance," David Hudson, William S. Hart; Mary McCoy, Nona Thomas; Tom McCoy, Joe Dowling; "Marm" Hudson, Fanny Midgley; Willie Hudson, Jack Gilbert; Elsie Hudson, Marvel Stafford. Mr. Page was Thomas S. Guise and Mrs. Page was Gertrude Claire in "The Payment."



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DICK, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—You are a pretty keen observer, aren't you? But there's one thing that has escaped your notice, and that is that Marguerite Clark is still with Famous Players.

A. A., DEXTER, MICH.—Charles Chaplin has not taken unto himself a wife. Cost of living too high. Didst notice that sauerkraut has gone up to \$20 a barrel?

M. F., EVANSTON, ILL.—Look on page 51 of the April, 1916, number for pictures of "To Have and to Hold."

M. Z., LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Gladden James was James in "The Social Secretary." Why doesn't Crane Wilbur get a haircut? Search us.

R. M. L., DANBURY, CONN.—Peggy Hyland is "somewhere in twenty"—that's all we know; and it's a Yankee trick for a gentleman to ask a lady's age all out loud behind her back. Jeff, the blacksmith in "The Birth of a Nation," was portrayed by Wallace Reid.

DOTTY DIMPLE, NEW YORK.—We have Pearl's word for it that Pearl and White constitute her real honest-to-goodness name. So far as we know her stunts are the real thing. Do they look like "scenery" to you? Marguerite Clark's eyes are brown. Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland, in 1892. Ruth Roland's company is at Long Beach, Cal. Sheldon Lewis was born in Philadelphia.

ORTIZ, HONOLULU.—Couldn't you guess that Pearl White came from Missouri? Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, Lottie Pickford in Canada, William Courtleigh in Buffalo, Irving Cummings in New York City, Flo LaBadie in Canada and Lillian Lorraine in a suburb of your city, San Francisco.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN, NORTH CORYDON, S. A.—The best possible way to keep informed as to the movements of your favorites in the pictures is to continue reading PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. It is more than likely that Miss Pickford, Miss Burke and Miss White would send photographs to you upon request.

ANDREW, LITTLE FALLS, MINN.—Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn. May Allison's birthday, June 14; she's a blonde and has played mostly with American and Metro. The best way to get their photographs is to write them personally. Sure, we have back issues with sample scenarios. Want some?

ADELAIDE, ST. LOUIS, MO.—Mae Marsh was "The Girl on the Cover" in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE of July, 1915, and an interview with her appeared in that number. Neither she nor Robert Harron is married. Their address is Fine Arts, Los Angeles.

W. Y. P., COLUMBIA, S. C.—Miss Billie Rhodes plays *Billie*, the favorite nurse, in "Good Night, Nurse."

A. W., UVALDE, TEX.—Among the Texas-born stars are Maclyn Arbuckle, Bessie Love, Tom Mix and Tom Forman. In the following pronunciations the italics indicate where the emphasis is placed: Pathe, Pah-the-y; Sessue Hayakawa, Sess-soo Hah-yah-kah-wah; Laemmle, Leim-lee; Surratt, Soo-rat; Farrar, Fah-rah-r; Ince, like quince; Purviance, variously pronounced Pur-ve-nce and Pur-ry-ance; cinema, sinny-mah (abbreviation of cinematograph, the awkward British equivalent of photoplay).

MILDRED, MT. VERNON, N. Y.—Theda Bara was born July 20, 1890. The chief characters in "The Kreutzer Sonata" are: *Miriam Friedlander*, Nance O'Neil; *Celia Friedlander*, Theda Bara; *Gregor Randor*, William E. Shay; *Raphael Friedlander*, Henry Bergman; *Rebecca Friedlander*, Maud Turner Gordon; *Sam Friedlander*, John Daly Murphy; *Gavryl Belushoff*, Stuart Holmes; *Ivan Belushoff*, Sidney Cushing. In "The Goose Girl" the part of the *Princess* is played by Marguerite Clark, that of the *King* by Monroe Salisbury, and other players in the cast are Sidney Dean, E. N. Dunbar, James Neil, L. Payten, (the late) Page Peters, H. B. Carpenter, Ernest Joy, J. M. Cassidy, Miss Johnson and Jane Darwell.

"PINKEY," JONESTOWN, MISS.—Recent photoplays of J. Warren Kerrigan are "The Gay Lord Waring," "A Son of the Immortals," "The Silent Battle;" of Dustin Farnum's, "The Call of the Cumberlands," "Ben Blair," "David Garrick," "Davy Crockett." Quite correct, Ben Wilson played the lead (*John Tremaine*) in "Souls in Pawn." Tom Forman played *Lieutenant Von Mitter* in "The Puppet Crown."

R. M. W., PALESTINE, TEX.—Hobart Bosworth was born in Marietta, O., August 11, 1867; he is the husband of Adele Farrington. William Gillette was born July 24, 1856, in Hartford, Conn. "The White Sister" is, thus far, Viola Allen's only screen play.

MARIE, PLAINFIELD, N. J.—The snapshot of that kid brother of yours, who doesn't look very much bigger than the copy of PHOTOPLAY he is tucking up under the chin of his squinty-face while the sun smacks him, is cute enough to make a fellow want to be the father of about 'leven of 'em. Any more at home like him? Thank you much. A kid can get into our personal office any old time, whether in the mail or on the hoof.

M. A. F., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—The character *Percy* in "Love Mumps and Bumps" was played by William Carroll. The wife of Herbert Rawlinson is Roberta Arnold. Your other questions are answered elsewhere.

MISS SYMPATHY, MALDEN, MASS.—Because of your youth and charming letter, we forgive you for the pome. And don't take our poetic efforts too seriously. We really enjoy telling folks that FXB is married, that HAL is not, etc., etc. And do you know, my dear, that one of our correspondents wants us to quit telling who's married and who isn't! Canst surpass that? Your David Powell request will soon be complied with. But not yours for a men's Beauty and Brains contest. Heavens no! Any news dealer will supply you with trade magazines.

J. A. C., UNION HILL, N. J.—The same George Melford is now one of the leading directors in the business. He has produced many of the best Lasky films during the last two years.

GOHAMITE, LOS ANGELES, CAL.—Most of the "Birth of a Nation" scenes were taken in Los Angeles. Consult the studio directory and you can see what companies are producing pictures in that deah N'Yawk. But why pine for the latter when Watts is so close and Covina a biscuit's toss away?

E. S. G. B., SAN ANGELO, TEX.—Gordon Gassaway, who sometimes writes pieces for PHOTOPLAY, is a writer and not a film player. A letter addressed to him, care of PHOTOPLAY, will be forwarded.



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VIOLA A., ST. PAUL, MINN.—Niles Welch was the artist who played opposite Kitty Gordon in "The Crucial Test." Shouldn't consider it much of a test though. Olga Petrova still holds the name of her first husband. And here's the cast of "I Accuse": Judge Gray, Alexander Gaden; Rev. Landman, W. J. Butler; Eloise Landman, Helen Marten; Harold Landman, Sydney Mason; James Harrison, Henry W. Pemberton.

ALBERT R., DENVER, COLO.—Willard Mack starred in "Aloha-Oe," but there is no record of who directed the other plays you mention. Mack is now with Famous Players.

SARAH R., CLEVELAND.—Yes, Pearl White really has red hair and her eyes are green and she has nary a brother or sister in pictures though she has been in them three years. Claire Whitney is 22 and Agnes Vernon the same age.

THE GARRET GIRL, PINE AVE., LONG BEACH, CAL.—Jimmie Cruze at present has no affiliations with any film companies. Alma Hanlon played "Babbie" in "The Weakness of Man." Yep, Thanouser still has Florence LaBadie.

K. K., BIG TIMBER, MONT.—O, not so awfully old, girls. Still under 96, six feet tall, four feet wide with genuine mahogany finish—that's the answer man. He has one peculiarity—he insists on horseradish with his ice cream. It's his temperament. And he doesn't think that Dick Travers, who is 31, is the handsomest thing ever, but he's one of 'em. Yes, Richard and the answer man speak—they always order the same thing. No, he isn't married—now—that's how these meetings are possible. Alice Brady is about 20 and Ruth Stonehouse is married to Joe Roach. My, they're curious in Montana!

G. M. G., LAWRENCE, MASS.—Creighton Hale is with the Frank Powell Productions, Pearl White is with Pathe, Thomas Holding with Morosco, and Fritz De Lint with Metro. Miss Farrar and her husband have never appeared together before the footlights or the camera. Grace Cunard and Francis Ford are still with Universal. The adorable Burke has never been starred in the "Follies." Mae Marsh is not engaged that we know of. Here's the "Eternal City" cast: Donna Roma, Pauline Frederick; David Rossi, Thomas Holding; Baron Bonelli, Frank Losee; Pope Pius XI, Fuller Mellish; Doctor Rosselli, George Majeroni.

SWEET SIXTEEN, CANADA.—Marguerite Clark, childish as she looks, is 28. Carlyle Blackwell is 32. Charlie Chaplin isn't married.

ALICE M. S., DETROIT, MICH.—Wallie Reid was born in 1890. The other handsome one, Earle Foxe, who is interviewed on page 94 of the December issue, is with Metro now.

LADY W., BUCYRUS, OHIO.—When your letter, came, declaring that you weren't going to ask whether Mary Pickford ate her tomatoes out of the can or something else like, we fell forward on the desk sobbing for joy. It was so unusual. Among the world's great unsung heroines are the society editors. We're ordering up your laurel wreath now. You deserve it—any society editor does. Thanks for your kind words.

MARION T., CALGARY, ALBERTA.—Pauline Frederick isn't married now. Yes, the story in the August PHOTOPLAY ends with the return of the clown to the circus. The Beauty and Brains girl will be tickled to accept your well wishes.



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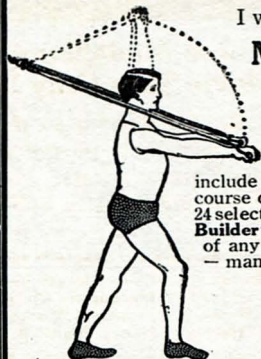
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METRO PICTURES CORP., 1476 Broadway, New York (*) (all manuscripts for the following studios go to Metro's Broadway address): Rolfe Photoplay Co. and Columbia Pictures Corp., 3 W. 61st St., New York City (s); Popular Plays and Players, Fort Lee, N. J. (s); Quality Pictures Corp., Metro office; Yorke Film Co., Hollywood, Cal. (s).

MOROSCO PHOTOPLAY CO., 222 W. 42d St., New York City (*) (s); 201 Occidental Blvd., Los Angeles, Cal. (s).

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UNIVERSAL FILM MFG. CO., 1600 Broadway, New York City; Universal City, Cal.

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WORLD FILM CORP., 130 W. 46th St., New York City (*) (s); Fort Lee, N. J. (s).

PUCK, STILLWATER, MINN.—Roland Bottomly did John Burton and Jackie Saunders played Jessie in "The Grip of Evil." We have no means of answering your other query; there are no records of the girl's name.

NELL M., SHERMAN, TEX.—Hart Hoxie played the sheriff in "The Three Godfathers." That was almost too easy, Nell.

S. P. F., HOLLYWOOD, CAL.—The gentleman with the Charlie Chaplin mustache who played the war correspondent in "Her Double Life" with Theda Bara was Stuart Holmes.

MISS QUIZ, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—Marie Doro is Mrs. Elliott Dexter in private life.

IRENE, TONOPAH, NEV.—Anita Stewart has played in the following: "A Million Bid," "He Never Knew," "The Sins of the Mother," "The Goddess," "My Lady's Slipper," "The Wood Violet," "Two Women," "The Combat." They were released by Vitaphone.

VIOLETTE B., CONN.—You ought to be tickled just to have Cleo Madison alive and with us without bothering when she was born. We'd like to tell you, but there is no record. Anyhow, it was in the eighties.

CHARLES, J. M., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The company that manufactured Mirror films is no longer in existence. Its output was taken over by several companies.

MISS M. S. AND M. B., BAKERSFIELD, CAL.—Owen Moore played Mary Pickford's sweetheart in "Caprice." Marguerite Loveridge changed her name to Marguerite Marsh because the latter is her real name and she likes it best. Two good reasons.

MARION T., CALGARY, ALBERTA.—It's too bad, Marion, that you couldn't get your PHOTOPLAY that explained the conditions of the Beauty and Brains contest. You might have won. Who knows? This ought to teach you a lesson—order your copy of PHOTOPLAY early.

A. G., BISBEE, ARIZ.—Harold Lockwood was born in Brooklyn in 1888. Tom Forman isn't married. Crane Wilbur is. William Courtleigh, Jr., was born in Buffalo in 1892.

WINIFRED M. S., GRIMSBY, ONT.—It would be real lovely if your relative could help us answer the queries, but there are some 6,000 relatives standing in line waiting for the job now. So sorry. But it was awfully sweet of you.

P. S. H., DALLAS, TEX.—Charles Ray probably will send you his picture if you write him a real nice letter addressing him at Culver City, Cal. Earle Foxe might do the same.

ESSIE, KANSAS CITY, MO.—Harold Lockwood played opposite Mary Pickford in "Hearts Adrift." So you argued about it, eh? Naughty, naughty. Little girls shouldn't fight.

JUSTIN C. B., FORT WAYNE, IND.—Barbara Gilroy played Sibil in "The Dark Silence." Unfortunately it is true that Arthur Hoops and Sidney Ayres are dead. Alice Hollister recently left Kalem.

CURIOUS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Yes, most of the film actors voted for Wilson. Anyhow, some-body in California did!

(Continued on page 168)

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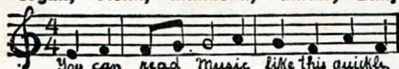
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The Criminal

(Continued from page 132)

Naneta came in with a bailiff. The little baby had come to court, too, and when it fell tired from too much wide-eyed gazing, and too much thumb-sucking, and too little small-pig sleep, it spied Naneta and commenced to cry lustily. So they had to put it into Naneta's arms for the sake of peace. Peace was immediately restored.

Naneta, with the baby, crouched on the edge of a chair a little distance away. Donald and his judicial friend affected small, confidential talk about nothing in particular. Suddenly the magistrate raised his voice.

"Well, that settles it. The woman who deserted this baby wants it back."

Neither man was prepared for the blaze of wrath that flamed against them the next instant. Naneta leaped to her feet, crushing the little fellow so tightly to her bosom that he commenced to cry.

"No! No!" she cried, at the top of her big soprano; "she cannotta have heem. One time she wish to trow heem away. She *do* trow heem away. I find heem cold and crying by de stair in *mia casa*. Now . . ." Naneta stopped suddenly, bewildered. It came to her, in a flash, that she had been trapped! These men—this kind-faced old man, and the kind boy she believed in—were only ferocious, fanged brutes like the rest of them. They had planned to give away this little baby's shame; they had cudgelled their brains for some means to rob it of its birthright; they had succeeded.

Lowering her face to the little face, Naneta commenced to cry, gently and very pitifully.

"Aw, say!" said Donald, huskily, stretching out ineffectual hands.

His companion walked over to the girl and patted her gently on the shoulder. "Why, my child, did you do this? Won't you give me your reason? I am your friend, you know."

Naneta looked up in some surprise. This distant, cold American was speaking to her in warm, perfect Italian! Here was a magistrate who could be 'most anything to anybody.

If she had been at extreme measures before, she was now at a super-extremity. If she could offer no reason for concealing her discovery of the baby beyond a mere unaccountable whim for the protection of

a nameless child, would it avail anything? Probably not. She might be freed, or she might not be. At any rate, the baby would suffer.

Naneta rose, trembling. With her left hand she clasped the baby close. With her right hand and her right shoulder she gestured in Bernhardine eloquence.

"I could not tell it—till you maka me. You too, Donald, hear me: I was like dees leetla bambino. I—I have no name!"

She stood very still, and straight. Her arm fell at her side. She was not crying now. Her eyes seemed gazing at something unseen. In her ultimate tragedy she was more beautiful than she had ever been.

"Naneta!" exclaimed Donald, going to her. "You *have* a name. It is *my* name. You are going away from here my wife!"

The floodgates that had held up so staunchly broke. Naneta sobbed heart-brokenly against Donald's shoulder. The baby, with the beautifully perverse way of children, laughed now, toothlessly, and tried to catch a stray sunbeam.

"No! No! No!" she murmured. "You are why I could nota tell. *Io t'amo*, Donald! *Io t'amo!*"

"Then it must be, Naneta, for I love you!"

The magistrate's somewhat embarrassed progress toward the door was interrupted by a bailiff's entrance after a quick knock.

"Beg pardon!" he exclaimed. He paid no attention to the lachrymal lovers. One can see tableaux of almost any emotion any day in Jefferson Court. "They must be some mistake somewhere. They ain't no wop kids missin' today. The three lost babies that's still makin' Harlem wild is three little Harps, and they're all red-headed as a sulphur match!"

"I see! I see!" exclaimed the court. "By the way! I wanted to ask you something—"

The door had closed upon them, and Donald and Naneta were alone.

"Naneta," said he, "I am really very cruel. You can either marry me or go to jail for life! That's the law over here."

"Ees that the law?" whispered Naneta, awesomely. "What a wonderful law! And the *bambino*?"

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BASTIAN BROS. CO., 121 BASTIAN BLDG., ROCHESTER, N.Y.

(Continued from page 163)

C. L. W. N., CHARLOTTE, N. C.—Suppose you saw Bryant Washburn's picture in the December PHOTOPLAY. Glad you like the magazine. If you knew how hard we tried to make it interesting you could appreciate our appreciation of your appreciation.

TILIKUM, SEATTLE, WASH.—It's too perfectly wonderful for words that you will spend Christmas in Los Angeles and we can assure you that you will see a whole skyful of stars. It is doubtful, however, if Mary Pickford or Pauline Frederick will be there this winter. The girl you saw on the street must have been Ann Pennington's double. It certainly was not Ann. Glad you like Stars of the Photoplay. The person you ask about is an assistant director with Lasky.

KITTY, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Corinne Griffith is the wife of Webster Campbell. So far as we know, Pearl White has never been married, so it is not likely that she has been divorced.

GERTRUDE, PHILADELPHIA.—There are no big studios in active eruption in your city at the present time. Try New York. Mme. Petrova's salary is said to be somewhere in the vicinity of \$2,000 a week.

ZOE, FREMONT, NEB.—Elizabeth Burbridge's hair has been bronzed by the zephyrs of 22 summers and she is now with Frank Powell, Inc. Beatrice Van is a year older and with Margarita Fischer at San Diego, Cal.

BLANCHE, BISBEE, ARIZ.—Sure, Viola Dana was the girl in "The Portrait in the Attic." Tom Forman was born in Texas 23 years ago and was with Kalem, Universal and Lubin before joining Lasky. Kittens Richert still with Fox. Ford-Cunard interview in April, 1916, number. Love to Tombstone Canyon.

E. B., WASHINGTON, D. C.—Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. She and Billie Burke have the same twinkle in their eyes, haven't they? Pauline Frederick is 32 years old. Mary Pickford's legal name is Mrs. Owen Moore.

B. S., EAST ORANGE, N. J.—Dorothy Kelly of Vitagraph (Brooklyn, N. Y.) is Mrs. Herbert Havenor when away from the studio.

W. K. P., MARIETTA, OHIO.—We're no good at fractions, but we hazard a guess that 50 per cent of the stars are women. The Supreme Court of Ohio has ruled against "The Birth of a Nation" entering that State. Mr. Hart is an American.

J. M. N., SELMA, ALA.—We've asked the editor to give Mahlon Hamilton more attention. He's working with Metro now—Mahlon, not the editor.

Y. T., WATERLOO, N. Y.—Carlyle Blackwell was born and educated in Syracuse, New York. He's in his early thirties. Write to him care of the World.

E. H. B., DEERLAND, N. Y.—Alice Joyce is with Vitagraph at present and Mabel Normand has her own company in Los Angeles.

D. S., McCOMB, MISS.—Marshall Neilan was Marguerite Clark's leading man in "Mice and Men." Mr. Flo. Ziegfeld did not appear in "The Birth of a Nation," not even in the mob scenes. He's not an actor, that's why.

W. R. C., GADSDEN, ALA.—Theda Bara is with Fox, New York City. Address Henrietta Crossman, care Maurice Campbell, 133 W. 42nd St., New York City.

INTERESTED, SAN JOSE, CAL.—Jack Mulhall played Dr. Prine in "Wanted—a Home."

JUNE 17, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Here they all are: Carlyle Blackwell, World, age indeterminate; Stuart Holmes, age ditto, Fox, New York City; Anita Stewart, age 20, Vitagraph, Brooklyn; Mary Pickford, age 23, Arctcraft; Mary Miles Minter, age 14, American, Santa Barbara, Cal.; Harold Lockwood, age 29, Metro-Yorke, Hollywood, Cal.; William Russell, age 28, American, Santa Barbara, Cal.

L. T., GUEYDAN, LA.—We rather have the advantage of you, teacher, because while we only answer questions, you have to ask them too. The Lubin company is no longer making pictures. Florence La Badie and Mignon Anderson are still Thanhouser actresses. Yes, lots of players live in Jacksonville.

C. E., INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Douglas Fairbanks was born in 1883. He played in light comedy on the stage ("Officer 666," "Hawthorne of the U. S. A., etc."). Married.

R. S. W., MIAMI, FLA.—It was F. X. B. who played in "The Wall Between." Earle Foxe is 29 years old, a married man and playing with Metro now.

M. N., SPRINGFIELD, MO.—Annette Kellerman's new picture is "A Daughter of the Gods." Theodore Roberts plays in "Anton the Terrible" and Wilfred Lucas in "Hell-to-Pay Austin." Billie Burke has not, as yet, contracted to remain with Kleine. Clara Kimball Young has produced "Common Law" with her own company. Arthur Ashley played in "Miss Petticoats."

CRICKETT, WACO, TEX.—Your old schoolmate, Louise Huff, is now with Famous Players.

MISS B. F., NEWARK, N. J.—Please don't hold us responsible for Mr. Lionel Barrymore's shortcomings as a correspondent. We don't know about his matrimonial status, but that has no bearing on the case, anyway. If you want to give him another trial, write him care of Metro.

M. B., DANVILLE, KY.—Mme. Petrova's height is 5 feet 5 inches and Theda Bara is 1 inch taller.

C. W., TUPELO, MISS.—Some of the plays in which Mary Pickford and Marshal Neilan played together are "The Girl of Yesterday," "Rags" and "Madame Butterfly." He is with Lasky now.

J. L., QUEBEC.—Henry Russell was the boy, when grown up, in "The Bond Within." Bobbie Harron is twenty-two years old and his engagement to Dorothy Gish has not been announced. So far as we know he hasn't even asked her.

J. A., GALESBURG, ILL.—Write to Marguerite Clark if you want her picture. Don't get reckless and send too much money. Twenty-five cents is the usual amount sent for a photograph.

M. C., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—You mean "The Little School Ma'am" don't you? That's the one Dorothy Gish was in. Elmer Clifton was her lover in that production. Eddie Lyons has gray eyes and brown hair. George Larkin says he is twenty-seven and his age is one thing Tom Chatterton won't chat about.

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Truth and Trade

By Bishop Warren A. Candler, Chancellor of Emory University, Atlanta



WHEN a seller and a buyer have made a trade, based on truth, both have obtained a benefit, and the community to which they belong has been benefited insofar as their interests affect the welfare of the community. Each has parted with that which the other needed, and in turn has obtained from his fellow-man what he himself needed. Honest exchanges, therefore, enhance values.

But trades based on untruth damage all concerned. They approach dangerously near to theft.

By advertising, buyers and sellers are brought together, and truthful advertising promotes the welfare of the commercial world; it is, in fact, a part of the wealth-producing forces of the world. But untruthful advertising is a fraud and the fosterer of fraud. It

partakes of the nature of the crime of getting money, or goods, under false pretenses. The medium of advertising, whatever its nature, which lends its columns to such advertising, accepts a bribe to become accessory to the same crime.

It is a far-reaching reform proposed by the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World in the motto "Truth". Such a sentiment must act like a health-laden current on the trade winds. Its influence will extend far beyond the limits of advertising, and stimulate honesty in all the processes and transactions of commerce.

The patron saints of the commercial world ought not to be Ananias and Sapphira. Lying spirits cannot guide safely the merchantmen of the world. The argosies of trade must sail by the pole-star of truth. Otherwise they will be wrecked.



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